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THE NEW YORKER

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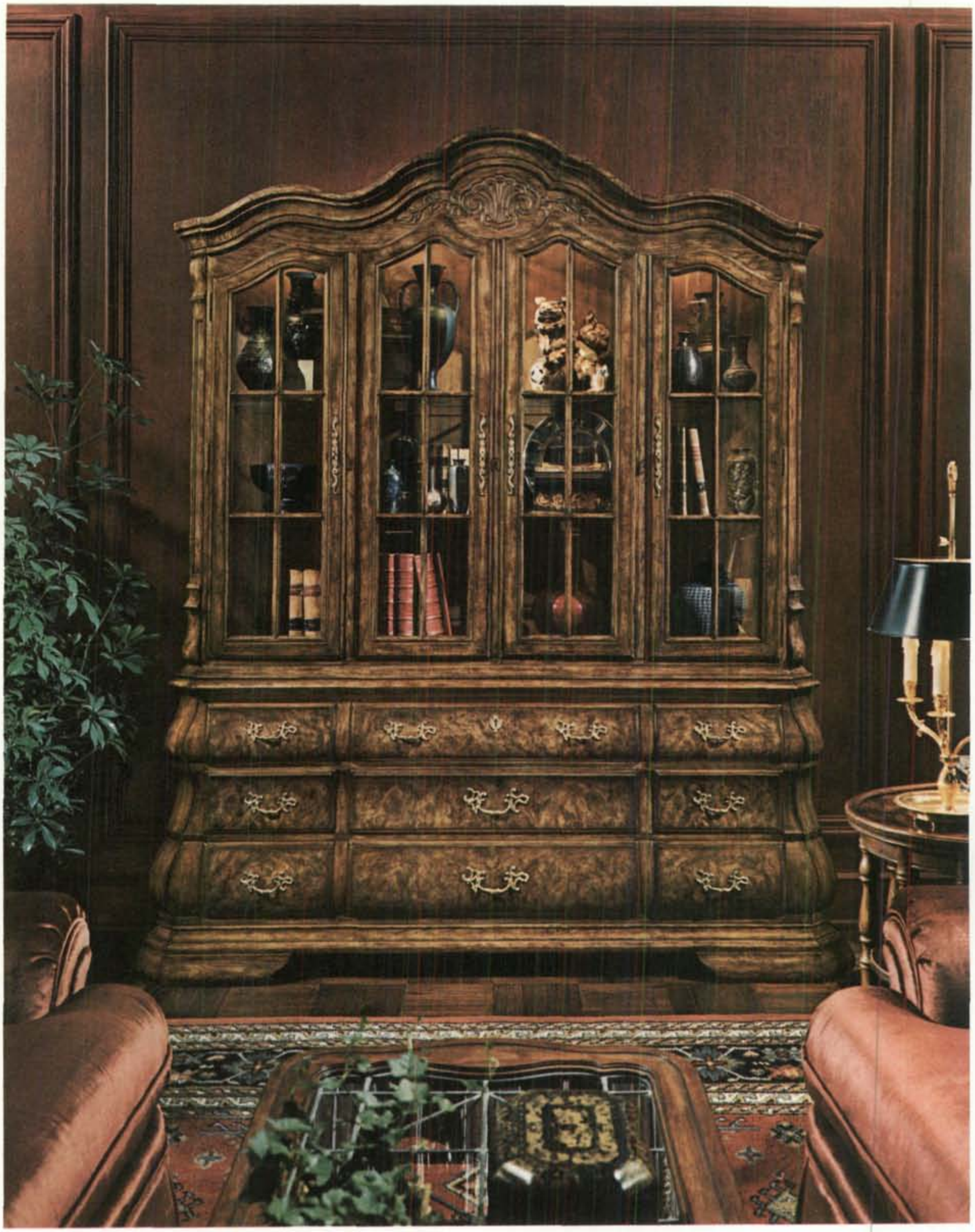

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amadeus—Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Ian McKellen plays the villainous Salieri superbly, and Tim Curry is almost his match as Mozart. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. Thomas Waites and Clifton James are very good as his cronies. (6/15/81) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Circle Repertory Company—Lanford Wilson's play **a tale told** is yet another in his series about the Talley family of Missouri. This one, set in the family's mansion in July, 1944, deals with their activities on the evening when Sally Talley is down at the boathouse, Talley's Folly, becoming engaged to Matt Friedman. With Helen Stenborg, Fritz Weaver, Michael Higgins, among other fine actors. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 5.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Zeljko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

El Bravo!—A musical about a Puerto Rican Robin Hood in New York's Barrio. The book is by Jose Fernandez and Thom Schiera, and the music and lyrics are by John Clifton. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Final performances of a festival of one-act plays. "The Smash," by Neil Cuthbert; "Dumping Ground," by Elizabeth Diggs; and "The Rodeo Stays in Town for at Least a Week," by Jerry Stubblefield: Wednesday evening, June 17; Friday evening, June 19; and Saturday matinée, June 20. . . . ¶ "Good Help Is Hard to Find," by Arthur Kopit; "Open Admissions," by Shirley Lauro; and "American Garage," by Peter Maloney: Thursday evening, June 18, and Saturday evening, June 20. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. Evenings at 7:30. Matinée at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 247-4982.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A play by Joe Orton, with Joseph Maher, Barbara Bryne, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Fifth of July—One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Floating Light Bulb—Woody Allen has written a sad little play about a troubled Jewish family in Brooklyn in 1945. The cast, headed by Beatrice Arthur and Jack Weston, is superlative. (5/4/81) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 5.)

The Heebie Jeebies—A musical about the career and the songs of the Boswell Sisters, by Mark Hampton and Stuart Ross. With Memrie Innerarity, Audrey Lavine, and Nancy McCall as the Sisters. Previews Wednesday, June 17. Opens officially on Thursday, June 18. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

How It All Began—A play about a West Berlin urban guerrilla. A presentation of the Dodger Theatre Company. Preview Wednesday, June 17. Opens officially on Thursday, June 18, and will run through Sunday, June 28. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Hunting Scenes from Lower Bavaria—Martin Sperr's play about the nasty members of a farming community may indeed have been important in Germany over the past twelve years or so, but it is certainly a bore on Manhattan Island. Translation by Christopher Holme. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 5.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal non-musical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tues-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25

"HAPPINESS" . . . . *Georgia A. Brown* 30

"THREE POEMS" . . . . *Katha Pollitt* 35

"ON THE WAY TO THE ACROPOLIS" . . . . . . *Harry Mountzoures* 36

LETTER FROM EL SALVADOR . . . . *Tom Buckley* 41

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 86

OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 86

THE ART WORLD . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 88

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Nicholas Kenyon* 91

THE SPORTING SCENE (GOLF) . . . . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 96

BOOKS . . . . *George Steiner* 112

BRIEFLY NOTED 114

COVER: *Abel Quezada*

DRAWINGS: *Warren Miller, Edward Frascino, Mick Stevens, Leo Cullum, Jack Ziegler, Mischa Richter, Lee Lorenz, Whitney Darrow, Jr., William Steig, Charles Addams, Joseph Mirachi, Bernard Schoenbaum, Michael Maslin, Edward Koren, Eldon Dedini, J. B. Handelsman, James Stevenson, Robert Mankoff, Stan Hunt, Donald Reilly, Dana Fradon, Ed Arno*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

It Had to Be You—Two odd singles become an odd couple down on Spring Street. The stars of this strange little work (and its authors as well) are Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna. (5/18/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (Reviewed in this issue.) (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 691-2274. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show, well worth waiting months to see. (5/25/81) (Nederlander Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Little Foxes—A superb cast, headed by Elizabeth Taylor and including Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe, *carries out a searing battle of wits in this* spellbinding story of venomous family life in a turn-of-the-century town in the South. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

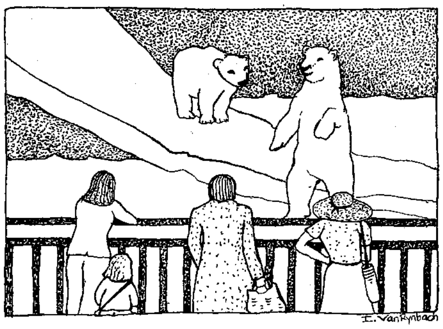
Lunch Hour—A new comedy by Jean Kerr, about a mild case of adultery in the Hamptons. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A return engagement of **ZOOMAN AND THE SIGN,** a strong, accomplished play, by Charles Fuller, about the murder of a little girl by a vicious street kid and the effect of the killing upon her shattered, courageous family. The production has been masterfully directed by Douglas Turner Ward, and the cast does him proud. With Giancarlo Esposito as the frightening Zooman; Mary Alice as the girl's mother; Ray Aranha as her brave father; and Alvin Alexis and Frances Foster, among others. Reopens Saturday, June 20, and will run through Sunday, July 26. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

No—Stories and poems by Alexis De Veaux adapted for the stage by Glenda Dickerson. With Risë Collins, Gwendolen Hardwick, Yvette Erwin, and André Liguori among the cast. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)

Phoenix Theatre—Wendy Wasserstein's **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC** is a sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. Indecisive, overweight, and smart as a whip, she is tried most of all by her mother, who keeps urging matrimony. The acting by all concerned is very good indeed, under Steven Robman's direction. With Alma Cuervo (as Janie) and Laurie Kennedy, Bob Gunton, Peter Riegert, Jane Hoffman, and Barbara Baxley. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 28.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Piaf—A ramshackle non-play about the gifted and valorous French chanteuse, who died in 1963. It provides an opportunity for a grandly theatrical performance by Jane Lapotaire. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Scenes and Revelations—A play by Elan Garonzik, with Christine Lahti, Valerie Mahaffey, Marilyn McIntyre, Mary-Joan Negro, Wyman Pendleton, Nicholas Saunders, and Norman Snow. Directed by Sheldon Epps. Previews through Wednesday, June 24. Opens officially on Thursday, June 25, at 7:30. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Shay Duffin as Brendan Behan—A limited engagement of a one-man show, based on the writings of the Irish playwright. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl who, having been deserted by her whorish mother, finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Moves uptown on Friday, June 19, for a Broadway opening at the Century, 235 W. 46th St., 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Wednesday, June 24, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of a revival of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of stripteasers. *Previews through Sunday, June 21.* Opens officially on Tuesday, June 23, at 6:45. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wally's Café—James Coco, Rita Moreno, and Sally Struthers are clever and genial people, but they can breathe no life into this synthet*ic nonentity of a play. (Reviewed in this is*sue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Welded—Eugene O'Neill's melodrama about a warring theatrical couple is preposterous rubbish, and the performance under José Quintero's direction does nothing to redeem it. A production of Columbia University's Center for Theatre Studies. (Horace Mann Theatre, Broadway at 120th St. 678-3276. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 5.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Zora and **When the Chickens Came Home to Roost**—Two one-act plays by Laurence Holder. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 5.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with *Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus* setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. On Tuesday, June 23, the musical will be interpreted for deaf patrons by two sign-language interpreters. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD/A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: A Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and

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torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Mark Hamill. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,792 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Diana Canova and Ted Wass. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

THE PANTHER—An experimental music-theatre piece (inspired by Rilke's poem "The Panther"), with six actors, six singers, two musicians, and a panther. The score is by Philip Glass and the text and staging are by Manuel Lütgenhorst. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 21.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—**REPERTORY:** Wednesday evening, June 17: "The Four Temperaments," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 19: "Ballo della Regina," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 20: "Square Dance," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 21: "Ballo della Regina," "Other Dances," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 23: "Ballo della Regina," "Pas de Deux," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 25: "Chaconne," "Suite from Histoire du Soldat," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 27: "The Four Temperaments," "Suite from Histoire du Soldat," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 27: "Square Dance," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "The Four Seasons." . . . **TCHAIKOVSKY PROGRAMS:** Thursday evening, June 18: "Capriccio Italien," "Scherzo Opus 42," "Piano Pieces," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 20: "Introduction and Fugue," "Piano Concerto No. 1 Pas de Deux," "Scherzo Opus 42," "Valse-Scherzo," "Concert Fantasy," and "Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 21: "Serenade," "Mozartiana," and "Symphony No. 1." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 24: "Introduction and Fugue," "Capriccio Italien," "Scherzo Opus 42," "Valse-Scherzo," "Mozartiana," and "Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 26: "Suite No. 2," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Symphony No. 1." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 28.)

ROYAL BALLET—Wednesday, June 17, at 1, and a benefit performance at 7, and Saturday, June 27, at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 18-19, at 8; Saturday, June 20, at 2 and 8; and Wednesday, June 24, at 2: "La Fin du Jour" (New York première), "Hamlet," "Rhapsody" (American première), and "A Month in the Country." . . . ¶ Monday, June 22, at 8, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23-24, at 8: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 25, at 8: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Scènes de Ballet," and "Gloria" (American première). . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Symphonic Variations," and "Gloria." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Through Saturday, July 4.)

JEAN ERDMAN—With her company, in a return engagement of the dance-opera "The Shining House." (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. Wednesday through Saturday, June 17-20, at 8; Sunday, June 21, at 3; Tuesday through Saturday, June 23-27, at 8; and Sunday, June 28, at 3. For tickets, call 534-6363.)

PEARL LANG DANCE COMPANY—Performing "Shira," "Notturno," and new dances based on the poems of Itzik Manger. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday, June 17, at 6:45; Thursday through Saturday, June 18-20, at 8; and Sunday, June 21, at 3.)

JOYCE TRISLER DANSCOMPANY—In an all-Stravinsky program: "Le Sacre du Printemps," "Four Against the Gods," and two premières—"Elegie" and "Four Etudes." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, June 18, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, at 8; and Sunday, June 21, at 2.)

DOUGLAS DUNN AND DANCERS—Performing a new full-length work, "Walking Back." (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 279-4200. Saturday, June 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, June 21, at 3 and 8:30.)

DANCEWORKS—A Boston company in a program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, June 25, and Saturday and Sunday, June 27-28, at 8.)

DIANNE McINTYRE'S SOUNDS IN MOTION—Thursday, June 25, and Saturday, June 27, at 8: "Life's Force," "Journey to Forever," "Just a Myth," and "It Has Not Always Been This Way." . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8, and Sunday, June 28, at 3: "Liquid Magic," "Etude," "Smoke and Clouds," "Just a Myth," and "Union." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. For information about tickets, call 348-2460.)

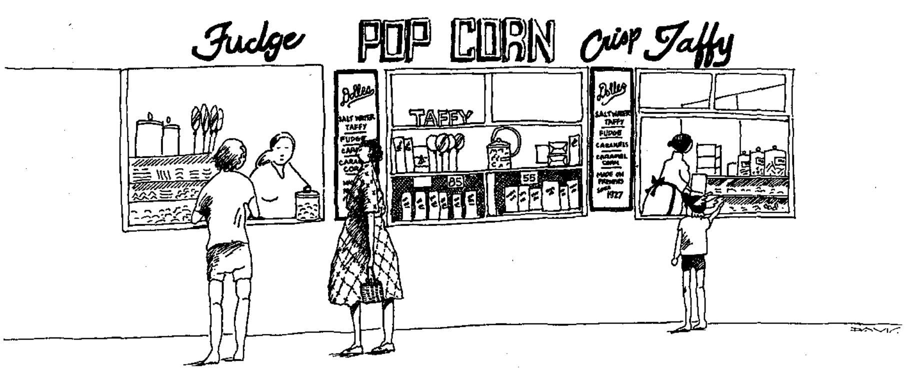
INTERNATIONAL DANCE FILM AND VIDEOTAPE FESTIVAL—Fifty hours of dance on film and a hundred and fifty hours of dance on videotape, all in honor of Jerome Robbins. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. Wednesday through Friday, June 17-19, from noon to 5:45. For information about tickets, call 870-1657.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. On Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the humming, buzzing bassist, will hum and buzz on the four-foot-high stand with a pianist. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—Tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** plays rousing solos with a quartet through Sunday,



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June 21; on Monday, June 22, Jane Harvey will sing with a trio; and on Tuesday, June 23, soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** will arrive with a trio. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The current lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, June 17-18, pianist **MC COY TYNER;** Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, Fred Parris & the Five Satins, the Del Vikings, Fourteen Karat Soul, and the Laddins; Monday and Tuesday, June 22-23, percussionist **AIRTO,** singer **FLORA PURIM,** and their Brazilian-jazz-rock group; Wednesday, June 24, pianist **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI** and saxophonist **LEW TABACKIN** and their big band; Thursday, June 25, Sukay, a group that plays traditional music from the Andes; and Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, premier Nashville fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist Eddie Higgins and bassist Frank Tate through Saturday, June 20; and pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** starting Monday, June 22. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a place where one can wear a tuxedo even if one is not a headwaiter or a member of **BOBBY SHORT'S** trio. Mr. Short and his two stalwart sidemen—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**—are holding Porter, Gershwin, and Coward soirées Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is back playing delicate, meticulous, and swinging piano solos. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, June 17, Kid Blue, Pin Ups, and Ace's Up; Thursday, June 18, Noise R Us, Art Attack, and Ut; *Friday, June 19, Flavors, Violets, and Idiot* Savant; and Saturday, June 20, Lenny Kaye Connection and Jo Marshall. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

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City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings the blues with her support system—bassist Jimmy Lewis and pianist Gerald Cook—Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays belong to Lu Elliott, an Ellington-alumna vocalist, and her pianist, Robert Banks, and bassist Jimmy Lewis. Music at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, June 17, John Roberts & Tony Barrand and the Derby Ram; Saturday, June 20, Changing Lanes; Sunday, June 21, guitarists Phil Marsh, Bob Miles, and Ari Eisinger; Wednesday, June 24, David Jones & Charlie O'Hegarty; and Saturday, June 27, Nevard & the Barrelhouse Boys. Music from about eight-fifteen Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesday through Friday, June 24-26, cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON** will sit in. Wednesdays through Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. Sunday, June 21, will be claimed by trumpeter Rolf Ericson's quartet at about *nine-fifteen. Dining.*

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. Pianist, jazz prof, and National Public Radio star **BILLY TAYLOR** is leading a trio through Sunday, June 21; on Tuesday, June 23, alto saxophonist **RICHIE COLE** and his band, Alto Madness, will take charge. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Wednesday, June 17, School Girls; Thursday through Saturday, June 18-20, ex-Shirelle Shirley Alston; on Monday, June 22, Ebony Jo-Ann will sing with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM;** Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23-24, Clarice Taylor & Kelvyn Bell; Thursday, June 25, the Laddins; Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, the Moonglows. On Sundays **DENISE DELAPENHA** performs Brazilian-jazz tunes. The first show gets under way after eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sundays from five to ten, pianist **BROOKS KERR** plays stride numbers and sings a bit, too.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DAVE MC KENNA,** a pumping, swirling time warp of a pianist—he plays stride with his left hand and bebop with his right—performs here through Saturday, June 20. Sunday and Monday, June 21-22, have been set aside for pianist **RED RICHARDS,** and on Tuesday, June 23, stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will begin a five-night visit. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

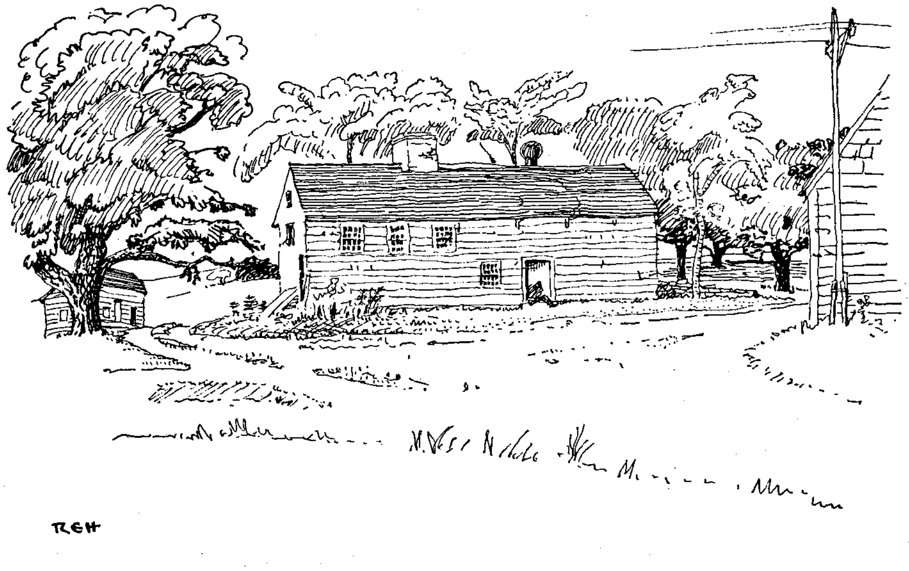
Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Chuck Folds guides a trio for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, multinational multi-instrumentalist **DAVID AMRAM** will perform music from the Middle East, South America, and Tompkins Square Park with a *quintet that features* **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** *on alto* sax and **RAY MANTILLA** on percussion. The following Friday and Saturday (June 26-27) have been reserved for tenor saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN.** On Sundays saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN,** bassist **MIKE FLEMING,** pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** and drummer **WALTER PERKINS** have jam sessions. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the sets by the guest musicians—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—Mike Morgenstern pilots another combo.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAK KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of mu*sical archivists from eight until two.*

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** two-thirds of one of the world's greatest rhythm sections—the final third is drummer Ben Riley—are working alone together Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays are given over to singer and pianist **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, June 17, rockabilly patriarch **CHARLIE FEATHERS;** Thursday, June 18, Frezzel & West; Sunday, June 21, Kinky Friedman; Monday and Tuesday, June 22-23, Robert Gordon; and Wednesday, June 24, the Aztec Two-



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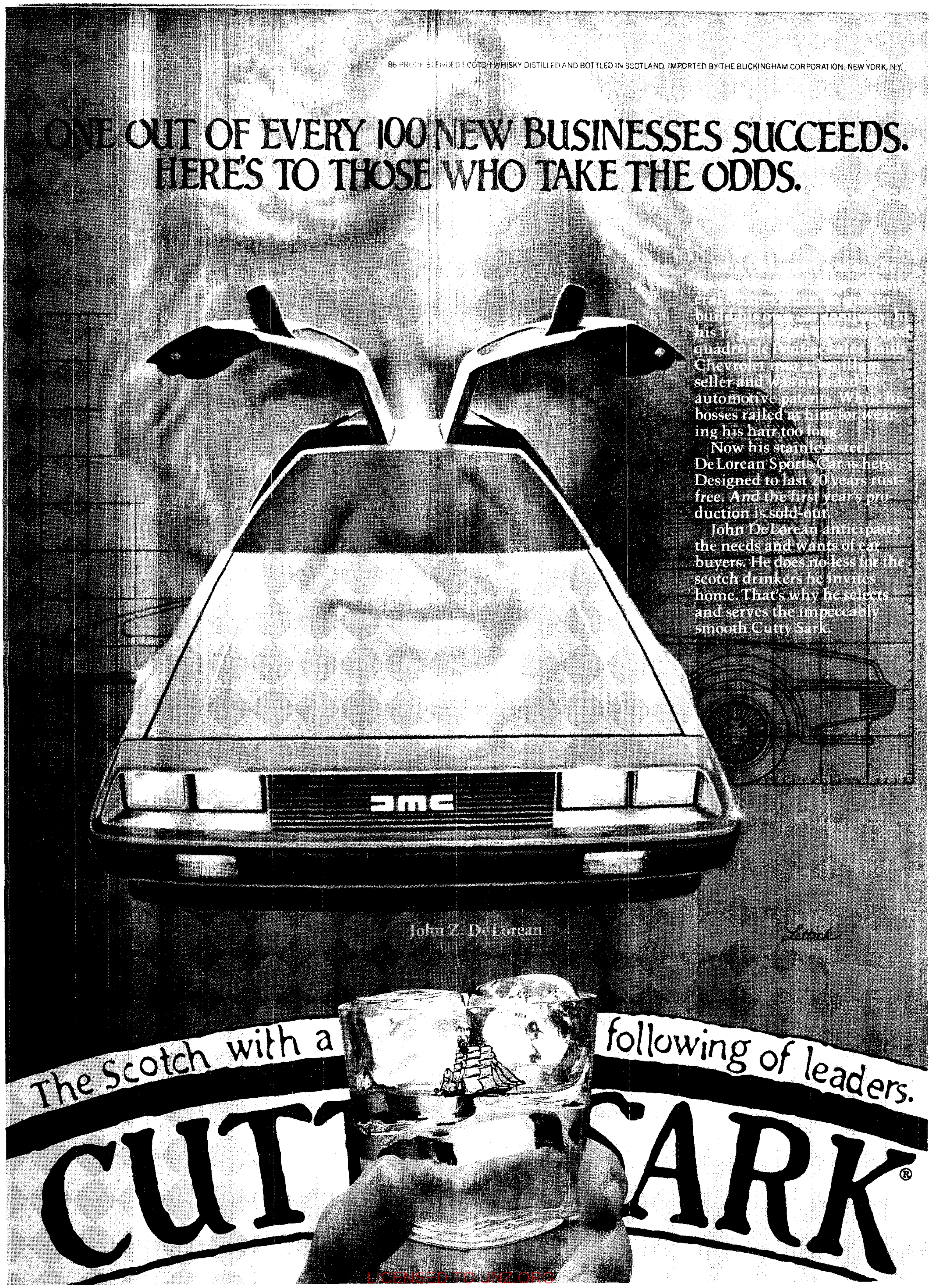

John DeLorean was on the [illegible] Gen-eral Motors when he quit to build his own car company. In his 17 years [illegible] he helped quadruple Pontiac sales, built Chevrolet into a 3-million seller and was awarded 40 automotive patents. While his bosses railed at him for wearing his hair too long.

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Step. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singers' room on the upper East Side. **ASTRUD GILBERTO** is here singing Brazilian-jazz standards and an occasional funky number in her unmistakable soft, low, nondramatic voice. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, June 17, Teenage Furniture, Phosphenes, and Gentz; Thursday, June 18, the Zantees and Eddie Dixon; Friday, June 19, Stimulators and Bad Brains; and Saturday, June 20, the Senders and Brooklyn Slim Blues Band. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Vibraharpist **RED NORVO** and guitarist **TAL FARLOW** are well into a month-long reunion on this bandstand. They're aided by bassist Steve Novosel Tuesdays through Saturdays; the first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Fridays and Saturdays Zulema sings soul music with her band. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Wednesday and Thursday, June 17-18, **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI,** the altogether charming hot-jazz violinist, performs with a quartet; Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** will alternate with guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD'S** trio; on Wednesday, June 24, Western-swing pianist Floyd Domino will trade sets with Street Kids; and Thursday through Saturday, June 25-27, the **PERSUASIONS** will sing their compelling a-cappella soul numbers. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. From ten to two, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** takes over the keyboard with a repertory of Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy).

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER'S** band plays bouncy dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

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Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Sort of a big bustling rec room with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, curled-cast-iron ice-cream-parlor chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, June 17-18, **GANG OF FOUR;** Friday, June 19, **BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY;** Saturday, June 20, Plastics; Sunday, June 21, Kwami; Monday, June 22, Dreamer and Troublemaker; Tuesday, June 23, the gospel group **MIGHTY CLOUDS OF JOY;** Wednesday, June 24, **DAVE MASON;** and Thursday, June 25, **CHUCK BERRY** (the correct answer to the question: What is rock and roll?). Music begins usually after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, "The Sounds of Rodgers & Hammerstein, Part II," the tribute of the month, is under way. The participants are Susan Bigelow, Ron Holgate, Martin Vidnovic, and Laura Waterbury, and there are shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: Wednesday, June 17, Roland Vazquez & the Urban Ensemble; Thursday through Sunday, June 18-21, percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his Latin-jazz sextet; Monday, June 22, alto saxophonist and arranger Ed Palermo and his big band; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23-24, a very fine quartet—tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD,** pianist **JOHN HICKS,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB.** Thursday through Sunday, June 25-28, **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane singer and pianist, will be here with a quartet. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Wednesday, June 17, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND;** Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, singer **AL HIBBLER;** Wednesday, June 24, pianist **PATTI BOWN;** Thursday, June 25, singer Ann Calloway; and Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, pianist **BARRY HARRIS.** Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Singer **JON HENDRICKS** and his singing family, **HENDRICKS, HENDRICKS & HENDRICKS,** perform through Saturday, June 20; on Tuesday, June 23, **ARNETT COBB,** who was billed in the forties as the "Wildest Tenorman in the World," will arrive. Cobb, who works mostly out of Houston nowadays, plays breathy, looping, old-fashioned honking R. & B. saxophone, and one doesn't run across that very often anymore. Sundays and Mondays are the property of guitarist Sal Salvador. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, Joan Crawford—line the walls. **AHMAD JAMAL** plays rhapsodic jazz solos through Saturday, June 20; beginning Wednesday, June 24, the great drummer **MAX ROACH** will be here with his quintet. The music begins after ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae lineup: Wednesday, June 17, Khunat Ra & Reggae Afrika; Thursday, June 18, Certain Generals; Friday, June 19, Off Beach; Saturday, June 20, slide guitarist **J. B. HUTTO** & the New Hawks; Wednesday, June 24, Jah Love & the Survivors; and Thursday, June 25, John Macandoe. Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blue local octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights around nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, June 17, Beau Jack and Pariah; Thursday, June 18, Bob Duncan and Kim Larsen; Friday, June 19, the Touchtones and Action; Saturday, June 20, Kwami; and Tuesday, June 23, Robert Kraft. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays the barnlike downstairs room is given over to salsa bands, which begin playing at nine; on Friday, June 26, jazz singers Cathy Rose Salit and Judy Gorman-Jacobs will share the facilities, at ten-thirty. At the Top of the Gate, guitarist **CHARLIE BYRD** is leading a trio every night but Monday at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty on Tuesdays on the Terrace after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and his moving nonet are performing through Sunday, June 21. On Tuesday, June 23, tenor saxophonist **JOHNNY GRIFFIN,** whose solos are the driving, urgent kind that big-band soloists tend to play, will bring in his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and **SADIK HAKIM** Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University-neighborhood hangout for swing music admirers and players. Wednesday

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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through Sunday, June 17-21, **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON**, who is known for his rhythm-and-bluesy tenor-sax work, plays some straight-ahead jazz; and Wednesday through Saturday, June 24-27, trumpeter Franc Williams will head a quartet. On Mondays, saxophonist Percy France's quartet is present; Tuesdays are claimed by master drummer **JO JONES** and his band. *Music every night from* nine. Steam-table dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme—With George Segal, Conrad Janis, and the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday through Sunday, June 17-21, all at 8.)

New York Women's Jazz Festival—Wednesday, June 17, at 8: The Willene Barton quartet, Revella Hughes, and Dakota Staton and a trio. . . . Thursday, June 18, at 8: The Julie Homi trio, the Erica Lindsay quintet, and Sheila Jordan. . . . Friday, June 19, at 8: The Janice Robinson quintet, Jay Clayton and Kirk Nurock, and Rose Murphy and a trio. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 20, at 8: A concert in memory of Mary Lou Williams, with Barbara Carroll, Hazel Scott, the Melba Liston big band, and others, in an all-Williams program. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 21, at 7:30: The UJC Workshop Big Band, directed by Melba Liston. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St.) For information about tickets, call 924-5026.

The Basie Alumni—Al Grey, Butch Miles, Buddy Tate, and Frank Wess are the featured alumni. Also with Johnny Hartman, Marty Napoleon, George Duvivier, and Glenn Zottola. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and La Guardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, June 18, at 8.)

Cleo Laine & James Galway—With an orchestra directed by John Dankworth. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, June 20, at 8, and Sunday, June 21, at 3 and 8.)

Kool Jazz Festival (formerly the Newport Jazz Festival)—Opening performances in a ten-day series that will be taking place in various halls around the city; on a Staten Island ferry; in Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.; the State University of New York, at Purchase; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate on Friday, June 26, at 5: Cedar Walton, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.). . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8: Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, with Freddie Hubbard, Bill Hardman, Walter Davis, Woody Shaw, and others in a program celebrating Mr. Blakey's twenty-fifth anniversary as a drummer. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8: "The Art of Jazz Singing," with Carmen McRae, Joe Williams, Johnny Hartman, Bobby McFerrin, Sheila Jordan, and the Steve Kuhn quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30: On the Staten Island Ferry—The Lawson/Haggart Jazz Band, George Masso, Johnny Mince, Bobby Rosengarden, Lou Stein, and Jim Cullum's Happy Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 5:30: Joanne Brackeen, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 7:30: "Goin' to Chicago," with Wild Bill Davison, Jimmy McPartland, Milt Hinton, Joe Williams, Truck Parham, Barrett Deems, Ira Sullivan, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 8: "Wild Women Don't Have the Blues," with Nell Carter, Linda Hopkins, Sippie Wallace, and Dick Hyman and the Classic Jazz Band. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 8: Cab Calloway, Chris Calloway, Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans, and Sandman Sims. (Waterloo Village.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

Ornette Coleman & the Prime Time Band—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, at 9 and 11:30.

Irving Plaza—Saturday, June 20: Stiff Little Fingers. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27: Black Flag and Bad Brains. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows after 11:30.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, June 17, at 10: Guanabara. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, June 19-21, at 10: Roy Haynes Ensemble. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, June 24-25, at 10: C Sharpe, with Walter Davis, Jr., Ted Wald, and Jim Lovelace. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, at 10: Slide Hampton. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Wednesday, June 17, at 9: Jan & Dean. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 18, at 9: Juice Newton, with Jesse Winchester. . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 10; Saturday, June 20, at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sunday, June 21, at 9: Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes. . . . ¶ Peter Allen in a ten-day engagement: Tuesday through Thursday, June 23-25, at 9; Friday through Sunday, June 26-28, at 8 and 11; Tuesday, June 30, at 9; Wednesday, July 1, at 8 and 11; Thursday, July 2, at 9; and Friday, July 3, at 8 and 11. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—Thursday, June 25: Karen Borca quintet and Charles Tyler & Steve Reid. . . . ¶ Friday, June 26: Daniel Ponce and Michele Rosewoman trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27: Paquito D'Rivera. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows begin at 11:30.)

Benefit Concert—Max Roach & M'Boom and the World Saxophone Quartet. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, June 26, at 8. For tickets, call 662-2133.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—Prints. Through July 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.) A larger show is currently at the Museum of Modern Art.

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—About twenty of his boxes (all miniatures) on the gallery walls. Through July 31. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

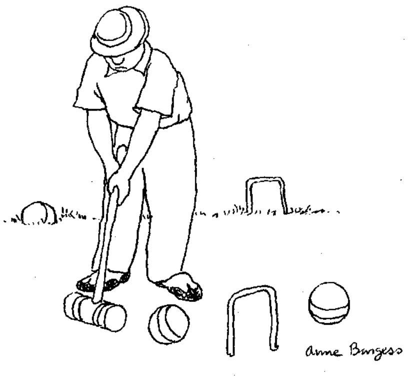
William Crozier—Bronze nudes, about three-quarters life-size and frankly erotic. Through Saturday, June 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Sylvette Engel (1912-77)—A series of oil paintings called "Skies," depicting just that; other paintings, of row houses; delicate drawings of plants. Through Saturday, June 20. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

A. Oscar—Lusty watercolors and oils by an artist who leans toward caricature. Through Friday, June 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Shari Urquhart—Large tapestries that tell vivid stories: "Rape" is the title of one, and "Fantasy, or Splash to Quell the Heat" is another. The artist teaches at Rikers Island. Through July 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by contemporary Americans (Roy Carruthers, Anthony Toney) alongside works by earlier artists (Burchfield, Marsh, Shinn). Through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Todd McKie, Catharine Warren, Edward Youkilis, others. Through Sept. 4. . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by American painters and sculptors: Chaim Gross, Raphael Soyer, Max Weber, David Levine, Bruno Lucchesi, Laura Shechter, and others. Through July 31. . . . **NARDIN**, 25 E. 73rd St.: New York City scenes of the past fifty years by Marsh, Sloan, Marin, and numerous others (including, unexpectedly, Alice Neel), plus contemporary works, among them collages by Loreen Matsushima and spooky sculpture in a shadowbox by Jack Gavin. Through July 31. (Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Figure drawings by realists, among them William Bailey, Bruno Civitico, and Leland Bell. Through July 15. . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century German drawings and watercolors—two hundred and thirty-two in all. Through July 11. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Essentially abstract paintings and sculptures by gallery artists Harriet Korman, Ken Price, Joan Thorne, Tod Wizon, and others. Through July 2. (Closed Mondays.)



GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Maurice Golubov / Ken Greenleaf—Abstract and figurative paintings and works on paper, in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Jewish Museum. / Freestanding abstract sculptures of sheet aluminum, copper, and steel rods. Through Thursday, June 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Frances Hynes—Paintings and drawings of Long Island farm buildings, for the most part—barns, tool sheds, endless-looking chicken houses—simplified almost to abstractions, plus a few urban structures handled in the same way. Through Friday, June 19. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland—A new set of irregularly shaped canvases. Through Friday, June 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tom Stokes—Subtle color transitions rendered in stripes. Through Saturday, June 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Liana Vassaloy—Wistful, romantic paintings and porcelain-headed doll-like figures. Through Saturday, June 27. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Kay WalkingStick / Kay Rosen—Dark, emblematic drawings in encaustics by a Cherokee artist. / A series of drawings diagramming the movements of people on three stairways. Through Saturday, June 27. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

William Zorach (1889-1966) / **Turku Trajan** (1887-1959)—Early paintings, done from 1911-22. / Sculptures, and paintings on paper. Through July 10. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Architecture by Artists—A diverting exhibition of drawings and maquettes by twenty-odd artists includes a photograph of a refrigerator and kitchen sink that Saul Steinberg has converted into a cityscape with a few strokes of a brush; a model by Ed Kerns of a frantic munitions factory installed behind an innocent-looking hill on a desert plain; and a model of a droll little pleasure dome by Elisa D'Arrigo. Through Saturday, June 27. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At **PAM ADLER**, 37 W. 57th St.: An invitational show, with works by Robert Bordo, Cynthia Karasek, Jack Chevalier, Larry Kagan, and Lynn Elton. Through July 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **BLUM HELMAN**, 20 W. 57th St.: Recent paintings by Craig Kauffman, Edda Renouf, Bruce Robbins, and Hap Tivey. Through July 18. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **BORGENICHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A refreshing group show in which seven satiric artists (Ida Applebroog, Mark Tansey, and Richards Jarden among them) aim their shafts at such targets as movie posters, television, and the art establishment. Through

July 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Recent works by gallery artists: paintings (by, among others, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, William T. Wiley) and one sculpture (by James Surls), all accompanied by preparatory drawings. Through Aug. 14. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Kokoschka, Klimt, Mihaesco, Grandma Moses, others. Through Sept. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 38 E. 57th St.: James Brooks, Giorgio Cavallon, George McNeil, Sonia Gechtoff, Esteban Vicente, John Seery, and others. Through July 30. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.) . . . **JACOBSON,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints having to do with flying—i.e., Malcolm Morley's painting of a plane crash, Bryan Hunt's drawing of a Concorde window (interior), and Vito Acconci's twenty-two-foot, twelve-part photoetching of airplane wings. Through Sept. 11. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery regulars, including Isabel Bishop, Ethel Magafan, and Gregorio Prestopino. Through Sept. 4. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings—Dine, Dubuffet, Matisse, Miró; sculptures—Nevelson and Tony Smith. Through Aug. 28. . . . **PEARL,** 29 W. 57th St.: American paintings of the nineteen-forties and fifties: Giorgio Cavallon, Charmion von Wiegand, Al Held, Alfred Jensen, others. Through July 3. . . . **SUMMIT,** 101 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and graphics: Xavier Gonzalez, Theo Hios, Alice Neel, Judith Shahn, others. Through Friday, June 26. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **TATISTCHEFF,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such realists as James Childs, William Clutz, John Stuart Ingle, John Gordon, Irene Buszko, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings and sculptures by Nassos Daphnis, Dee Shapiro, Michael Malpass, and others. Through July 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

CARL ANDRE, SOL LEWITT, AND DONALD JUDD—The first is represented by a twenty-foot row of rectangular steel plates laid alongside one gallery wall; the second by a huge trapezoid chalked in white on a red ground that fills another wall; and the third by a series of seven metal boxes set in still another wall, at about eye level. Through June 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

BILL BECKLEY—New sculptures and watercolors. Through June 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

JUD FINE—Man-made materials (steel) are joined with natural ones (hay) in conceptual installations, the most prominent being a ninety-eight-foot shaft of metal wrapped in straw. Through Saturday, June 27. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

DAN FLAVIN—The gallery space is divided into alleyways that glow with one or another of this artist's fluorescent installations—pink, yellow, green, orange. The show will remain up all summer. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

MICHAEL GALLAGHER—Colorful abstract paintings, all done on a diminutive scale. Through Saturday, June 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

ROBERT KOBAYASHI—Small works in which strips of found tin are tacked onto plywood to form landscapes, cityscapes, portraits, figure studies. Through Saturday, June 27. (Josef, 113 Prince St. Closed Mondays; opens Saturdays at noon.)

PETER PLAGENS—Large diptychs. Through July 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

JACK YOUNGERMAN—Large sculptures in shapes reminiscent of Oriental screens, cut out of heavy plate steel or aluminum. There are also large paintings of similar design. Through Friday, June 19. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

SCULPTORS' DRAWINGS OVER SIX CENTURIES (1400-1950)—A hundred and forty drawings, practically all of them prefiguring works of sculpture. The artists range from Bernini and Canova to David Smith and Noguchi. Through Saturday, June 20. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BAYARD,** 456 West Broadway: Paintings and works on paper by three Canadian realists (Ken Danby, Tom Forrestall, and D. P. Brown). Through June 28. (Opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **BOONE,** 420 West Broadway: Item: a large diptych by David Salle on which Julian Schnabel has superimposed a portrait head of Salle sketched in orange paint. Other contributors are Michael McClard, Robin Winters, Michael Tracy, and Ross Bleckner. Through June 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **COWLES,** 420 West Broadway: Works by six artists who live and work in Texas, including prickly looking wooden sculpture by James Surls and installations involving twenty-five stuffed iguanas by Bob Wade. Through Saturday, June 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **EMPIRE SAFE COMPANY SHOWROOM,** 103 Grand St., at Mercer St.: Twelve artists were asked to choose from a selection of both old and new safes and transform them into works of art. What resulted were paintings and sculptures by Richard Haas, Bill Barrell, Suzan Pitt, Lance Richbourg, among others. Through Saturday, June 20. (Closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **MEYER,** 410 West Broadway: Drawings for proposed installations by such artists as Vito Acconci, Agnes Denes, Les Levine, and Sol LeWitt are on exhibition. Through Saturday, June 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **NEILL,** 136 Greene St.: Sculptures in stone by Alan Shepp, John Van Alstine, Aijino Wakita, and Dennis Whitcopf. Through July 1. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **THORP,** 419 West Broadway: The summer show offers paintings and works on paper by gallery regulars as well as new artists. Included are Eric Fischl, Mira Schor, and David True. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: Colorful wall pieces by Lynda Benglis, Richard Beckett, Joel Shapiro, Sol LeWitt, the late Robert Smithson, and eleven others. Through Saturday, June 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

PIERRE CLERK—An assemblage of four welded-steel sculptures, from ten to thirteen feet tall and painted in vivid blue and white stripes, has been installed in City Hall Park and will remain there through the summer.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BROMM,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: A selection of works by seven artists who haven't had much exposure. Through Friday, June 19. . . . **THE CLOCKTOWER,** 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Two sculptures each by James Biederman, Don Gummer, Nigel Hall, Mel Kendrick, and Avital Oz. Through Saturday, June 20. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ALFRED CAPEL-CURE (1826-96)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of calotypes by this British amateur, whose subjects included architecture, his family, and the English countryside. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

PAUL CAPONIGRO—Representative works from the past twenty years including studies of sunflowers and Japanese gardens. Through Friday, June 19. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

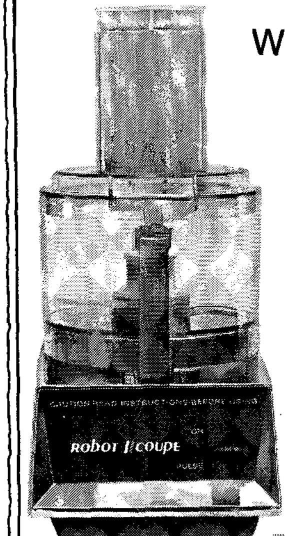
JED DEVINE—Palladium prints of landscapes and still-lifes. Also, portraits. Through Saturday, June 27. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

ROBERT HEINECKEN—This photographer has developed a method of re-creating images by placing light-sensitive paper directly over a dark television screen and then turning the thing on for an instant. In this case, the set was busy with President Reagan's inauguration. Also, silkscreens and color prints. Through July 2. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

GRACE KNOWLTON—A series of black-and-white photographs entitled "White Corners," all shot within the confines of an interior hallway. A first for this artist, known previously as a sculptor. Through Friday, June 26. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES MARVILLE (1816-79)—Photographs of the streets of Paris (1852-70) before, during, and after the city's reorganization by Baron Haussmann. A loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through Friday, June 26. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St.)

DON MCCULLIN / HERBERT LIST (1903-75)—A retrospective of a hundred prints by a British photojournalist; most of the works are battle-



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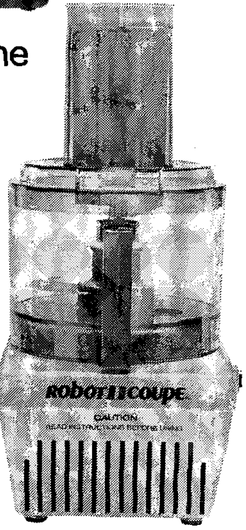

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zone scenes done on assignment for the London *Sunday Times* and the *Observer.* / Ninety prints, including a number of portraits (Miró, Colette) and fashion and travel shots, by a German photographer who was influenced by Surrealism. Through June 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Arthur Ollman—Night views of houses and parks and bridges and trees by a California photographer. Through July 17. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Jan Saudek—Off-key photographs of children by a Czech artist. Through Friday, June 26. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Karen Tweedy-Holmes / Sam Haskins—Black-and-white studies of nudes. / Figure studies, mainly, plus still-lifes and landscapes, all bordering on the surreal. Through July 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Doris Ulmann (1884-1934)—Soft-focus photographs of the Gullah people who lived and worked on the Lang Syne plantation near Fort Motte, South Carolina, in the early part of the century. Through Aug. 14. (Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Astor Court and the Douglas Dillon Galleries for Chinese paintings (north wing, second floor) will open permanent exhibitions on Thursday, June 18. The Court houses a Ming furniture room and a Ming garden (i.e., a reconstruction of an existing Ming Dynasty courtyard in Suzhou); the Dillon Galleries, which surround the Court on three sides, will house some eighty works, the earliest of them a painting of a horse by the eighth-century court painter Han Kan. . . . ¶ The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of modern and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Paintings by Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Rothko, Oldenburg; sculptures by, among others, Moore and Lipchitz. The sculpture section also includes work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years, as well as pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ A show of traditional black African masks and wood, ivory, and bronze sculptures arranged in geographical rather than chronological or stylistic groupings. The hundred and fifty articles, nearly all of which were created with a specific function in mind, are from the Tishman collection. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ "German Masters of the Nineteenth Century" (Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp Otto Runge, and Adolf von Menzel, among about thirty) contains some hundred and fifty paintings and drawings on loan. Through July 5. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Before Photography," a show whose point is the correlation between painting and photography. It consists of forty paintings and drawings (by Constable, Corot, and their early-nineteenth-century contemporaries) and an equal number of early photographs (by William Henry Fox Talbot, Gustave Le Gray, and others). Through July 5. . . . ¶ A retrospective of prints by Pierre Alechinsky. Through Aug. 11. A complementary show is at the Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Forty calotypes made by Alfred Capel-Cure in the middle of the last century. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

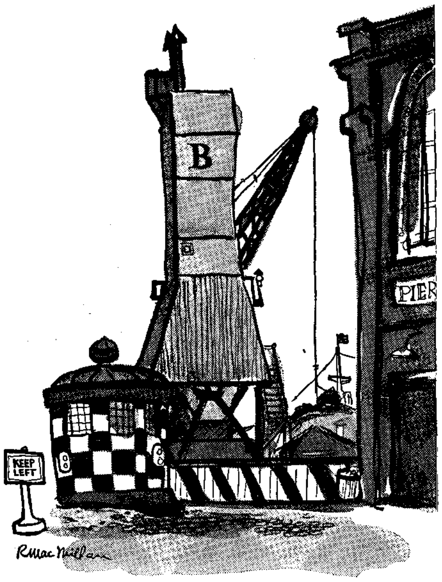
Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of Arshile Gorky. . . . ¶ A companion show of forty paintings by Europeans who influenced Gorky's work. Both shows through July 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave at 75th St.—A comprehensive show of works by the portrait artist Chuck Close, some of them gigantic. Through Sunday, June 21. . . . ¶ "Decade of Transition": nearly a hundred and fifty works (painted, drawn, or sculpted during the nineteen-forties) from the museum's permanent collection. The cast and styles are diverse: Wyeth, Marsh, Shahn, Rothko, Pousette-Dart, Pollock, and others. Through July 12. . . . ¶ Eighteen surrealist paintings by the artist O. Louis Guglielmi from the years 1934 to 1942. Through July 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of African furniture and household objects. Starts Saturday, June 20. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Folger Shakespeare Library has installed a show that does its eponymous hero proud: walk-through re-creations of Elizabethan Stratford, a model of the Globe Theatre, the first collected edition of his plays, as well as evidences of his legacy, extending from language (a list of quotations) to movie productions (Olivier as Hamlet) to T-shirts. An electronic scoreboard flashes up-to-the-minute computations of Shakespeare's popularity in the world. He is popular, it turns out. Starts Thursday, June 18. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—All the main galleries and the garden here have been given over to a show reflecting the influence of horticulture on the decorative arts—drawings, prints, furniture, glass, ceramics, metalwork, and textiles. The first floor has been turned into an actual garden, complemented by garden plans (Versailles, for one). The second floor is narrowed to flowers—flowers in Tiffany lamps, Fabergé *objets,* Morris wallpaper, Louis Sullivan architectural details. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Animated films are the subject of an exhibit of about a hundred pieces of artwork related to that craft, ranging from what are called concept drawings to the final cels, which are photographed. Both obscure (Winsor McCay's 1918 "The Sinking of the Lusitania") and perennial ("Fantasia") films are represented. Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Samples of earthenware and stoneware (that is, pottery exclusive of porcelains) in a display taken from the museum's own cupboards. The decorative and utilitarian items range from ancient Greek and Egyptian terra-cottas to Wedgwood basaltware to Rookwood vases of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)



Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Eight portrait busts by the eighteenth-century French sculptor Jean-Antoine Houdon. One, of Thomas Jefferson, must have pleased the subject enormously—he regarded Houdon as "perhaps the foremost artist in the world." Through Aug. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of Maurice Golubov's work, consisting of more than a hundred abstract paintings on paper. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A complementary show is at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery, 29 W. 57th St., through Thursday, June 25.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Three shows: A display of autograph manuscripts and letters by nineteenth-century British authors, among them John Keats (represented by "Endymion"), Sir Walter Scott ("The Lady of the Lake"), Jane Austen ("Lady Susan"), and Oscar Wilde ("The Picture of Dorian Gray"). . . . ¶ Hand in hand with the manuscript show are David Levine's contemporary caricatures of these and other British authors—more than forty drawings in all. . . . ¶ Forty manuscripts of music for the piano by such composers as Mozart, Schubert, Saint-Saëns, Ravel, and Cage. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All three through July 31.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A quilt show in two parts. At this museum: Twenty-one items (mostly quilts but also coverlets and bedspreads) including one mid-nineteenth-century bridal quilt in a Bird of Paradise pattern, for which the templates, cut out of a Poughkeepsie newspaper, are intact. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ At the Fashion Institute of Technology: Sixty quilts. (Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.) Both through Aug. 22.

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A reincarnation of the Chicago Tribune Tower architectural competition of 1922, conceived by a group of contemporary architects who call themselves the Chicago Seven. Designers from around the world were invited to submit drawings and models to this (often tongue-in-cheek) rerun of the original contest. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. . . . ¶ A show of printed ephemera of historical and literary interest which includes a truly ephemeral leaflet with a plea to "Save the 15¢ Fare!" Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Sundays and Thursdays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

MUSIC

New York Philharmonic—The last two concerts in "The Romantic Era" series. Wednesday, June 17, at 8: Kurt Masur conducting a Wagner-Richard Strauss program, with Hans Sotin, bass. . . . ¶ Friday, June 19, at 8: James Levine directing a performance of Berlioz' Requiem, with Philip Creech, tenor, and the Philadelphia Singing City Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Festival Trio—David Singer, clarinet; Benjamin Hudson, violin; and Patricia Michaelian, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th

St. Wednesday, June 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Shankar—Violin, with assisting artists in a program of classical music of North and South India. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, June 21, from 5 to 11.)

New Baroque Soloists—Daniel Waitzman, flute; Marsha Heller, oboe; Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; and William Scribner, bassoon, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 25, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 23. Three programs of chamber music, with the Boston Symphony Chamber Players; members of the Guarneri Quartet; and Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Lenox, Mass. Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, at 8:30, and Sunday, June 28, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 23—Saturday, June 27, at 8:30: James Conlon conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Misha Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 5:30: An all-Brahms chamber-music program, with Mr. Dichter; Naoko Tanaka and Miuki Fukuhara, violin; Louise Schulman, viola; and Marcy Rosen, cello. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Sunday, June 21, at 7: The Allman Brothers Band and the Outlaws. . . . ¶ Monday, June 22, at 7: James Taylor. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 7: Jefferson Starship. . . . ¶ Friday, June 26, at 8:15: Judy Collins. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 27, at 7: Santana. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 28, at 8:15: Cleo Laine and James Galway. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Sunday, June 21, at 12:30.

Baseball (if the strike is over)—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. California, Wednesday and Thursday, June 17-18, at 8. . . . ¶ Minnesota, Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, at 8, and Sunday, June 21, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston, Monday through Thursday, June 22-25, at 8. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 26, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 27, at 7:05.

Boxing—A closed-circuit telecast from Houston of the Thomas Hearns-Pablo Baez WBC Welterweight Championship bout, the Ayub Kalule-Sugar Ray Leonard WBC Junior Middleweight Championship bout, and two other bouts. Also five live bouts *in situ.* (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, June 25, at 7.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. Thursday through Sunday, June 18-21.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 27. The New York Handicap, Saturday, June 20; the Fashion, Wednesday, June 24; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 27. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.). . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Los Angeles, Sunday, June 21, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Fort Lauderdale, Wednesday, June 24, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Final night Wednesday, June 17, at 8. . . . **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, June 18, through Saturday, Aug. 8. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, June 19, at 10:15 and 2: American nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 23, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, June 19. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, June 17, at 2: Silver, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Winston F. C. Guest and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 17, at 10:15, and Thursday through Saturday, June 18-20, at 10:15 and 2: International silver, porcelains, bronzes, furniture, decorations, and rugs—all from the Victorian era. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, June 24-25, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and other works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 20. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, clocks, and scientific instruments. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 20. . . . **sotheby's,** 171 E. 84th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Monday, June 22, at 2: Printed and manuscript Americana. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Monday, June 22, at 10 and 2: English and Continental silver, as well as *objets de vertu,* watches, and Russian works of art. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Monday, June 22, at 2: European ceramics and Wedgwood. Exhibition starts Friday, June 19. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 23, at 2: Silver, watches, and *objets de vertu.* Exhibition starts Saturday, June 20.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**snug harbor,** Staten Island: Wednesday, June 17, at 8:30 (rain date, June 18), "Samson et Dalila," with Viorica Cortez, Richard Cassilly, Louis Quilico, Ara Berberian, and Morley Meredith; conducted by Neeme Jarvi. . . . **marine park,** Brooklyn: Friday, June 19, at 8:30 (rain date, June 21), "Tosca," with Galina Savova, Carlo Bini, and Peter Glossop; Angelo Campori. . . . **cunningham park,** Queens: Saturday, June 20, at 8:30 (rain date, June 21), "Samson et Dalila," with the same cast as June 17. . . . **central park's great lawn:** Tuesday, June 23, at 8:30 (rain date, June 25), "Samson et Dalila," with the same cast as June 17. . . . **prospect park,** Brooklyn: Friday, June 26, at 8:30 (rain date, June 28), "Samson et Dalila," with Bianca Berini, Guy Chauvet, Richard Clark, Richard Vernon, and Norman Andersson; Neeme Jarvi.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts, which will start on Thursday, June 18, and run through Sunday, Aug. 9. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8.)

Music Festival on the Pier—Opening performances of the Dr Pepper wingding, in a new location this year, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. Wednesday, June 24, at 7: Harry Chapin. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, June 27-28, at 6:30: Jefferson Starship and the Dregs. (For tickets, call 977-9020.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. **bluegrass:** Thursday, June 18, at 8: The Fiction Brothers. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 24, at 8: Robin and Linda Williams and Charged Particles. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.). . . **jazz:** Free concerts—Friday and Saturday, June 19-20, at 8: O'Donel Levy quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 26-27, at 8: Guanabara.

Walking Tour—"East Seventies: The Fashionable East Side," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, June 21, starting at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, Lexington Ave. at 76th St., at 2. For information, call 534-1672.

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.

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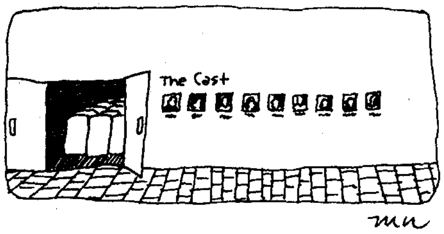
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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21	22	23	24	25	26	27

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 21: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." (†)
June 22: Theatre closed.
From June 23: "La Fantôme de la Liberté." (†)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through June 23: "The Dark End of the Street" (directed by Jan Egleson), with Laura Harrington.
From June 24: "We Are the Guinea Pigs" (Joan Harvey), a *documentary film.*

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 18: "Thief" (†) and "The Dogs of War." (†)
June 19-25: "La Cage aux Folles II" (†) and "The Stunt Man." (†)
From June 26: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Tess." (†)

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 25: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).
From June 26: "Dragonslayer" (Matthew Robbins), with Peter MacNicol and Caitlin Clarke.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 18: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold; and "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.
From June 19: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.
Theatre 2: "Outland" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.
Theatre 3: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"History of the World—Part I" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks and Dom DeLuise

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"History of the World—Part I" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks and Dom DeLuise.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through June 18: "Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin.
From June 19: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†) From June 19: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 2: Through June 18: "The Stunt Man" (†) and "Eyewitness." (†) From June 19: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong). From June 26: "Dragonslayer" (Matthew Robbins), with Peter MacNicol and Caitlin Clarke.
Theatre 2: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 18: "Café Express" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi.
From June 19: "From Mao to Mozart—Isaac Stern in China." (†)

Cinema 1 and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "A Second Chance" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Anouk Aimée. From June 19: "New York, New York." (†)
Theatre 2: "Richard's Things" (Anthony Harvey), with Liv Ullmann.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through June 25: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson. From June 26: "For Your Eyes Only" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.
Theatre 2: Through June 18: "The Blues Brothers" (†); and "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" (1980; Thomas Chong). June 19-25: To be announced. From June 26: "For Your Eyes Only" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Atlantic City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Outland" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 18: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams.
June 19-25: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.
From June 26: "Atlantic City." (†)

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 18: "The Blues Brothers" (†); and "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" (1980; Thomas Chong).
From June 19: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: Through June 18: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson. From June 19: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 18: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
June 19-25: To be announced.
From June 26: "For Your Eyes Only" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.

R.K.O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong). From June 19: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 18: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From June 19: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Polyester" (directed by John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse. From June 19: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei. June 19-25: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From June 26: "Atlantic City." (†)
Theatre 2: Through June 25: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia. From June 26: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).
Theatre 3: Through June 25: "Café Express" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi; and "The Seduction of Mimi." (†) From June 26: "Outland" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.
Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 18: "The Buddy Holly Story" (1978; Steve Rash), with Gary Busey in the title role; and "Janis" (1975), a documentary about Janis Joplin.
June 19-20: "Jimi Hendrix" (1973), a documentary film; and "Monterey Pop" (1969; Donn Pennebaker), a documentary about the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.
June 21-23: "The T.A.M.I. Show" (1971), with James Brown, the Supremes, and others; and "Keep on Rockin' " (1973), a film of a 1969 Toronto rock-and-roll concert.
June 24-25: "American Hot Wax" (†); and "Roadie" (Alan Rudolph), with Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney.
June 26-27: "The Kids Are Alright" (Jeff Stein), with The Who; and "Tommy." (†)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Tess." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through June 25: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
From June 26: "Outland" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through June 25: "Atlantic City." (†)
From June 26: "Dragonslayer" (Matthew Robbins), with Peter MacNicol and Caitlin Clarke.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Valley" (1972; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Messidor" (Alain Tanner; in French).
Theatre 3: "Voyage en Douce" (Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through June 18: "City of Women" (Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni. From June 19: "Coup de Sirocco" (Alexandre Arcady; in French).
Theatre 2: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through June 18: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse. From June 19: "Superman II" (Richard Lester), with Gene Hackman and Christopher Reeve.

Theatre 2: "Tess." (†)

Theatre 3: Through June 18: "Alligator" (Lewis Teague), with Robert Forster and Robin Riker. From June 19: "Outland" (Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.

Theatre 4: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

Theatre 2: Through June 18: "Café Express" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi. From June 19: To be announced.

Olympia Triplex, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 2: Through June 18: "The Blues Brothers" (†); and "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" (1980; Thomas Chong). June 19-25: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner. From June 26: "Atlantic City." (†)

Theatre 3: Through June 25: Theatre closed. From June 26: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: "Outland" (directed by Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery and Peter Boyle.

Theatre 2: "History of the World—Part I" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks and Dom DeLuise.

Theatre 3: Through June 25: "The Legend of the Lone Ranger" (William A. Fraker), with Klinton Spilsbury and Michael Horse. From June 26: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Theatre 4: Through June 18: "Death Hunt" (Peter Hunt), with Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin. June 19-25: "People Who Own the Dark." From June 26: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

Theatre 5: Through June 25: "Nighthawks" (Bruce Malmuth), with Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams. From June 26: "Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

Theatre 6: "Excalibur." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)

Through June 25: "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner. From June 26: "Dragonslayer" (Matthew Robbins), with Peter MacNicol and Caitlin Clarke.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through June 18: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner). June 19-25: "Beyond the Fog" and "They're Coming to Get You." From June 26: "Return of the Dragon" (1974), "The Chinese Connection" (1972), and "Game of Death" (1979), all with Bruce Lee.

Theatre 3: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.

Theatre 4: Through June 18: "Tess." (†) From June 19: "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner).

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)

Through June 18: "Firecracker" (Cirio Santiago), with Jillian Kessner.

From June 19: "The Cannonball Run" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Theatre 2: "Cheech and Chong's Nice Dreams" (Thomas Chong).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"The Blues Brothers" (†); and "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie" (1980; Thomas Chong).

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Through June 25: "Polyester" (John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter.

From June 26: "Stripes" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

"Bustin' Loose" (Oz Scott), with Richard Pryor and Cicely Tyson.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through June 18: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From June 19: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through June 18: "Search and Destroy" (William Fruet), with Perry King and Don Stroud. From June 19: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

June 17: "The Old Gun" (1976; directed by Robert Enrico; in French), with Philippe Noiret and Romy Schneider; and "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974; Louis Malle; in French), with Pierre Blaise.

June 18: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (1948; Max Ophuls), with Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan, and Mady Christians; and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

June 19: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

June 20: "Stardust Memories" (1980) and "Manhattan" (1979), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

June 21: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.

June 22: "Rebel Without a Cause" (†); and "The Lusty Men" (1952; Nicholas Ray), with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy.

June 23: "Rashomon" (†); and "Bandits vs. Samurai Squad" (1978; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese).

June 24: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971; Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "Thieves Like Us." (†)

June 25: "Masculine Feminine" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Claude Brasseur, and Sami Frey.

June 26: "Wise Blood." (†)

June 27: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

June 17 through the afternoon of June 18: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.

June 18 (at 8:15) through June 21: "Numero Deux" (1975; Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

June 22-23: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Casino Royale" (1967), Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress, David Niven, and Woody Allen.

June 24: "Viva Zapata!" (1952; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, and Raymond Massey.

June 25: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972) and "Love and Death" (1975), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

June 26-27: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and six films about jazz, showing three a day. Call theatre for titles and time schedules.

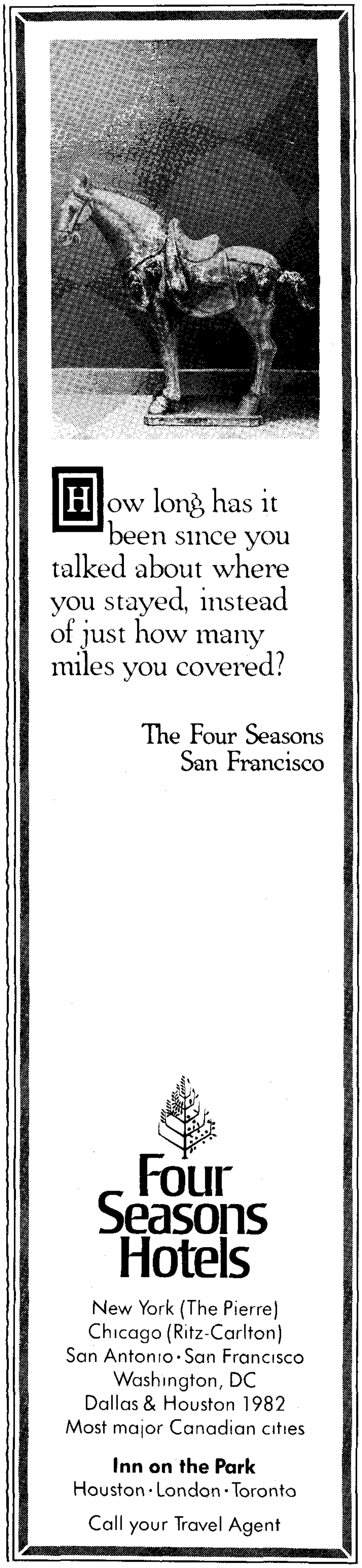
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 18: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).

June 19-20: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; and "Yellow Submarine" (1968; George Dunning), a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.

June 21-23: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands." (†)

June 24-25: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Ber-



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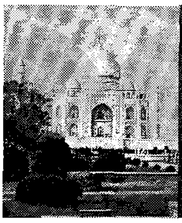
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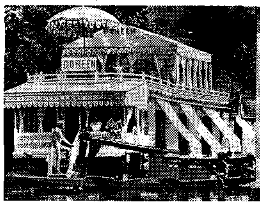
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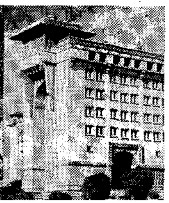
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

June 26-27: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shephard, and Jodie Foster; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 23: "Kiss Me Kate" (1953; George Sidney), with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, and Keenan Wynn. In 3-D.

From June 24: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through June 20: "Pat and Mike" (1952; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Aldo Ray; and "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne.

June 21-23: "It Happened One Night" (†); and "Boom Town" (1940; Jack Conway), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Hedy Lamarr, and Spencer Tracy.

June 24-27: "The Young Lions" (†) and "The Men." (†)

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through June 20: "Limelight" (1952; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and "The Red Shoes" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine.

June 21-23: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.

From June 24: "Dark Star" (1974; John Carpenter), with Brian Narelle; and "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 18: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Icy Breasts" (1975; Georges Lautner; in French), with Alain Delon and Mireille Darc.

June 19-21: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven; and "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.

June 22-24: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "Conspirator" (1950; Victor Saville), with Robert Taylor and Elizabeth Taylor.

June 25-26: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Olympia Triplex 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through June 18: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock.

June 19-20: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942; Orson Welles), with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.

June 21-23: "Singin' in the Rain" (†); and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien.

June 24-25: "Manhattan" (1979) and "Annie Hall" (1977), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

June 26-27: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 17: "Mark of the Vampire" (1935; Tod Browning), with Lionel Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, and Elizabeth Allen; and "Mad Love" (1935; Karl Freund), with Peter Lorre, Frances Drake, and Colin Clive.

June 18-20: "The Woman in the Window" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, Dan Duryea, and Raymond Massey; and "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead.

June 21-22: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Young and Innocent." (†)

June 23-24: "Get Carter" (†) and "Dirty Harry" (1971; Don Siegel), with Clint Eastwood.

June 25-27: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (1970; Billy Wilder), with Robert Stephens, Colin Blakely, and Geneviève Page; and "Murder on the Orient Express." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 17: "A Delicate Balance" (1973; Tony Richardson), with Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick, Kate Reid, Joseph Cotten, and Betsy Blair; and "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke.

June 18: "The Oklahoma Kid" (1939; Lloyd Bacon), with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart; and "The Little Giant" (1933; Roy Del Ruth), with Edward G. Robinson and Mary Astor.

June 19-20: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard; and "Mr. Forbush & the Penguins" (1971; Al Viola), with John Hurt and Hayley Mills.

June 21: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "Gate of Hell." (†)

June 22: "Black Narcissus" (1947; Michael Powell), with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, and Flora Robson; and "Small Back Room" (1952; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with David Farrar and Kathleen Byron.

June 23: "The Maids" (1975; Christopher Miles), with Glenda Jackson, Susannah York, and Vivien Merchant; and "The Balcony" (1963; Joseph Strick), with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, Jeff Corey, and Kent Smith.

June 24: "Singin' in the Rain" (†) and "The Band Wagon." (†)

June 25: "Baby Face" (1933; Alfred E. Green), with Barbara Stanwyck, John Wayne, and George Brent; and "Juke Girl" (1942; Curtis Bernhardt), with Ann Sheridan, Ronald Reagan, and Richard Whorf.

June 26-27: "High Heels" (1978; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Laura Antonelli, and Mia Farrow; and "Dandy, the All-American Girl" (1976; Jerry Schatzberg), with Stockard Channing and Sam Waterson.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 17: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.

June 18: "The Girl from 10th Ave." (1935; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis, Ian Hunter, Alison Skipworth, and Colin Clive; and "Housewife" (1934; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Ann Dvorak, and Ruth Donnelly.

June 19-20: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932; Rouben Mamoulian), with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart.

June 21: "Life with Father" (†) and "Our Town." (†)

June 22: "That Hamilton Woman" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; and "21 Days Together" (1937; Basil Dean), with Vivien Leigh, Leslie Banks, and Laurence Olivier.

June 23: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

June 24: "The Blood of a Poet" (1930; Jean Cocteau; in French); "L'Affaire Est dans le Sac" (1932; Pierre Prévert; in French); and "Zero for Conduct." (†)

June 25: "Charlie Chan on Broadway" (1937) and "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo" (1937), both films directed by Eugene Forde, with Warner Oland as Charlie Chan.

June 26: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Spiral Staircase." (†)

From June 27: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A program of films directed by James Herbert, all silent, and for adults only: June 18 at 2:30: "January" (1973), "Plum" (1972), and "Glass" (1975). . . . June 18 at 6: "Fig" (1971), "Clove" (1977), and a 1981 work. Mr. Herbert will be present. . . . June 18 at 8 and June 19 at 2:30: "Porch Glider" (1970), "Three" (1974), and "Two Figures" (1980). . . . June 19 at 6: "Pear II" (1972) and "Silk" (1977). . . . June 20 at 5: "Pluto" (1968), "Apalachee" (1974), and "Mars" (1979). . . . June 21 at 5: "January," "Plum," and "Glass." . . . June 22 at 2:30: "Fig," "Clove," and a 1981 work. . . . June 23 at 2:30: "Pear II" and "Silk."

¶ The first programs in a series of films directed by Satyajit Ray, in Bengali, with English subtitles: June 25 at 2:30: "Satyajit Ray" (1970; James Beveridge), a documentary; and "Rabindranath Tagore" (1961; narrated in English by Ray). . . . June 25 at 6: "The Music Room" (1958). Mr. Ray will be present. . . . June 25 at 8:30: "The Kingdom of Diamonds" (1980). . . . June 26 at 2:30: "The Music Room." . . . June 26 at 6: "Devi" (1960). Mr. Ray will be present. . . . June 27 at 2:30: "The Kingdom of Diamonds." . . . June 27 at 5: "Three Daughters" (1961).

¶ Other, somewhat less exotic, films scheduled during this period: June 20 at noon: "First Men in the Moon" (1964; Nathan Juran), special effects by Ray Harryhausen. . . . June 20 at 2:30: "Torment" (1944; Alf Sjöberg; in Swedish, with English subtitles), with Alf Kjellin, Stig Jarrel, and Mai Zetterling. . . . June 21 at noon: "First Men in the Moon." . . . June 21 at 2:30: "The Road to Life" (1931; Nikolai Ekk; in Russian, with English subtitles), with Nikolai Batalov. . . . June 22 at noon: Six short films from the collection of Pyramid Films. . . . June 22 at 6: "Repeater" (1980; Chris Monger). . . . June 23 at noon: Six short films from the collection of Pyramid Films. . . . June 23 at 6: "Jaraslawa" (1975), "Meadows Green," and "Bronx Baptism" (1980), all directed by Dee Dee Halleck. . . . June 27 at noon: Three short films from the collection of Pyramid Films. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through June 18: "The Head of the Dragon" (1981; Francesc Torres). Continuous showings from noon to 6. . . . ¶ Starting June 24: A summer-long series of short and full-length animated films from the Disney Studios. The first program, consisting of ten short films, will be shown daily at 1 and 3:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—June 17 at 8: A program of four films by Joe Gibbons. . . . ¶ June 18 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ June 18 at 8: A program of films by Diana Barrie, Renata Breth, Phil Weisman, and William Scaff. . . . ¶ June 18 at 10: A program of films by Joe Gibbons, Greg Sharits, and Willie Varela. . . . ¶ June 19 at 8: Five 1976 films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ June 19 at 10: Eight 1976 films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ June 20 at 8: A program of home movies. . . . ¶ June 21 at 8: Eight 1976 films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ June 21 at 10: Five 1976 films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ June 23 at 8: A video program. . . . ¶ June 24 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ June 24 at 8: "She/Va" (1973) and "Misconception" (1977), both films directed by Marjorie Keller; and "Mary Smith" (1980; Gail Vachon) . . . . ¶ June 25 at 7: A program of home movies. . . . ¶ June 25 at 10 and June 26 at 8: Seven films by Bruce Conner. . . . ¶ June 26 at 10: "She/Va," "Misconception," and "Mary Smith." . . . ¶ June 27 at 8: "My Word" (1973-74; Vito Acconci).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

American Hot Wax (1978)—Cheerfully, trashily enjoyable, even though the hero, the disc jockey Alan Freed (well played by Tim McIntire), is made so righteous that he's like Buford Pusser fighting the enemies of rock 'n' roll. The moviemakers (the director Floyd Mutrux, the producer Art Linson, the screenwriter John Kaye) should have had more trust in the fifties rock milieu and in their own talents. Freed's secretary, Sheryl (Fran Drescher), is so entertainingly shrill that she might have had Jean Harlow for a voice teacher; his shovel-faced chauffeur, Mookie (Jay Leno), teases her and keeps her shrieking in outrage. This is a super B movie. With Laraine Newman, Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Moosie Drier as the twelve-year-old president of the Buddy Holly Fan Club (five thousand members). The lively cinematography is by William A. Fraker. (Harold Clurman; June 24-25.)

Apocalypse Now (1979)—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who had done four movies for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil, but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration written by Michael Herr. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/3/79.) (86th St. East; through June 18.)

Atlantic City—The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes the director, Louis Malle, a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Loews New York. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through June 25. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, and Olympia Triplex; starting June 26.)

Badlands (1973)—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes; Terrence Malick's début picture extends that uninvolvement to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girlfriend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. With Warren Oates; art direction by Jack Fisk. The music is by Carl Orff and Erik Satie. (Cinema Village; June 21-23.)

The Band Wagon (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there have been few screen musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. Actually, Buchanan's dancing and his rosy-ripe way with his lines (satirical cant about the theatuh) have such style and flourish that he steals the picture. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for a series of urbane revue numbers, which includes "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," "That's Entertainment," "Triplets" (featuring Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray), and culminates in the "Girl Hunt" dance sequence—a parody of Mickey Spillane's bloody boudoir fiction, with Astaire as the detective and Charisse as the good-bad women in his life. When the bespangled Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in one of his best movie roles (he and Fabray play at being Comden and Green), and James Mitchell. Directed by Vincente Minnelli; the choreography is by Michael Kidd; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. Based on a 1931 Broadway show; Cyd Charisse's songs were dubbed by India Adams. (Thalia; June 24.)

The Blues Brothers—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie, and they don't really click together in the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

slightly hallucinated way one expects them to. It's a good-natured, sentimental folk-bop movie, in which the Blues Brothers antagonize so many people in the course of rounding up their old band that thousands of vehicles chase them and converge on unlucky streets and plazas. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film's big joke is how overscaled everything in it is; this has an unfortunate result—Landis is working with such a lavish hand that his miscalculations in timing are experienced by the audience as a form of waste. There are too many jokes that miss, too many musical numbers that fizzle. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she's so completely there and so funny as she sings "Think" that she transcends the film's incompetence. The picture's tragedy is that she has only one number. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (Movieland. . . . ¶ Gemini, U. A. East, and Olympia Triplex; through June 18.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (St. Marks Cinema; June 19-25.)

THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed (at the age of seventy-two) with exhilarating ease. It's a cosmic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and the inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. This episodic story is about a group of six friends—discreetly charming amoral beasts—whose attempts to have dinner together are always being interrupted: food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. Buñuel takes an offhand, prankish approach to the medium; he keeps tweaking us, catching us up in an anecdote or a spooky death joke, and then dropping it. With Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (who plays a bishop with supreme finesse), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Bulle Ogier, Milena Vukotic, Claude Piéplu, and Michel Piccoli. Written by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through June 21.)

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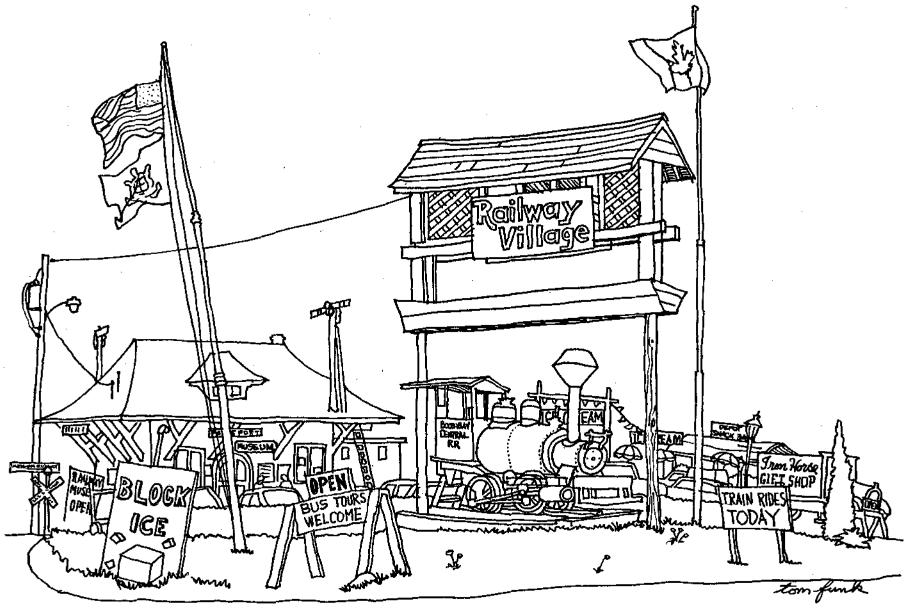
THE DOGS OF WAR—A crisp, tough-minded action film about an international group of mercenaries who stage a coup in a small, decaying West African country run by an Idi Amin-Papa Doc-style despot. The casting of Christopher Walken as Shannon, the leader of the group, gives the film the fuse it needs. Walken, with his pale, flat-faced mask of pain, his glaring eyes and lithe movements, suggests a restless anger. We aren't asked to like the mercenaries, and Shannon kills a spy (set on him by his own employer, who doesn't trust him) in such a horrifying way that we really couldn't like him. But we do want to watch him. This is the first feature film by John Irvin, an English documentarian and TV director ("Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy"); he has studied a master—during the actual raid, some of the most feral images are almost direct quotations from Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch." With Colin Blakely as a TV journalist who's tenacious about following a story, and Tom Berenger, Paul Freeman, and Jean-François Stevenin. Cinematography by Jack Cardiff; freely adapted from Frederick Forsyth's best-seller by Gary DeVore and George Malko. (3/23/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 18.)

EXCALIBUR—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. Merlin (Nicol Williamson, who affects a touch of the Gaelic and makes wonderful lilting and growling sounds) is the presiding spirit of this movie; he stands in for Jung, and he informs us of the meaning of what we're seeing. Also with Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Made in Ireland. (4/20/81) (Criterion Theatres.)

EYEWITNESS—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero; he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays him) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. With Christopher Plummer, Irene Worth, Morgan Freeman, Steven Hill, Pamela Reed, and Kenneth McMillan. (3/23/81) (Manhattan; through June 18.)



LE FANTÔME DE LA LIBERTÉ (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 23.)

FROM MAO TO MOZART—ISAAC STERN IN CHINA—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching done by Stern's Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (Manhattan; through June 18. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting June 19.)

GATE OF HELL (1954)—Famed for its use of color, this exquisitely stylized tragedy of passion tells a subtle story (which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece") of a warrior's desire for a married noblewoman and her way of defeating him. It's as if the director, Teinosuke Kinugasa, had read those critics who compare every Japanese movie to a Japanese print and had decided to give them more than they could handle—delicately choreographed battles, the flow and texture of garments, and everywhere grace of movement and composition. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto, where the abstract patterns of interiors and architecture suggest that modern décor has a long way to go to catch up with medieval Japan. With Machiko Kyo as the Lady Kesa and Kazuo Hasegawa as the demonic warrior Moritoh. In Japanese. (Thalia; June 21.)

GET CARTER (1971)—There's nobody to root for but the smartly dressed sexual athlete and professional killer (Michael Caine) in this English gangland picture, which is so calculatedly cool and amoral that it seems to belong to a new genre of academic viciousness. What makes the movie unusual is the metallic elegance and single-minded proficiency with which it adheres to its sadism-for-the-connoisseur formula. Mike Hodges directed. (Regency; June 23-24.)

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (1934)—No one has ever fully explained what gives this basically slight romantic comedy its particular—and enormous—charm. It's no more than the story of a runaway heiress (Claudette Colbert) and a fired newspaperman (Clark Gable) who meet on a long-distance night bus and fall in love. Yet the film (which neither of its stars wanted to appear in) caught on with the public and made audiences happy in a way that only a few films in each era do; in the mid-thirties, the Colbert and the Gable of this film became Americans' idealized view of themselves—breezy, likable, sexy, gallant, and maybe just a little harebrained. (It was the "Annie Hall" of its day—before the invention of anxiety.) It has a special American Depression-era on-the-road humor and an open, episodic form, with oddball mashers and crooks turning up. There's a classic singing sequence (the passengers on the bus joining together for "The Man on the Flying Trapeze") and a classic demonstration of hitchhikers' techniques for stopping cars—Gable's thumb versus Colbert's legs. The two stars interact with easy, right-on-the-button timing; Gable has a gift for seeming virile even at his most foolish, and when things go wrong Colbert manages to look starry-eyed and blankly depressed at the same time. Frank Capra directed, from Robert Riskin's script, based on Samuel Hopkins Adams' short story "Night Bus." With Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Alan Hale, Ward Bond, Arthur Hoyt, and, as the jilted bridegroom, Jameson Thomas. Five Academy Awards: Best Picture, Best Director, Best Actor, Best Actress, Best Script. (Remade in 1956 as "You Can't Run Away from It.") (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 21-23.)

LIFE WITH FATHER (1947)—The director, Michael Curtiz, seems to be totally out of his element in this careful, deadly version of the celebrated, long-running Broadway comedy—a piece of starched Americana—by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, based on Clarence Day's stories. William Powell plays the crotchety head of a large, tumultuous upper-middle-class New York household in the eighteen-eighties; this must have seemed like a plum of a role, yet Powell's timing (usually impeccable) is way off, and the comic expressions freeze on his face. Everybody seems to be trying too hard. With Irene Dunne, Elizabeth Taylor, Edmund Gwenn, ZaSu Pitts, Jimmy Lydon, Monte Blue, Emma Dunn, and Martin Milner. The script is by Donald Ogden Stewart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 21.)

The Men (1950)—Marlon Brando made his first screen appearance as the paraplegic Second World War hero, rebelling furiously and helplessly against his condition; paradoxically, Brando gives an overpowering physical performance. He's amazingly sensitive and intense—no one before him who smoldered on screen ever gave off so much heat. Fred Zinnemann directed, with sureness and tact, using the paraplegic patients in a California veterans' hospital as part of the cast. With Jack Webb, Teresa Wright, and Everett Sloane. Produced by Stanley Kramer; conventional melodramatic banalities mar the Carl Foreman script, but it's an economical, vivid narrative. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 24-27.)

Murder on the Orient Express (1974)—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (Regency; June 25-27.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground; the director seems to be feeling his way through a forest of possibilities (he shot a much longer film and then cut it down to a hundred and thirty-seven minutes). The effect is of desperately talented people giving off bad vibes. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. Though his role lacks depth and likability, De Niro, sleek and handsome and jumpy, brings it a locked-in, hotheaded intensity that almost holds the picture together—for the first half, anyway. But the story loses momentum once the girl gets pregnant. Trying to be subdued, Minnelli seems somewhat dazed—openmouthed and vacuous and unpleasantly overripe. She pushes her scenes; in her hyper way, she's as false as Julie Andrews. Her two big numbers ("But the World Turns Round" and the title song) are, however, in their own wildly hysterical show-biz terms, smashing (and she's in superb voice). With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch; then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Cinema I; starting June 19.)

Our Town (1940)—Despite all one's conscious objections—the sentiment, the stagy techniques that don't really work on film—this movie version of the Thornton Wilder play stays with one. Partly that's because of the beauty of many of the lines, and partly, too, because of the acting. In conception, the play is similar to Dylan Thomas's later "Under Milk Wood," but in Wilder's New England setting the dialogue is laconic, the wit dryly humane. The young William Holden is warm and skillful as the adolescent hero. Martha Scott, who plays opposite him, repeats her stage performance; she never took the camera well, and her readings here are a little too arch and finished, but she gets her laughs. Frank Craven, also from the original cast, is the omniscient spokesman of the piece; if Wilder had to be omniscient, nobody could come as close to getting away with it as Craven. With Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, Thomas Mitchell, and Guy Kibbee. Sam Wood, who did another view of small-town life in "Kings Row," directed; he can't be blamed for the Hollywoodization of the ending. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 21.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Coronet, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman is murdered, or possibly he is a suicide. This double crime is acted out four times, in the versions of the three participants (each giving an account that increases the prestige of his conduct) and in the version of a woodcutter who witnessed the episode. Continuously reconstructing the crime, "Rashomon" asks, How can we ever know the truth? This great, enigmatic film was directed by Akira Kurosawa, from stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa (who died from an overdose of Veronal). The introductory and closing sequences are tedious; the woman's whimpering is almost enough to drive one to the nearest exit. Yet the film transcends these discomforts: it has its own perfection. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the samurai, Takashi Shimura as the woodcutter. Grand Prix, Venice; Academy Award, Best Foreign Film. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 23.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—As Jim, a high-school boy, James Dean was the archetypal misunderstood teen-ager in this generation-gap soap opera of the fifties, which had more emotional resonance for the teen-agers of the time than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood as Judy, Sal Mineo as Plato, Corey Allen as Buzz, Nick Adams as Moose, Dennis Hopper as Goon, Jim Backus and Ann Doran as Jim's parents, Virginia Brissac as his Grandma, William Hopper and Rochelle Hudson as Judy's parents, and Ian Wolfe, House Peters, and Gus Schilling. Directed by Nicholas Ray; written by Stewart Stern and Irving Shulman, based on Ray's story. Music by Leonard Roseman; cinematography by Ernest Haller. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 22.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five chil-

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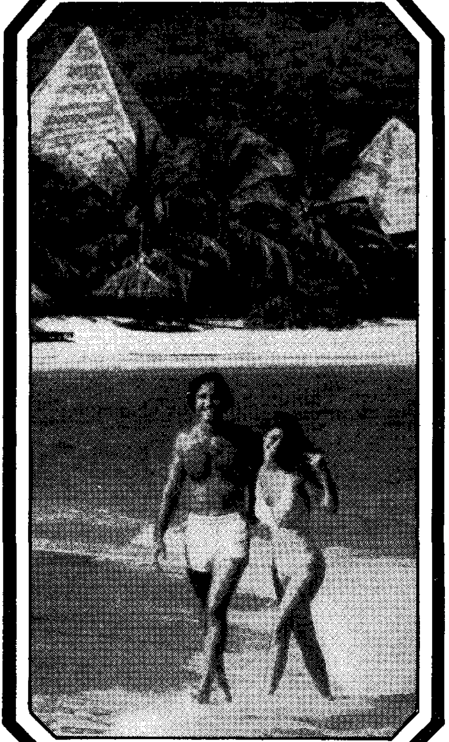

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dren before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through June 25.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Olympia Triplex 1; June 21-23. . . . ¶ Thalia; June 24.)

The Spiral Staircase (1948)—Set in New England in 1906, it's about the activities of a finical strangler engaged in eliminating young women who don't measure up to his ideas of physical perfection. His preoccupation sets him in murderous pursuit of Dorothy McGuire, a harmless, attractive mute who serves as companion to gruff Ethel Barrymore, the bedridden mistress of a spooky mansion decorated with the hides of various wild animals and full of creaking doors, gates, and shutters. Robert Siodmak directed this little horror classic; it has all the trappings of the genre—a stormy night and a collection of psychopaths—but the psychopaths are quite presentable people, and this, plus the skillful, swift direction, makes the terror convincing. With George Brent, Kent Smith, Sara Allgood, Elsa Lanchester, and Rhonda Fleming. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stunt man, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey—O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Manhattan; through June 18. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; June 19-25.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France; cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Gramercy, Festival, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Embassy; through June 18.)

Thief—This is the first theatrical feature by the writer-director Michael Mann, and he has designed it like a choo-choo train to the box office. James Caan is the big-time safecracker who wants to take his bundle and retire, marry, have a nice house, and raise a family. But the corrupt System won't let him. The film sets up an improbable character in a series of rigged situations and then leaps to universal despairing conclusions. Mann belongs to the pressure-cooker school of filmmaking: Tangerine Dream's synthesized electronic music pulsates like mad, and the cinematography (by Donald Thorin) is so snazzy it overwhelms the action. With Tuesday Weld as the dazed, frizzed-out woman whom Caan marries; Willie Nelson, oozing sincerity as Caan's only friend, who dies; and Robert Prosky and James Belushi. (5/4/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 18.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 24.)

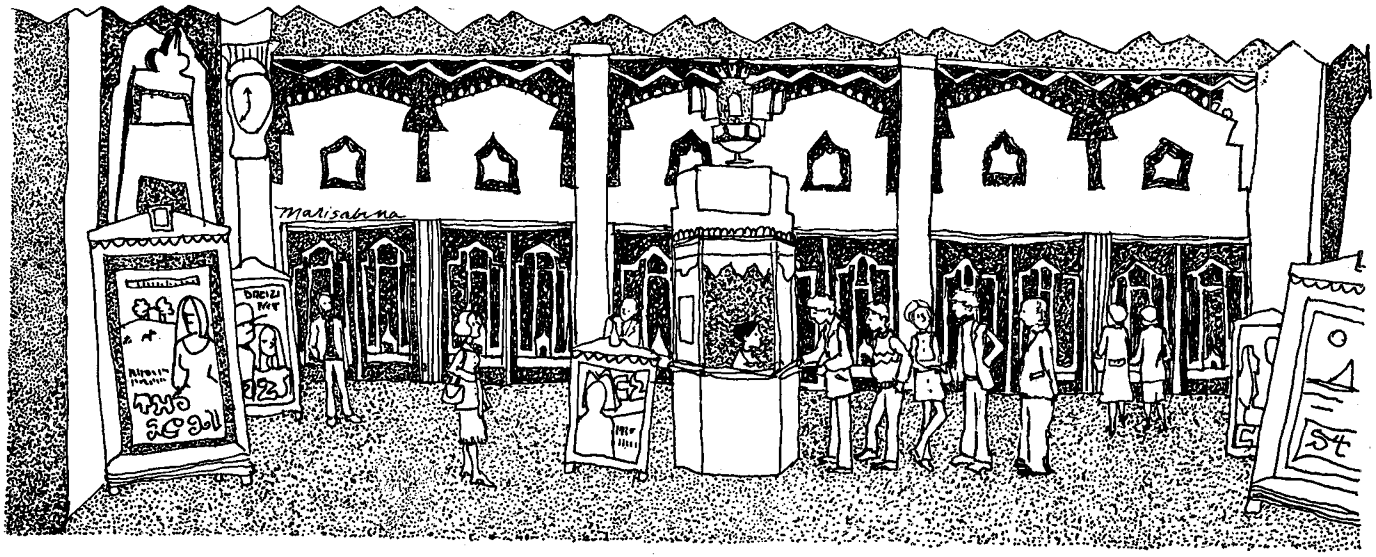
Tommy (1975)—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (Harold Clurman; June 26-27.)

Wise Blood (1980)—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. The picture works in the end, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. Brad Dourif is painfully convincing as the black-hatted, Jesus-haunted prophet Hazel Motes, and Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce are also funny and heartbreaking by turns as they pursue their lonely paths of scam and vision in the back alleys of our gothic South. (2/25/80) (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 26.)

Young and Innocent (1937; known as "The Girl Was Young" in the United States)—Hitchcock reworks "The 39 Steps," this time using a very young hero and heroine. Once again, the hero (now Derrick de Marney) is accused of a murder he didn't commit; he tries to track down the real killer while the police track him. The bewildered teen-age girl (Nova Pilbeam) who tries to help him is too earnest a conception to be very amusing; the film is pretty fair Hitchcock, though not as sexy or as witty as "The 39 Steps." The bravura sequences include the hero's crashing of a children's party and a nifty sinister joke at the climax: the heroine knows only one thing about the villain—that his eyes twitch. She goes to a dance at a big hotel, and we see the blackface band; the drummer's eyes fill the screen—and twitch. Hitchcock takes the joke even further: as the drummer sees the police enter, he gets nervous, and his rhythm goes so crazily off that the people have to stop dancing. With Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare. Hitchcock turns up, looking very young, as a press photographer, holding a tiny camera in front of him, like a talisman. (Regency; June 21-22.)

The Young Lions (1958)—This piece of heavyweight kitsch is fairly entertaining, what with Marlon Brando as a fearfully handsome German ski instructor turned Nazi (he's also the blondest blond ever seen), Montgomery Clift as a forlorn, romantic American Jew, and Dean Martin as a Broadway playboy. The three meet before the Second World War and then again during it. Directed by Edward Dmytryk and adapted by Edward Anhalt from an Irwin Shaw novel, the film is episodic and overproduced, like a wartime "Grand Hotel." Maximilian Schell plays a mean Nazi, in contrast to Brando's misguided, agonized idealist, and Hope Lange, May Britt, and Barbara Rush are among the women. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 24-27.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 24.)



"Mom said it was from my fairy godmother. I thought, 'Could it be?' Oh yes! I love 'em. I've been begging for heels just forever. Yes. Yes. They fit. They're just like the ones I wanted. Oh, Mom told you, didn't she? They'll really go with my new dress for the dance. I feel like Cinderella already! Thanks, Aunt Connie."

Though family and friends move far apart, you can continue to grow together. Just reach out and walk back into each other's lives.

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SHORTLY after Israel bombed the nuclear reactor in Iraq, Prime Minister Begin stated at a press conference that if Iraq had made three bombs of twenty kilotons each, and had dropped them on Israel, then Israel would have suffered six hundred thousand casualties. He went on to ask, "Where is the country that would tolerate such a danger knocking at its door?" Begin's question is, of course, easily answered. We, for one, are such a country, and it is not sixty kilotons that threaten us but thousands of megatons—that is, hundreds of thousands of times the explosive force that Iraq was hypothetically going to aim at Israel at some point in the future. The Soviet Union is another country that tolerates the threat of mass destruction; in its case, the threat is posed by the thousands of megatons in our possession. Another is China, and others are France, Germany, and the rest of the nations of Europe. In fact, the truth is that no country on earth—including Israel, for that matter—is free of this peril, and all countries "tolerate" it because they haven't yet summoned the will to do anything else about it.

In the United States, the Administration condemned the raid, but other voices were raised in approval, among them that of the *Wall Street Journal*, which advised, in an editorial, that Israel's conduct offered "a few lessons we ourselves could profitably learn." The *Journal* did not get into specifics, but if someone were inclined to draw any lessons from the raid and from Mr. Begin's justification for it, one of them would surely be that any country that faces the possibility of mass destruction can protect itself by launching military action against the nations that pose the threat. There are many nations that could apply the lesson, or could at one time have applied it. The United States, when it possessed a nuclear monopoly, would have bombed the Soviet Union's weapons facilities. The Soviets, in turn, would have bombed the nuclear facilities of the Chinese—and might still do so. The Chinese might now bomb the Taiwanese. The Indians would bomb the Pakistanis. Any number of countries might bomb the South Africans, and the South Africans, in turn, might bomb several countries. In short, the policy of stopping nuclear proliferation through military attack, if adopted by other nations, would be a prescription for ending the world, not for saving it. In the long run, the spread of nuclear weapons can no more be stopped by force than can the spread of an idea. There is only one way for the world to escape the peril of mass destruction, and that is not through the use of force but through the abandonment of force, in accord with international agreements.

Prime Minister Begin, referring to the holocaust of European Jews at the hands of the Nazis, declared, "Never again. Never again. . . . We shall not allow any enemy to develop weapons of mass destruction against us." He thus drew a connection between the holocaust that overtook European Jewry and the nuclear holocaust that now hangs over not just Israel but everybody in the world (although he seemed to forget this for a moment). Mr. Begin—and, with him, all civilized people—must say "Never again" to a genocidal attack on the Jews because, unbelievably, it did happen once, but if a nuclear holocaust overtakes the world, it may well be that no one will ever be able to say "Never again," because there won't be anyone left to say anything. The only thing that can be said about a nuclear holocaust is "Never" period, and we all must say it now, while we are still alive to say it.

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Terrace

WE spotted our friend the expatriate Englishwoman the other afternoon, walking toward us half hidden behind a bouncing mass of purple-and-white petunias. "Just going home to pop these in on my terrace," she said. "Things are doing simply splendidly out there this year. Apart from the unpleasantness with the pigeons, that is. Every inch of my little outdoor space is filled with greenery. The roses are all out on the walls

and the honeysuckle is twining quite amusingly round the stalk of the antique Corinthian column that my bird feeder used to stand on. I bought one of those Droll Yankee bird feeders in Bloomingdale's—you know, a clear plastic tube that you fill with seed, and that has holes and perches for the use of nice, polite small birds. Then I sent away for some particularly delicious birdseed from the Audubon Society; it came in a very aristocratic-looking brown paper sack marked 'Audubon Premium Blend.' Apparently, word of my ornithological feast soon got round to the local red-headed finches. I could lie back under my red awning—I've got just enough floor space for my chaise—and listen lazily to the choirboy cheepings of the finches sounding high against the deeper *floomph-floomph* note of the river breezes sucking the canvas ceiling in and out. But then the neighborhood pigeons turned up. They took to landing on the flat top of the column and comfortably guzzling away. Those iridescent oil-slick-colored necks of theirs bulged as they stuffed their crops. I rather blame the old lady who sits down below in Riverside Park, feeding them and giving them ideas above their station. I'm sure *she* isn't treating them to Premium Blend. When the birds got bored with sitting on her shoulder and her hat, and with waddling about among the squirrels and the runners and the family barbecues, they'd roar up to my terrace to misbehave. I got sick of them trampling on the basil and leaving messes on the white ornamental urns, and I was forever clapping my hands at them and telling them fiercely to go away. To fox them, I took the feeder off the column and attached it to one end of an old broomstick. I stuck the other end in the earth. The arrangement was terribly wobbly, but my friends the finches didn't mind. I settled down to read, first noting with satisfaction frustrated pigeons trying to reach the seed by stretching their necks telescopically as they lurched wildly about in the honeysuckle or clung to the top of the feeder, which swayed on its pole like a metronome. Then I thought I saw a gray shape settle, and I lowered my sunglasses and my book. A great big pigeon had managed to balance itself with one scaly yellow foot on a narrow rim at the feeder's base and the other on the lowest perch—taking its fill as comfortably as a beer drinker with one foot up on the rail of the bar. Now I'm going to try hanging the feeder so that it swings from the awning. I refuse to tolerate those pigeons on my terrace. They definitely lower the tone."

Prom

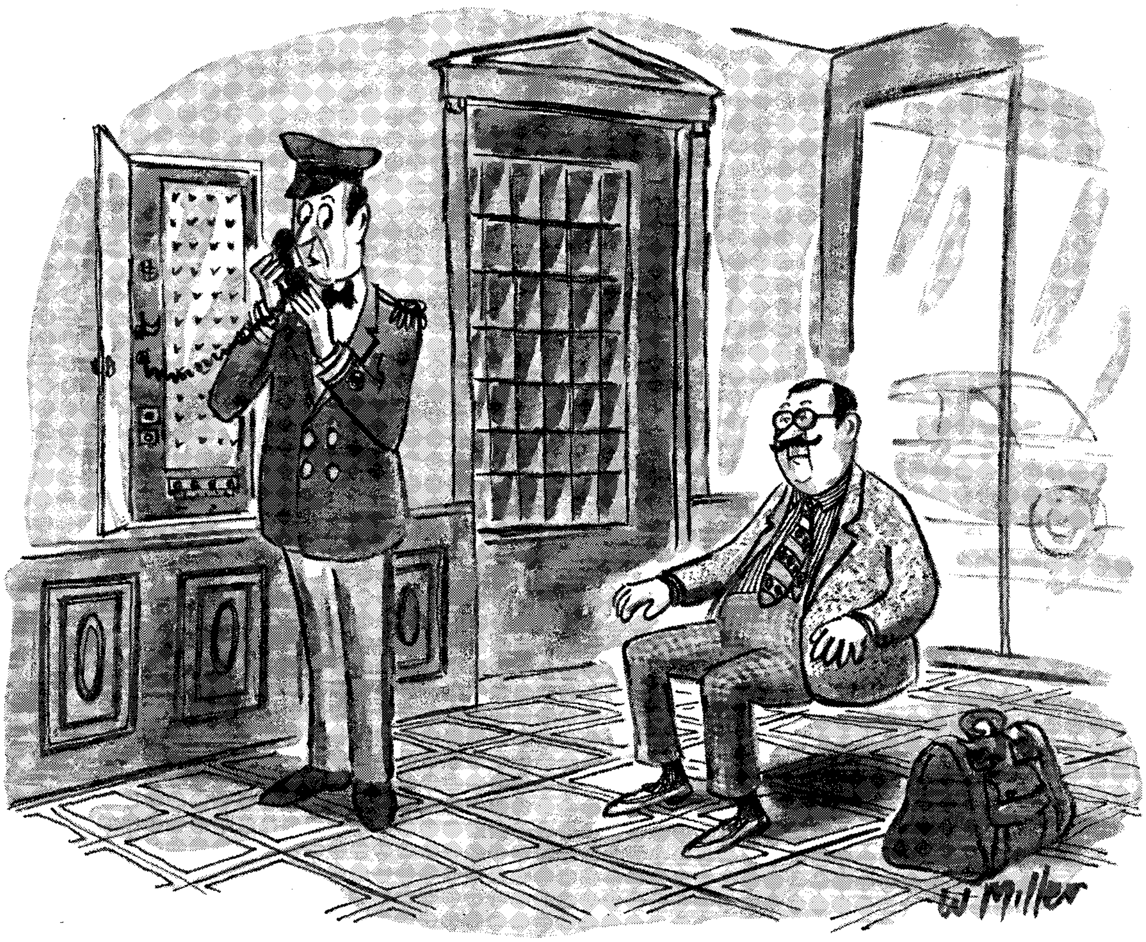
LAUREN HERRIOTT bought a new dress, a new pair of shoes, and a new handbag for her senior prom this year, and, along with three other senior girls from Hillcrest High School, in Jamaica, Queens, she reserved a white Mercedes-Benz limousine to take her to the affair, which was held at the Terrace On The Park, in Flushing Meadow Park. Lauren and her friends decided a while back to decline the invitations of several Hillcrest boys, so that they could arrive at the prom stylishly stag and leave the same way. Lauren even bought her own corsage. "I am not a traditionalist," she told us defiantly.

We were in the Student Life Center at Hillcrest on the day of the prom, talking to a group of senior girls. Judging from the conversation, Lauren's intentions hardly jibed with some of her classmates' notions of prom night.

"I don't want to be obligated to a guy—that's not what I want," said Lauren.

"Well, I don't think prom night is a night to hang out with the girls," said Marie Saget.

Ivonne Bailey proudly recalled the moment when her prom date invited her, in the dairy aisle of the Waldbaum's where he works. "I think the prom is an experience



"Mrs. Norris? There's a person who says he's here to be your apartment-sitter."

you'd want to share with someone special," Ivonne told Lauren.

"I don't agree," said Lauren. "I didn't buy all this stuff for a *date*. I want to go out after the prom, dance all night at Studio 54, and then have breakfast at the '21' Club. I want to have fun in my own way."

Someone said that Studio 54 was temporarily closed and that "21" didn't serve breakfast.

"Well, then," she replied, undaunted, "we'll find a disco in the city. The whole point is to go out and meet someone *new*." With that, she turned and left the room.

The girls exchanged perplexed looks. A group of boys had gathered in one corner, where they were attempting to look uninterested in the girls' conversation.

Marie Saget confessed that finding "someone special" as a prom date was not easily accomplished. "My date asked me in November and I said yes," she said, "but he didn't put down a deposit right away. When I brought it up to him a month later, he didn't seem too concerned. I reminded him in a letter, but he still didn't do anything about it. Then, when April came around and the deadline for deposits was close, he was, like, *indifferent*. Well, I needed a date because *I was not paying*, right? So *I* went out and asked someone."

"What happens if they both show up tonight?" asked one of the boys.

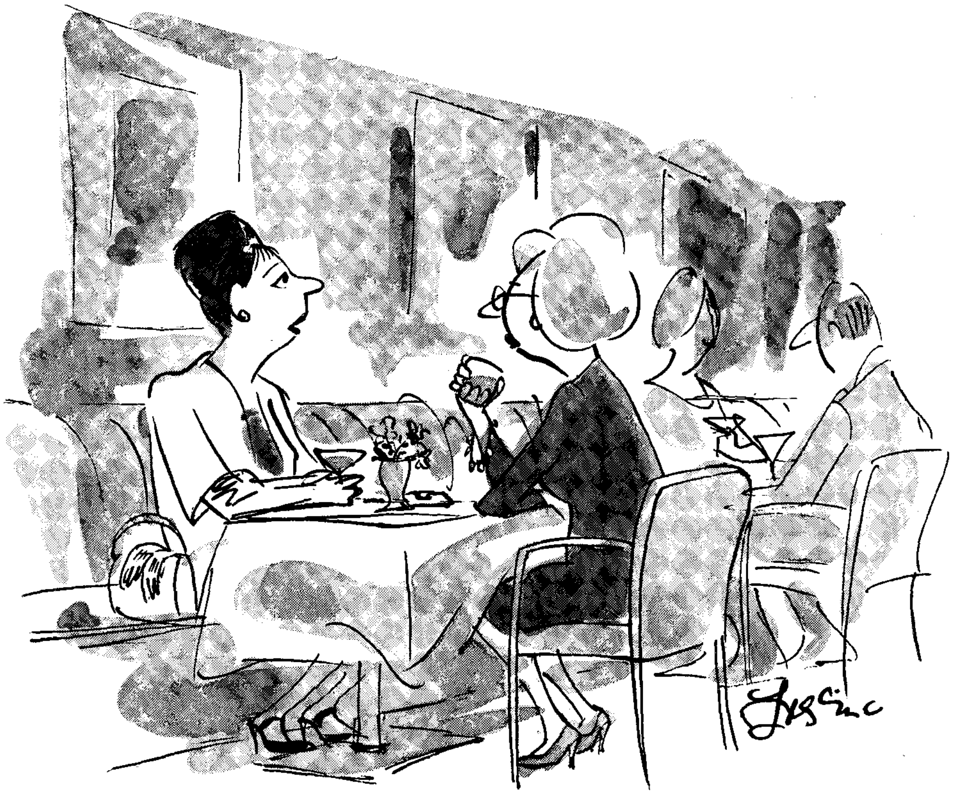
"I'll pick the one with the nicest corsage," replied Marie. The girls laughed.

Taryn Chapman said that she and her date planned to drive into Manhattan after the prom, hit a disco—probably Wednesday's, on the upper East Side—then take a hansom-cab ride around Central Park or, possibly, a dawn ride on the Staten Island Ferry.

"Going to the beach after that?" asked one of the boys.

Taryn shrugged. "Ask them why they all want to go to the beach later," she said, pointing to the boys. "I mean, who wants to go to the beach—in a gown? The beach. You know, the sound of the ocean, the stars, the moonlight, *romance*—I mean, *really*. You know what it is they're thinking about—the same old thing."

Just then, the eighth-period bell rang and the girls dashed from the room, leaving us to chat with the boys (as seniors, they were permitted to choose this time as a free period), who said that they and their dates were going to share a table at the prom and afterward travel on to an as yet undecided hot spot. They introduced themselves as Zlatko Lipovac, Jacque Ambadjes, Sanjay Chojar, Ricardo Aranguren, and Fred Davis. We asked them if they had calculated their financial outlay for prom night. Lots of eyes rolled.



"I shall miss him. His name rolled so trippingly off the tongue—Valéry Giscard d'Estaing."

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"I'll probably spend close to four hundred dollars altogether," said Zlatko, which drew whistles even from his friends. Zlat, as he is called, is a tall, big-chested fellow with dark hair and a dark mustache and big hands, and his physique lends a sense of dependability to his enthusiastic demeanor. "I'll give you a breakdown," he continued. "First of all, there's the prom ticket—that's twenty-eight dollars. My girlfriend wants to pay for her own ticket. She likes to feel a little independent. That's O.K. I bought a new suit—a three-piece, of course. That cost two hundred. Shoes alone cost me eighty. You gotta have that soft Italian leather, right?"

"Gee, after what my tux rental cost me, I'd spring for the ten-ninety-five Thom McAns," joked Fred.

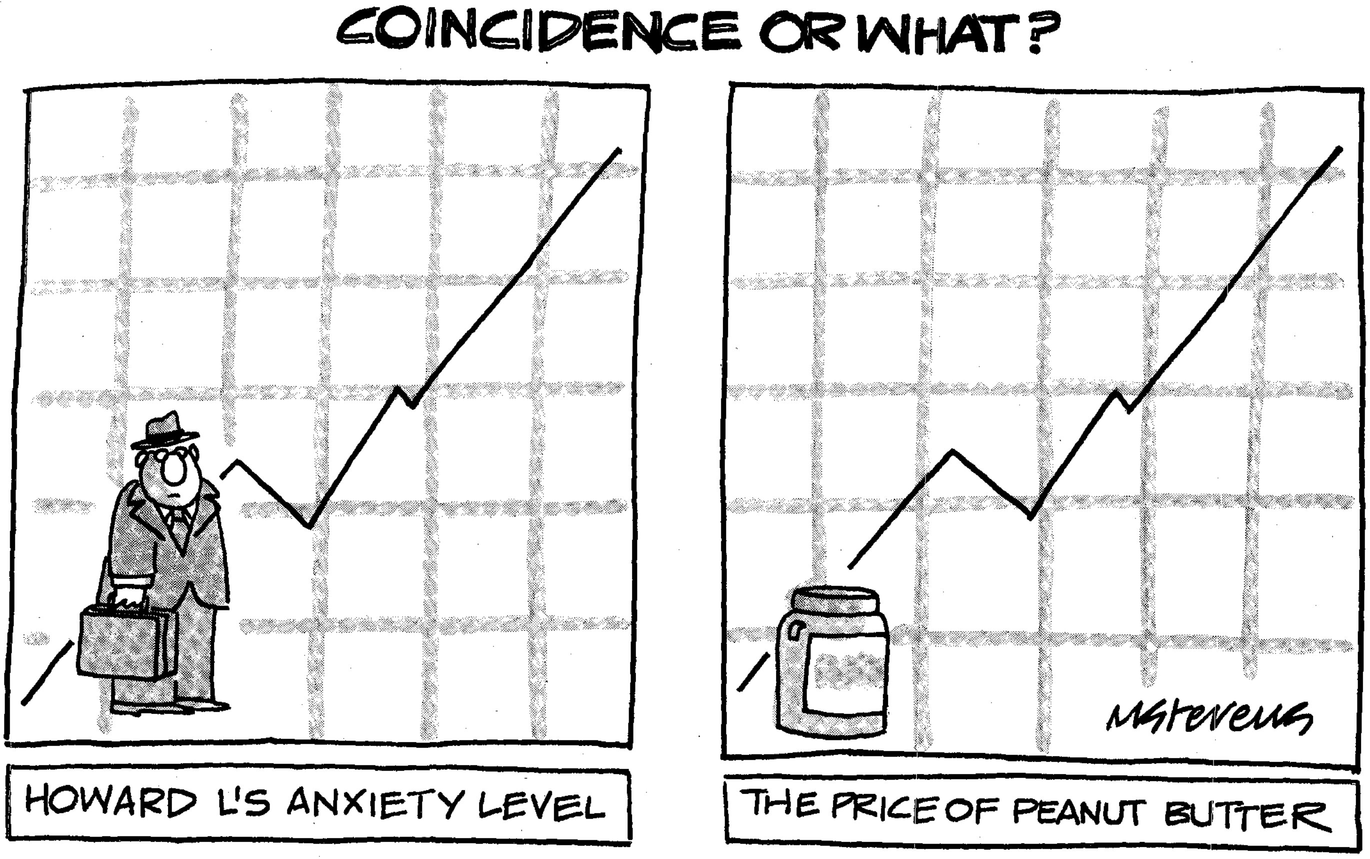
"I still haven't told my parents about the tux," said Sanjay, with a sober expression.

Zlatko hadn't finished itemizing his expenses: "Then, there's the corsage, the photographer at the prom, gas for the car—the little things. You figure you got to take a hundred dollars with you for the club after the prom. It'll take, what, five or six drinks just to get started, right?"

"That would knock me out cold," said Jacque.

"And my girlfriend can drink, too," said Zlatko. "Then you figure, if you're gonna stay out and watch the sunrise at the beach, you'll want to have a nice breakfast the next morning. I guess it's a lot of money, but you figure it took you four years to get here. Besides, I'll still have the suit when I go to college, so I'll have something to show for it."

Zlatko suggested that we meet him later at his parents' house, and from there he would drive us to the Terrace On The Park, with two stops on the way—first, to pick up his date, and then to Jacque's house, where the whole group planned to rendezvous. We accepted, and at about seven o'clock we arrived at the Lipovac home, in the Astoria section of Queens. Zlat-



ko came to the door wearing a three-piece beige suit, a brown shirt with an embossed pattern, and a matching brown-and-beige striped tie. He looked like an elegant young halfback. Mrs. Lipovac, a woman with a notably kind face, seemed hesitant to speak to us, apologizing for her accent, but she beamed broadly at her son.

"We are from Yugoslavia eight years," she told us. "We like to keep Yugoslavia a little. I hope prom is not too much for Zlatko. We like to be careful. But for tonight we give permission. We are proud Zlatko is graduating high school. We are happy he is American."

Before Zlatko left, his mother folded a handkerchief and with one hand carefully arranged it in his jacket pocket while with the other hand she surreptitiously gave him some money. A little brother danced around Zlatko like a puppy. We went out with Zlatko to the car, and his older brother held the gates of the driveway open as Zlatko backed out. His mother waved from the lawn. It began to rain.

Jacque Ambadjes' home was full of people. His mother, his father, and his sister were sitting with four prom-bound couples in the living room. Sanjay Chojar arrived, carrying his rented tuxedo in its plastic covering. Ricardo Aranguren arrived with a camera and a large radio. Jacque's older brother and brother-in-law, who had been watching television in the kitchen, came into the living room with their cameras.

"O.K., kids, stand by the drapes," said Mrs. Ambadjes.

"Just like a photography studio," said Susanna Tomicic, Zlatko's date.

Jacque's father took a picture with a Polaroid. His brother, kneeling, focussed a rather sophisticated camera. His brother-in-law stepped forward with his camera.

"You two."

"The four of you."

"Now the guys."

"Everybody."

"Jacque, stand with your mother."

"One more, alone."

Jacque's brother took his mother aside and whispered, "Let him go. You're making him look bad."

At the Terrace On The Park, limousines were rolling up to the entrance and discharging groups of formally attired young people packed six to a car. The variety of formal styles was stunning. We saw boys wearing traditional black-tie ensemble or white dinner jackets, but we also saw some in three-piece tails and some wearing jackets in colors like powder blue and electric burgundy. The girls all had careful hairdos and dresses with lace and organza trim. One flight up, Hillcrest's Student Activities adviser, Carol Falcetti, was standing at the door of the Crystal Suite, handing out favors to the arriving couples—inscribed glass mugs. Nearby, a heavyset man with a hoarse voice was setting up photographic equipment. Miss Falcetti told us that all the arrangements for the prom had been made by a student-run prom committee, which had been given a mandate by the senior class. "The students even voted on whether they wanted tapes or a live band," she said. "This year, they chose a live band for the first time, and, as it turned out, the drummer in the band they chose is an advanced-placement biology teacher at Hillcrest—Fred Lederman." She pointed to the drummer, a stocky, bearded man who was wearing his shirt half open.

"O.K., now," Mr. Lederman announced from behind his drum kit. "We need one couple from every table to start off the dancing to this romantic Barry Manilow tune."

The dance floor filled up, as it would several more times before midnight, when the band launched softly into Donna Summer's "Last Dance." By that time, Zlatko was down to one piece of his suit, the beach was out of the question, and he and his date had decided to forgo a trip to a club in Manhattan or on Long Island, choosing one near LaGuardia Airport instead. Lauren Herriott and her friends decided to go to Wednesday's. As the lead singer crooned "Last dance . . . last chance . . . for love," Miss Falcetti climbed up onto the bandstand and began hurling long-stemmed roses to the cheering crowd of students who had gathered around. We saw Taryn Chapman catch a rose, sniff it, press it to her heart, take her date's hand, and head out for the disco.

Belmont Stakes

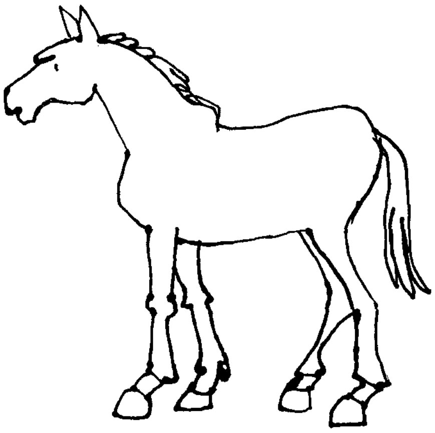
A COUNTRY friend reports:

Did you know that Steller's sea cow (*Hydrodamalis stelleri*) "was abundant in the Bering Sea and off Kamchatka and the Aleutian Islands when it was discovered in 1741. All that is known of it comes from Steller's description, and from various museum skeletons, for it is now probably extinct. It was very like a dugong . . . but . . . considerably larger, reaching a length of six metres. Its skin was peculiarly rough and crinkled"?

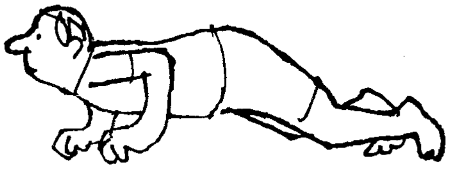
There is always something—when you are looking up something else—that is a lot more interesting. I was not looking up sea cows or dugongs; they just happened to be next to "Horses" in my Larousse "Encyclopedia of Animal Life," and horses—ungulates of the Perissodactyla (odd-toed) order and the Equidae family—were the subject of my investigation the other Saturday morning, a preparative activity prior to attending the one hundred and thirteenth running of the Belmont Stakes. I have little knowledge of, or affection for, horses (I have been kicked by them, bitten by them, stepped on by them, and thrown from the tops of them), and I would just as soon see the one hundred and thirteenth swimming of the Dugong Derby as see the Belmont, but I do like events, and I have to take what is available or stay home. (The events offered in this area on Saturday were a crafts expo, an energy fair, and a skate-a-thon.) What I learned from Larousse was: "Horses, asses, zebras . . . are monodactyl, the functional digit being the middle one. . . . Bucephalus, charger of Alexander the Great, was tridactyl, or three-toed, recalling the immediate ancestor of the horse, the . . . *Pliohippus*. The different parts of a horse's limbs must be clearly understood. The upper parts . . . down to the elbow or knee, are enclosed within the outline of the body . . . The visible parts of the legs begin with what correspond to our forearms and shins. Thus, what is commonly called the knee in a horse is really the wrist, and the equivalent posterior joint, the hock, is really an ankle. The next bone, the cannon bone, corresponds to the metacarpus or metatarsus. The pastern joint is between the foot and the toe."

This means, I realized, that if a man were to race against a horse—in a fair race—he would have to "race" lying down, balanced on one knuckle of each hand and foot; that is, "running" with his wrists, forearms, shins, and ankles only. (*Illustration A*.) The horse would have a clear advantage in such a contest, but you have got to give the horse a lot of respect for running like that in the first place.

Illustration A
A Fair Race



(*1*) *Horse*



(*2*) *Man*

"The horse's teeth," says Larousse, "are of the greatest interest.[1] Along the front of both jaws is a row of six cutting incisors called the middles, intermediates, and corners. Between these and the premolars is a space (diastema) where the bit is placed.[2] "

Once I'd learned all there was to know about horses, I drove out to Belmont Park. I left my car at the far side of the race track and walked around toward the finish line. It was an overcast day, windy but very hot. The huge grandstand, across the green infield, was jam-packed, even though the first race had not yet begun. I was walking along the outside track—a beautifully raked and brushed dirt track that looked like somebody's favorite window box—separated from it by a high hedge of privet and a wooden rail fence, when I came to an opening in the hedge and saw a red-and-white pole with a gold ball on top ("¼," said numerals on the side of the pole) and the homestretch beyond. What a good place this would be to see the horses go by, I thought, when, abruptly, there was a soft, rapid thumping noise, and five horses (brown, black) came galloping past the hedge, bodies elongated and stretching, legs reaching, hooves digging, dirt flying up, the jockeys—blotches of bright color—bent flat over the manes, striped arms whacking away with whips, the sound of the hooves muffled by the deep dirt but still audible (or maybe only felt, like heartbeats). The horses leaned into the last curve, bunched together, and tore away down the homestretch.

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[1] The author does not say whether he means of greater interest than any other part of the horse, or just plain all-time global intergalactic interest, in which case we should perhaps take this with a grain of salt.

[2] This makes it clear why the racing of horses is so much more popular in this country than the racing of cheetahs, which are a lot faster—"the fastest land animal over short distances," according to Larousse—and splashier in appearance, what with the spots and all. I had previously thought that cheetah racing failed primarily because of jockey apathy, but now I believe it is because nobody wants to find out if cheetahs have a diastema. But back to horses.[3]

[3] Well, not quite yet. "Horned toads"—which appear on the same page as "Horses" in my dictionary— "have been seen," Larousse says, "to shoot tears of blood . . . at an adversary. When the animals are very excited and 'angry' it appears that their blood pressure rises rapidly, rupturing the capillaries in the conjunctiva of the eye." (Illustration B.) A horned toad is actually a lizard.[5]

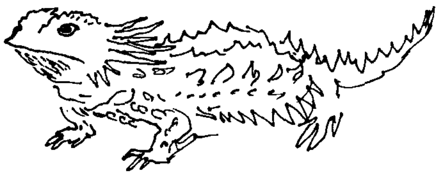


Illustration B
Horned Toad (in a good mood)

[4] This is clearly not an attractive social gesture, yet it seems to me an enviable talent under certain circumstances.

[5] Lizards are more interesting to look at than horses. Male iguanas, anoles, and flying dragons have dorsal crests, dewlaps, and neck lappets—none of which you will find on Pleasant Colony. "Contrary to one of Darwin's hypotheses," says Larousse, "these features have little appeal for the females, some of whom don't have them, don't want them, and don't even want to look at them. A chameleon's eyes, incidentally, "can move in all directions and work independently of each other, giving separate views but coördinated in the chameleon's brain into an all-round picture." (Not to mention making chameleons a lot of fun at parties.)

HAPPINESS

A FAMOUS Marxist historian told over the luncheon table an extended joke about de Gaulle and his wife. Quizzed repeatedly by English-speaking journalists about the basis of her long-lasting marriage, Mme. de Gaulle replied over and over, in a marked accent, with one word, "Happiness," which the correspondents heard as "Ah, penis"—or, to better punctuate the historian's imitation, "Ah! *Pe*-nis!" Others at the table laughed but privately were more amused by the fact, they said later, that the historian, his own wife at his side, had been reciting the same joke for years.

I was not there. Why do I repeat the story? Because I am thinking at the moment about famous people.

When I was sixteen, and John Kennedy was running for President, I lived with my parents in Chicago. My father and mother were dressing one evening to attend a dinner at a North Shore country club in Kennedy's honor when Mother came down with one of her spells, and I heard Father say, Perhaps Juliet would like to go in your place. Father was carefully ironic about all of the Kennedys in a way I did not fully understand at the time, although I supposed his attitude, and Mother's as well, had mainly to do with religion and ethnic origin, two matters never directly mentioned. It was early in the campaign, and my friends and I, as I remember, had little interest in the candidates. (Ours was a group where the adults held themselves aloof from the competitive aspect of the electoral procedure.)

I realize now that when ordinary people are in proximity to the famous they often have fantasies about being noticed. It is as if their true worth will be apparent to the great discernment, the penetrating eye of the famous one. How else would he or she have reached such eminence if not for such faculties? Children may be even more likely to entertain this sort of fantasy, but at the time, although I was in many ways still a child, I do not think that I had such a fantasy about Kennedy. If the honored guest had been Robert Frost, or even Rock Hudson, I would have been more likely to dream of recognition. The first would have suspected the pilgrim soul in me—no matter that the image descended from another poet, since all poets, I supposed, were mainly brothers in art—and the other would have been struck by soulful child's eyes and a truly more interesting face than either Margaret O'Brien's or Brandon de Wilde's. (In many ways I had not accepted the implications of my gender or the fictional roles I might be given to play. I still saw myself as the boy in "Shane.") But Kennedy was politics; politics was adult, and also, I am ashamed to say, I perceived it as a man's occupation, Margaret Chase Smith and Clare Boothe Luce notwithstanding. The simple truth was that I had no interest in politics.

I don't have a dress, I said tentatively.

Father knew this not to be literally true (I hadn't meant it to be), and he also knew I was being slightly devious. Because we both realized that Mother, once indisposed and inaccessible, would be so for the rest of the evening—possibly for the next evening and the next.

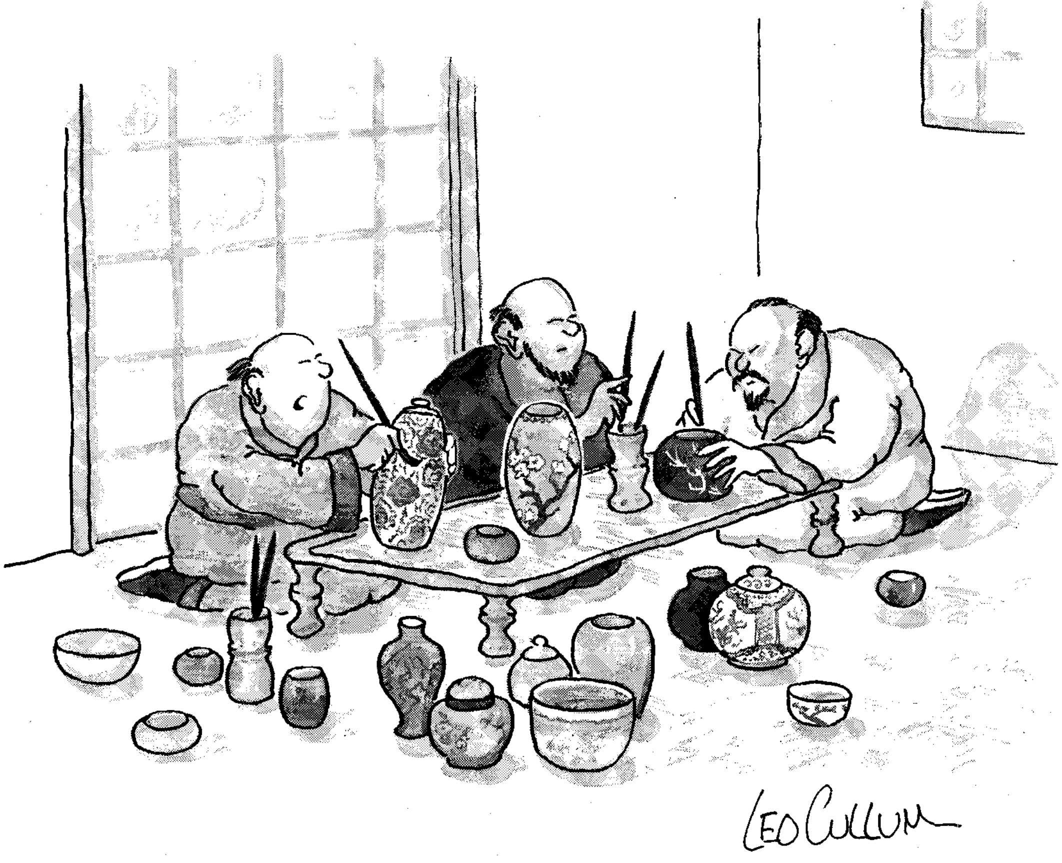
Since I really don't have the right kind of thing, I said, perhaps I could wear something of hers. (For a year and a half we had been the same size.)

Let's see, he said.

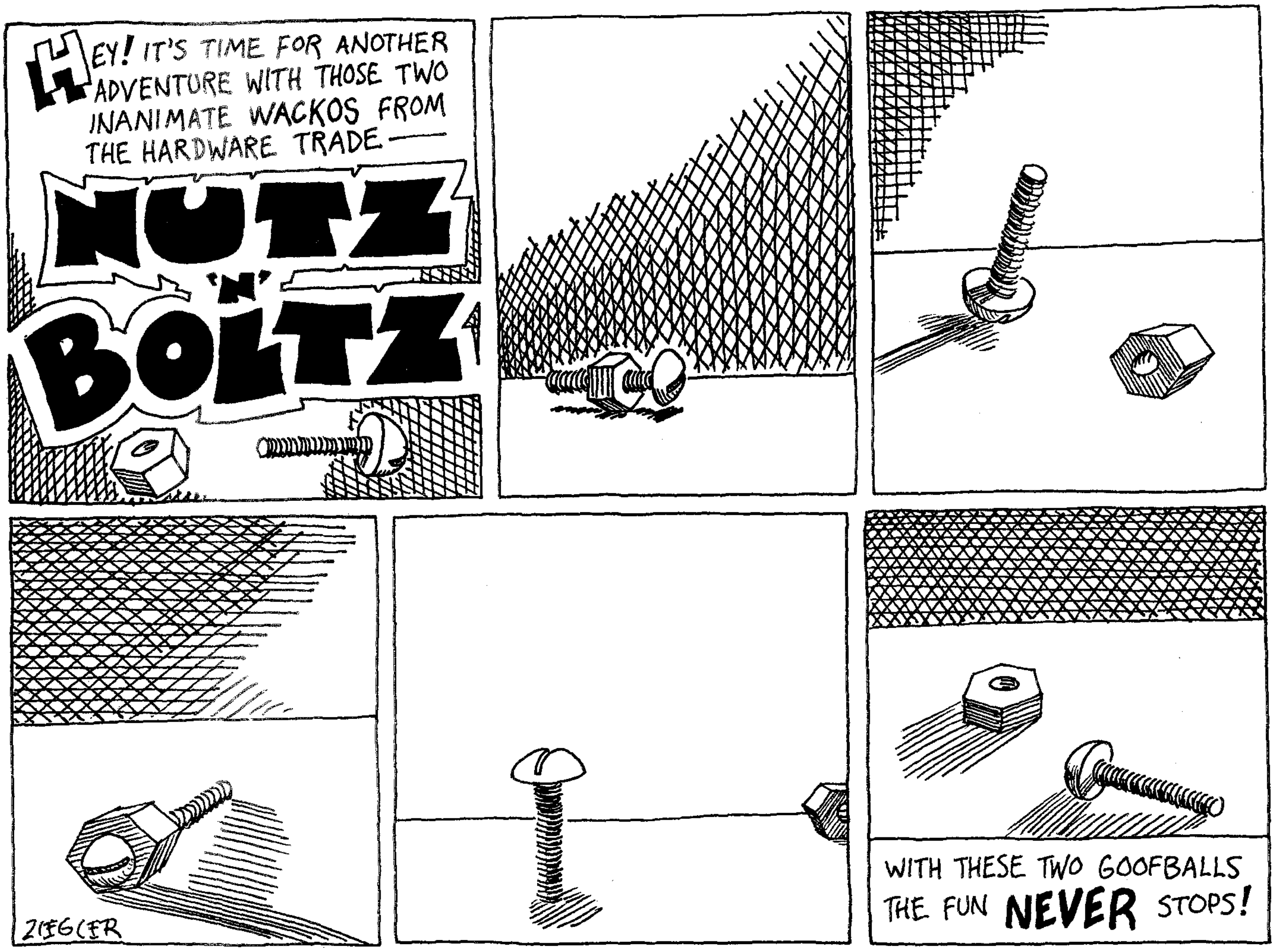
I tried on dresses until he said one was appropriate. The only thing I recall now about the dress is that it was what Mother called a basic black. Father was a proper man, but I don't think he realized that Mother would not have thought the black appropriate. (Perhaps he, too, was mesmerized by the word "basic.") I kept the dress on and said nothing. Father had certain innocent tendencies.

In my twenties I went through a period of resenting these tendencies. I hated them, in fact. I saw my father's occasional boyishness as contrived and almost indecent. Later, when my own distance from childhood had widened, I understood the childish remnants in one's personality not simply as a refuge or an evasion—not as strategy, that is—but as inextricable elements, as original, radical innocence, in effect.

So Father and I departed for the ball. It was not



"Sung? Ming? Ch'ing? What the hell dynasty is this?"


HEY! IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER ADVENTURE WITH THOSE TWO INANIMATE WACKOS FROM THE HARDWARE TRADE—
NUTZ 'N' BOLTZ
ZIEGLER
WITH THESE TWO GOOFBALLS THE FUN NEVER STOPS!

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a ball, of course, but a fund-raising affair, which was more of a business than a social occasion. I suppose this had more to do with Mother's spell than I realized at the time. Father did not belong to a corporation that had bought tickets for a hundred or two hundred dollars, or whatever such tickets would have sold for at the time. He had received complimentary tickets—mainly, he said, because someone in his position could not be slighted. They probably don't expect me to show, he added.

Why are we going? I asked.

I'd like to see the man, he answered.

If I wondered why, I did not think to ask. For myself, there was the sense of being in the wrong dress, a dress I should not be wearing. (I had added some red, yellow, and violet beads that I had strung myself and that I wore with almost everything.) The banquet room was not quite right in another way. This club was not the modest, understated sort of country club I had often been to with friends from school. Not that it was garish, either. Rather, it was a shade too tasteful, or too careful in its taste. It had been "decorated" rather than having casually, comfortably evolved. Even the flowers on the tables had been chosen intentionally to coördinate with the blue-white-and-green color scheme of the room. I remember saying to Father in surprise, Look, how they match.

When Kennedy walked into the room everyone stood at his place and began applauding. My father and I were at the main table, which was some distance from the door, and I watched as Kennedy moved across the room. His face had an odd, orangish tinge. At first I thought the effect had been achieved by makeup, then I realized that it must be suntan, which in the winter of a northern city often comes as a visual surprise. Whichever it was the impression was vaguely that of a man wearing a mask. It was like the mask of a primitive tribal god, or of an Aztec chieftain perhaps.

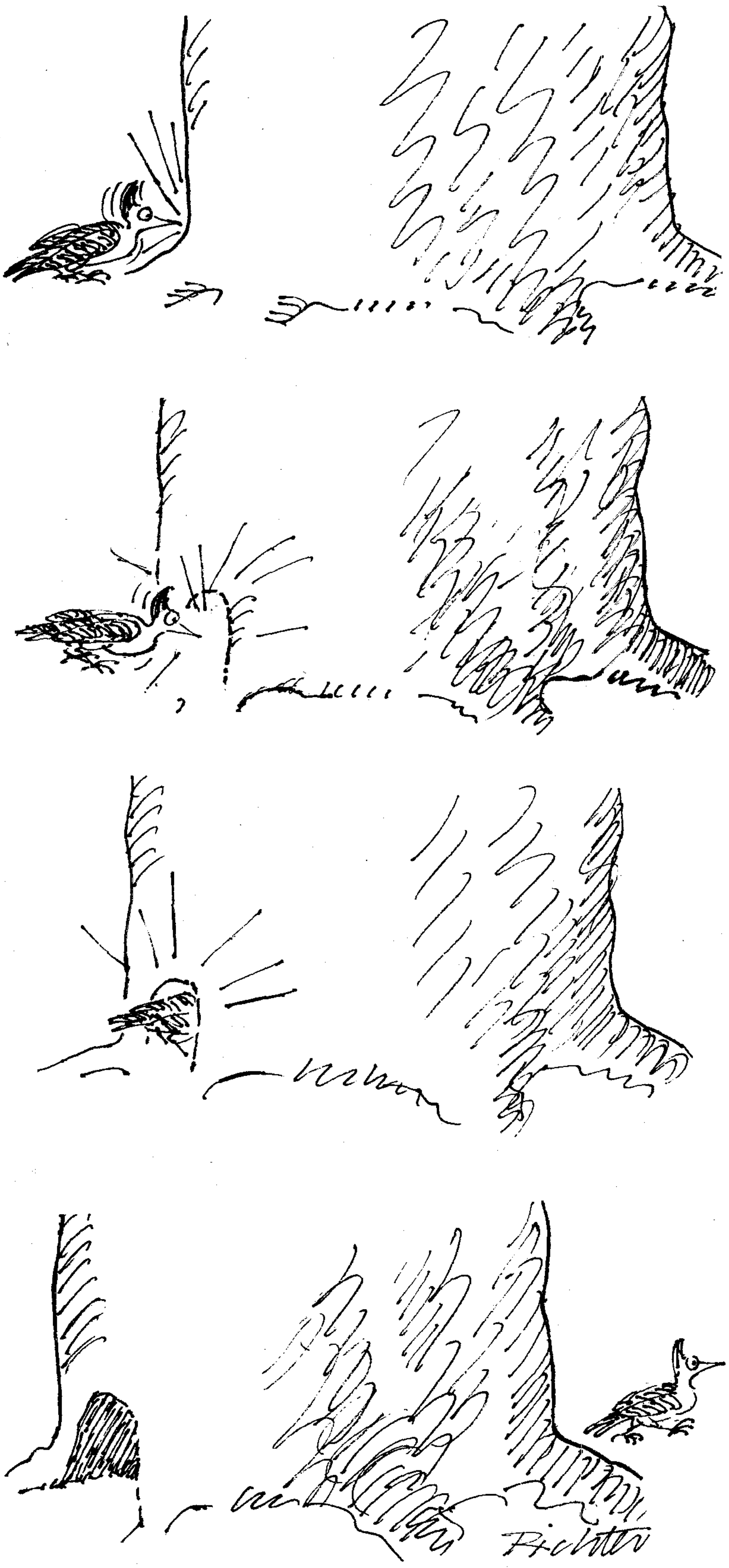
At his approach my blood rose. This was my first experience of that phenomenon I have often since heard remarked on. Here was a famous person in a room filled mostly with, if not precisely "ordinary" people, people who acknowledged tacitly an inferior position, although not necessarily inferior character. The charismatic effect. The effect is dependent not merely on the force of the single personality itself but upon the responsive capability in the others.

We were standing near the end of the main table. Kennedy approached the table from the far side. He was walking briskly and ebulliently. His own place, at the center, was clearly indicated. He hesitated briefly at his chair, but only for a moment. The applause seemed very strong, but perhaps this was my imagination. Here I lost my evaluative powers. I felt that Kennedy was looking precisely into my eyes. He continued forward in our direction, and suddenly he was standing just before me. I was facing him. Although the applause continued, it was no longer appropriate, I sensed, for me to participate. Or perhaps the next event preceded such knowledge. He had taken my hands in his. Then he bent forward and said something into my ear.

What he said was unimportant. I mean, he said an unimportant thing. Perhaps something like I'm glad to see you here; thank you for attending. Or perhaps it was more of a joke between us, a reference to the approximate median age of the others in the room. Perhaps this seems crude and unlikely. More likely, it was not his words at all that induced the sense of complicity I felt.

To others in the room, this brief encounter probably seemed unremarkable. A politician stooping to pat the head of a child—for that was how I understood the act from Kennedy's point of view. Or a show of (mock?) sympathy for the single young person in attendance. Or homage to my father—that was another interpretation which occurred to me at the time.

This was a good many years ago, and teen-age girls may be different today. I am not certain this is so, for I have no children of my own and my friends' children are mostly younger, but popular thought says that the innocence of children is obsolete. I look at young girls, on the bus or in the stores, and wonder if it is mostly the forms that have changed—if young people may not be very different after all. But mine may be a sentimental response, a flight from the present—a refusal to mourn of sorts.

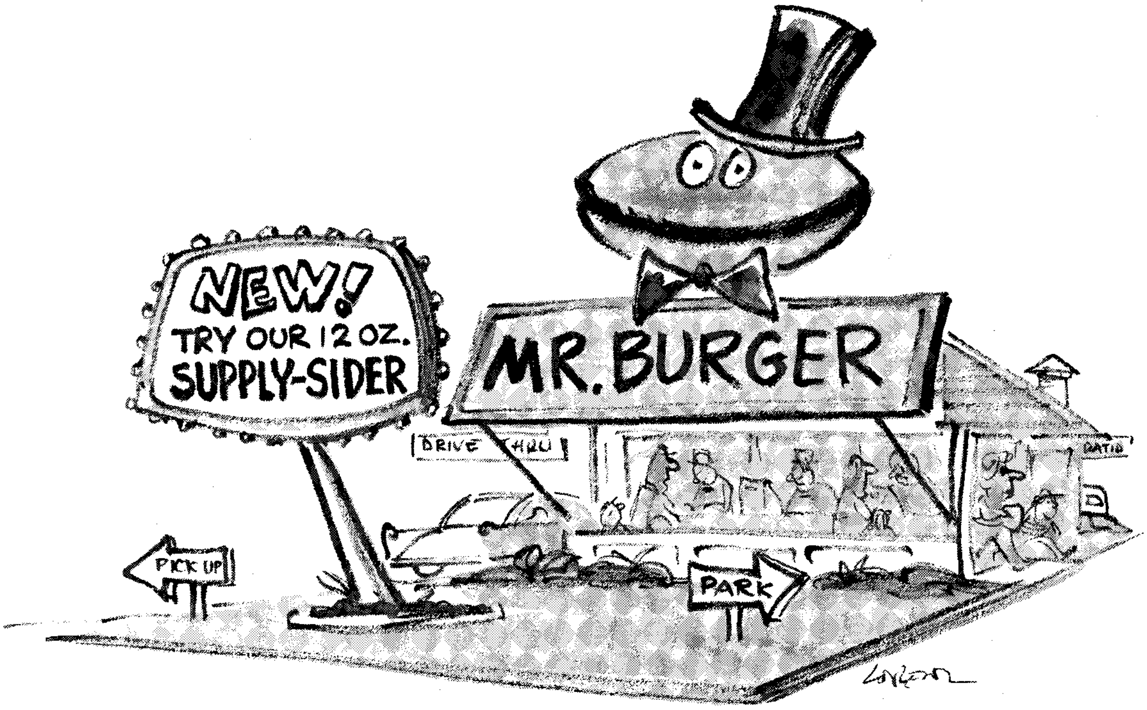


At the time my response was delight—delighted acceptance of what I took to be a small, paternal sort of generosity as well as a politic gesture. Later—was it a year or so later?—I began to hear stories about Kennedy. I would not believe them, and I became angry at people who told the stories. Inside, I made excuses. I located what I took to be Kennedy's problem in the sort of women surrounding him.

What was Father's verdict on Kennedy that evening? I cannot remember what he had to say. There were other occasions, however, following what he clearly saw as my infatuation—my newly awakened interest in the election, in the personality of the candidate, and, later, in the New Frontier. He was amused, he said, but he was also annoyed. When I was triumphant at the presence of my other hero, the poet, at the Inauguration, I detected just the measure of scorn that Father could quietly but perceptibly bestow.

Today famous and successful people write about the tribulations of fame and success. (It *is* very difficult, I suppose. Although perhaps not in the obvious ways.) My husband, Paul, finds this theme in very bad taste. Complaints of the famous—it's becoming a genre, he says. The subject is one of the few that Father and Paul would have seen eye to eye on. Father was of the old school, where all fame is notoriety and to be avoided. The truly powerful are never those whom the general public can readily point to, or point at, and thus they are never distracted by the requirements of visibility. To Father, obscurity—effacement—was a matter of efficiency as well as of taste. He would not have used the word that Paul uses for obsession with fame, which is "corruption."

Later, I saw about my father what I could not have seen at the time—that his claim to obscurity was a claim to heroics beyond fame. Beyond that, visibility terrified him, and he was appalled to see the craving for it in others.



IT'S true I am speaking of my father in the past tense. The years since Kennedy have brought any number of changes, which, from my own vantage, perhaps I might summarize.

Father: In another Administration (same party), he accepted a high government post. He felt it a duty, he said, using that outmoded and suspect word precisely. Father did not have time to develop a perspective on service or duty, because he died, months later, in a light-plane crash in the Pennsylvania hills. The news stories identified the woman accompanying him as a secretary, but if she was a secretary, I knew she was not his.

Mother: Mother is the same shadowy, absent figure in this story that she was in my life. Recently, we have grown fond of each other in a way that assumes some common bond but does not specify, or even consider, what it may be. We speak easily now. Her personality as a young wife and mother is still opaque to me. I think it is the same for her, as though the time were lost, like an accidentally exposed film that came back from the developer a blank. When she is in the country, she calls regularly. Mother was one of the first tourists to visit mainland China. She was appalled at the condition of fruits and vegetables in the markets. She had expected, she said, an immaculate and entirely healthy, industrious, cheerful people.

Kennedy: Everyone knows the end to the Kennedy story. On the other hand, Kennedy stories never end. Or they end with the ends of the rest of us. For example, two lovers in bed and one asks the other, Where were you when Kennedy was shot? But this sort of thing can go on only so long.

Subsequent national leaders: I have not come so close to any again, although I often dream myself in the White House. A patent dream symbol—oneself among the First Family. My dreams, however, begin in intimacy and end with distance, as in the following example:

Walter Mondale and I were renovating an old (white) house together. We were examining the contents of a trunk left behind by former tenants. Inside were tools, a few books, a collection of hairbrushes. Walter (I did not call him Fritz) remarked that he had a decent amount of time on his hands in his new capacity. Suddenly he became serious and almost harsh, addressing me as though I were a student. The problem, he said, is that I did not want to disturb my innocence, to discover how anything works or how it might be done. He was referring, it seemed, to a tree that must be cut down. For some reason its growth threatened the house.

My friends have different sorts of Presidential dreams. Alex, for example, dreamed that one of President Reagan's first acts was to take him to lunch. When the food was served, the older man leaned forward across the table and began cutting Alex's eggs Benedict into precise, tiny squares for him. When Alex awoke, it was with an immense sense of reassurance and an impulse to tell his friends that there was absolutely nothing to worry about.

Poets and movie stars: I have met a few of each. The first time I was in the room with a movie star, a tall, lean man with light-blue eyes looked down at me as we shook hands, and said, Hello, I'm Dick Widmark. I felt I must not at any cost behave like a child—that it was incumbent on me to keep a straight face, to continue the fiction and say, very formally yet casually, How do you do?

As for myself: Some time after Kennedy died I finished school and came to live in New York City, in the Village. When Father crashed I was still there—same two rooms, same incapacitating anxiety. I went to a job daily that paid little but was said to be a door-opener. In the evenings I sat in the same chair and composed tense, elliptical, very brief stories about a woman like myself, although I saw her as substantially more unstable. Odd little stories, I think today. Here, for example, is the first line of one: "I mixed for a time, rubbed elbows and other parts, with people in high places." That story, too, was about fame, about the private lives of public figures, and the curious relation between insiders and outsiders, spectators and heroes. It was also about the improvised world of grownups and the ways some people remain children—which is to say strangers.

Then the stories ceased. Simply quit arriving. I was at a loss, and, like many people my age, began trying out a variety of drugs, exploring my visionary capability. I thought of myself as in training to become "a woman of knowledge." I had a penchant, maybe a talent, for a particular type of vision. The first time I walked stoned out onto Sixth Avenue, I saw hundreds of people in their undistorted, their true and godlike physical states. It was simple, clear, and unequivocal—a revelation of natural perfection. Simultaneously I could see the constrictions and disfigurements to which each individual had subjected himself. Each body—bent, somehow warped, perverted, crushed—was miraculously restored by means of my sight. I myself was a god. It was a sad as well as invigorating exercise in power. And ephemeral besides. After a few weeks people began to seem merely as they had seemed previously. My drug experiences were no longer on the grand scale.

During this time, my lover—the man I was in love with—was a friend whose wife also was a friend. I watched, he and I watched together, as her belly grew rounder and rounder.

When's it due? I asked him. I was growing thinner and thinner.

Don't ask. It was how he had begun answering all my questions. We were becoming minimalists in all things but one.

Are you afraid it will look like me? I said. When he did not laugh, I felt I had betrayed a complicated secret longing.

I departed for the West Coast. Until I could find a place, I stayed in San Francisco with old family friends—a couple whose own children had grown and moved out. She was perfecting a technique of meditation and, as a presiding officer, furthering the causes of Planned Parenthood. He was waiting, my mother informed me, to be named, by a grateful President-elect, ambassador to a civilized country with a decent climate. (A framed letter signed "Fondly, Dick" hung in one of the guest bathrooms.) Their house was spacious and relatively empty, so I thought it would be possible to stay for a time without bumping into either of them.

Suddenly, in improbable corners, at improbable times of day, I began bumping into him. He would not be wearing clothes. I'm sorry, I would say awkwardly. Oh, don't be, my dear! the prospective diplomat would reply. Once, I watched a red flush travel upward, like a coating, over the length of his body. Later I thought of a thermometer. (The only other time I have witnessed this phenomenon was at a performance of "Dionysus in '69." A poet and critic, who otherwise enjoyed visibility, enthusiastically removed his clothes in the dimness, only to be taken by surprise when the lights suddenly came up.)

I thought of enlisting his wife: Madam, kindly confine your husband to his wing. Madam, perhaps some small attention . . . But I could never get the tone right, and I sensed some special etiquette applied—or, in his case, protocol—where I was bound to keep his secrets.

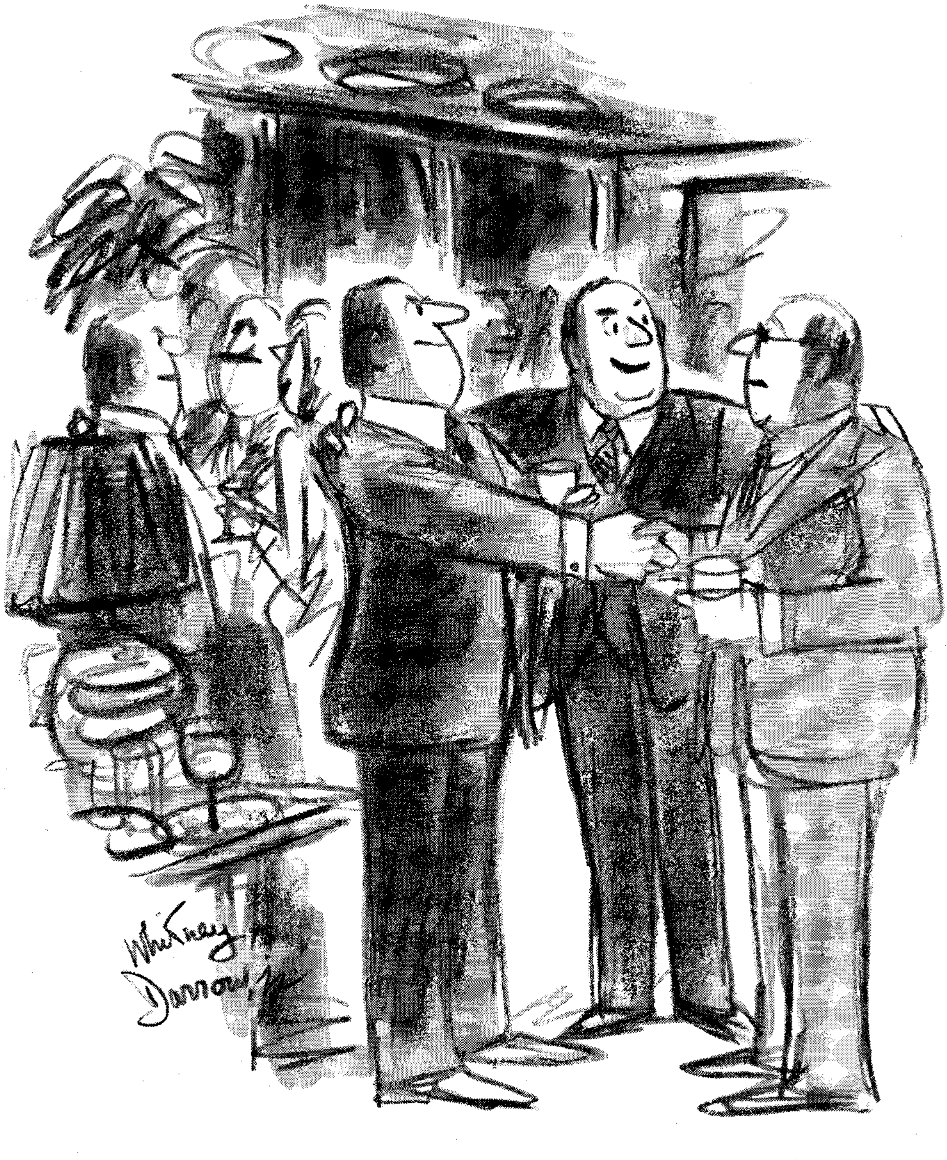
Alas, poor ghost! I was sorry for him, too, and worried where that might lead me. But I had always been a model guest. I knew they had me. There was nothing to do but pack my few things.

THE other day I was reading, in one of Paul's journals, an essay on the narcissistic personality. (Paul teaches political science; it is a discipline that has developed an interest in personality types.) The key to the narcissistic personality, if I understand the piece correctly, is the early development, by the susceptible, compliant child, of an alternate self—acceptable but unreal. The original and essential self is denied—put away—often forever. The emphasis in the essay was on the intelligence and sensibility of the child who does so.

Ah, I thought, the public figure—the public self.

Then I remembered myself—intelligent, sensitive child—dressed in my mother's dress (I was not myself), attended to by a man of our time. Now I saw what hope he had aroused.

—Georgia A. Brown


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"John, I'd like you to meet one of the people who make the future happen."

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From Trees, journal of the Men of the Trees Society, published in West Sussex*]

Members are invited to meet to admire the trees only in St. James' Park and Westminster on the afternoon of 6th June 1981 at 2.30 p.m., at the exact centre of the Horse Guards Parade Ground. Weather permitting, a gentle stroll in the direction of the tea garden by the Serpentine is proposed.

THREE POEMS

ARCHAEOLOGY

> Our real poems are already in us
> and all we can do is dig.
> —*Jonathan Galassi.*

You knew the odds on failure from the start,
that morning you first saw, or thought you saw,
beneath the heatstruck plains of a second-rate country
the outline of buried cities. A thousand to one
you'd turn up nothing more than the rubbish heap
of a poor Near Eastern backwater:
a few chipped beads,
splinters of glass and pottery, broken tablets
whose secret lore, laboriously deciphered,
would prove to be only a collection of ancient grocery lists.
Still, the train moved away from the station
  without you.

How many lives ago
was that? How many choices?
Now that you've got your bushelful of shards
do you say, *Give me back my years*,
or wrap yourself in the distant
glitter of desert stars,
telling yourself it was foolish after all
to have dreamed of uncovering
some fluent vessel, the bronze head of a god?
Pack up your fragments. Let the simoom
flatten the digging site. Now come
the passionate midnights in the museum basement
when out of that random rubble you'll invent
the dusty market smelling of sheep and spices,
streets, palmy gardens, courtyards set with wells
to which, in the blue of evening, one by one
come strong veiled women, bearing their perfect jars.

TO AN ANTARCTIC TRAVELLER

I

When you return from the country of Refusal,
what will you think of us? Down there
No was final,
it had a glamour: so Pavlova turns,
narcissus-pale and utterly self-consumed,
from the claque, the hothouse roses; so the ice
perfects its own reflection, cold Versailles,
and does not want you, does not want even Scott,
grinding him out of his grave—splash! off he goes,
into the ocean, comical, Edwardian,
a valentine thrown out. Afternoons
in the pastry shop, coffee and macaroons,
gossip's two-part intricate inventions
meshed in the sugary air like the Down and Across
of an endless Sunday puzzle—
what will such small temporizations mean
to you now you've travelled half the world and seen
the ego glinting at the heart of things?
Oh, I'm not worried; I know you'll come back
full of adventures, anecdotes of penguins
and the pilot who let you fly the cargo—but
you'll never be wholly ours. As a green glass bottle
is mouthed and rolled and dragged by the sea until
it forgets its life entirely—wine, flowers, candles,
the castaway's *Save me* meticulously
printed in eleven languages—and now
it rests on the beach-house mantel,
opalescent, dumb:
you'll stand at the cocktail party
among the beige plush furniture and abstracts,
and listen politely, puzzled, a foreigner
anxious to respect our customs but not quite
sure of the local dialect, while guests
hold forth on their love of travel—
and all the time you hear
the waves beat on that shore for a million years
go away   *go away*   *go away*
and the hostess fills your glass and offers crackers.

II

They named a mountain after you down there.
Blank and shining, unclimbable,
no different from a hundred nameless others,
it did not change
as you called to it from the helicopter;
it was your name that changed,
spinning away from you round and around and around,
as children repeat a word
endlessly until at last it comes up pure
nonsense, hilarious. It smashed
and lay, a shattered mirror
smiling meaninglessly up at you from the
  unmarked snow.

More lasting than bronze is the monument I have raised,
boasted Horace, not accurately, and yet
what else would we have him think? Or you,
that day you wrote yourself
on the world itself
and, as the pilot veered away forever,
saw mist drift over your mountain
almost immediately,
and your name stayed behind,
a testament of sorts,
a proof of something,
though only in the end white chalk
invisibly scribbled on a white tabula rasa.

FAILURE

You'd never set foot in this part of town before,
so how could the landlady wink as if she recognized you?
Still, it's uncanny, the way when you open the door
to your room the scratched Formica bureau and table
give off a gleam of welcome, the foldaway bed
sags happily into itself like an old friend,
and, look, the previous tenant has considerately
left you his whole library: "Ferns of the World"
and "How to Avoid Probate." Even the water stain
spreading on the ceiling has your profile.

Well, never mind. Unpack your suitcase, put
boric acid out for the roaches. Here,
too, there are plenty of tears for things, probably, but
don't think about that just now. Outside your window,
ailanthus trees, bringing you an important message
about the nutritive properties of garbage,
wave their arms for attention, Third World raiders,
scrawny, tough, your future if you're lucky.

—Katha Pollitt

ON THE WAY TO THE ACROPOLIS

OVER the course of the evening, at the discothèque, Carol had three drinks. She sat with Patricia and Jeffrey. Jeffrey danced with her, and then some other boys she didn't know danced with her. She always felt self-conscious dancing, and tried not to blush. The recorded music was loud. Colored lights flashed from revolving filter discs on the ceiling.

Jeffrey smiled when he danced, and told Carol she looked good. He always said that. He was only a boy. A man should be at least twenty-five, and he should be intelligent and warm and gentle. It wouldn't hurt if he had good arms and a strong chest, too. She liked Jeffrey the way she liked her brother, who was eighteen—two years younger than she. She didn't think she looked that good. She had clear, dark skin and brown eyes. She was too rugged, she thought. Like an athlete.

She saw a boy named Michael standing at the bar. He nodded at her and smiled, and she nodded back. He was nineteen. He was deaf, and he couldn't speak. To communicate, he used sign language or wrote notes. Carol admired him for going out with everyone on Friday and Saturday nights. He danced very well, using vibrations. He had black hair and pale skin, and his teeth were beautiful.

Carol hardly touched her last drink. She wanted to go home and read in bed and fall asleep. She had to go to work at her job in a restaurant at ten the next morning. She was reading "Anna Karenina." She was taking courses at a small local college most week nights. She hoped to become a grade-school teacher. The book was deep and moved slowly, and she knew how it turned out.

At one o'clock, she got up to leave. Jeffrey said, "How about going to a diner with me?" He simpered. "I need about five orders of eggs and toast." He was either drunk or stoned.

Patricia said, "Let's go to the Acropolis. Come with us, Carol."

"I don't know . . ."

"Please?" Patricia rolled her eyes toward Jeffrey.

"All right," Carol said.

Patricia asked her if she would go with them in her car.

"No, I think I'll drive my own car," Carol said. That way, she wouldn't have to sit talking for an hour at the diner. The place always made her feel insane. It was spacious, with walls of mirrors and stainless steel, Ionic columns, gold cupids, plaster pseudo-classical busts, marble floors, plastic flowers, fluorescent lights, and cut-glass chandeliers.

Carol went outside. It was cold and dark, with no moon or stars. She got into her red Monza and started it, and thought that instead of going to the diner she would much rather be going straight home. But Jeffrey was sweet, and Patricia was a good friend. She would have a cup of tea with them.

She pulled out of the parking lot. Starting on the way to the Acropolis, she went down a curving hill and came to a straightaway. It was especially dark here—there were no street lights.

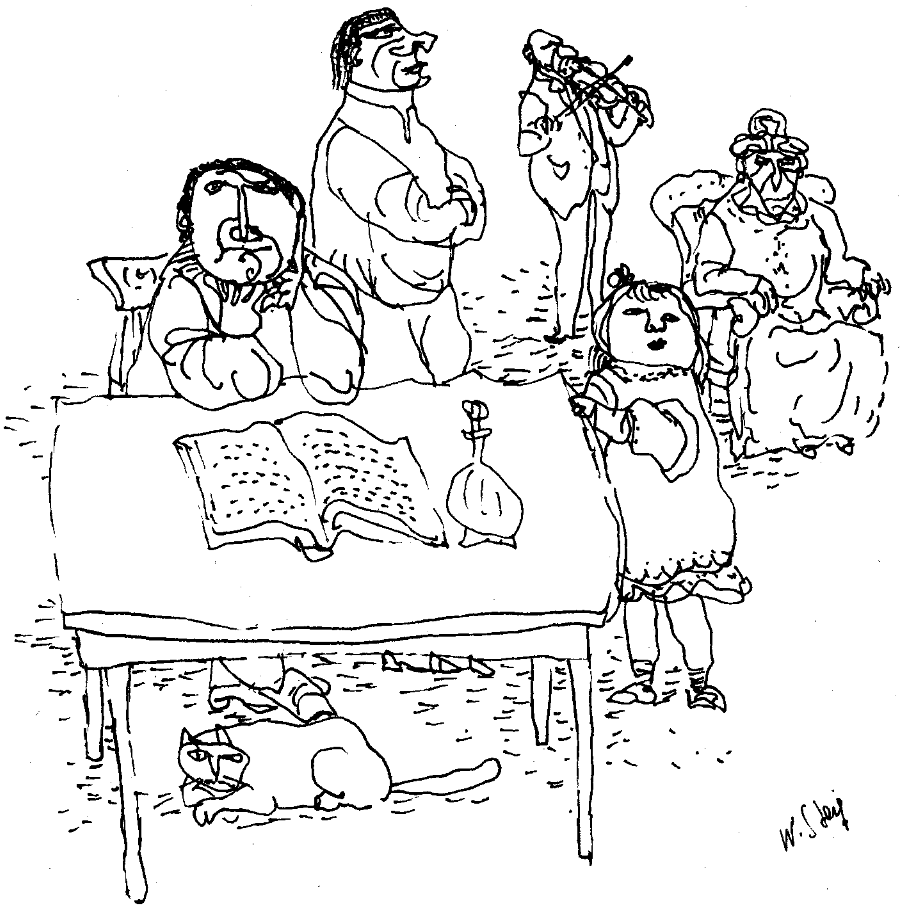
She hit something at the instant she saw it. A form, a human being, walking in her lane, or crossing. She saw the form and applied her brakes at the moment she hit it with her left front fender. Although she wasn't going fast, the impact was hard, and the form jackknifed and flew across the road and landed on the other side. Shaking, she stopped and put on her emergency flashers. A car passed her, then another. She got out and ran across the road. She waved at a car, and it pulled over. "I didn't see him," she said. "I didn't see him."

In a short time, several cars had parked haphazardly on each side of the road, their headlights bright. Two police cars came with spinning, blinding pairs of blue lights. Then an ambulance with a flashing red light and terrifying two-note siren. The form lay still on the road. There was no blood. A crowd of people stood murmuring, looking at Carol. She was crying.

Someone put a blanket over the form. Carol looked down and saw that it was Michael, the deaf boy. She drew in her breath and said, "No!"

A tow truck came for her car, and then two of the policemen took her to the police station in town. Where were Patricia and Jeffrey? They must have gone the other way, around the outskirts of town. If only she had. No. She should have gone home. Her eyes hurt and her throat was closed from crying, and her breasts ached.

She couldn't talk on the phone. She



Grandpa Tuning Up

let the police call her parents. Then the policeman who had been the first one to reach the scene of the accident said to her, “I’m sorry I have to tell you this. The person your car struck died.”

She wasn’t aware of her parents’ arrival at the station. Later, she remembered that she had given the police her account of the accident and that they had recorded it. There were no witnesses. The police knew from the marks the tires left on the road that she hadn’t been speeding. And she was sober. They let her go home with her parents. They told her that by law the case was open to investigation for up to one year. Her car was impounded. She never wanted to see the car again, she said. The police were sympathetic, polite. They seemed concerned for her and for the dead boy’s parents.

At home, Carol’s mother gave her two blue Valium tablets and wept with her at the kitchen table. She was a slightly heavy, pretty, middle-aged woman. She said she felt cold and put on her housecoat. Carol’s older sister and her brother came in dressed in pajamas. Her sister stroked Carol’s strong, rough, long brown hair. Her brother stared and blinked and rubbed his eyes. Carol spoke in sobbing halts: “I didn’t see him. He was dressed. In these dark. Clothes. And he was turned. Away from. Me. He couldn’t *hear!*”

Her father—a tall, thin man—paced the floor. Carol had always believed that he preferred her sister to her. He came over and put one arm around her and repeated softly that it wasn’t her fault. She felt him comforting her. He kissed her cheek. His face was rough, warm.

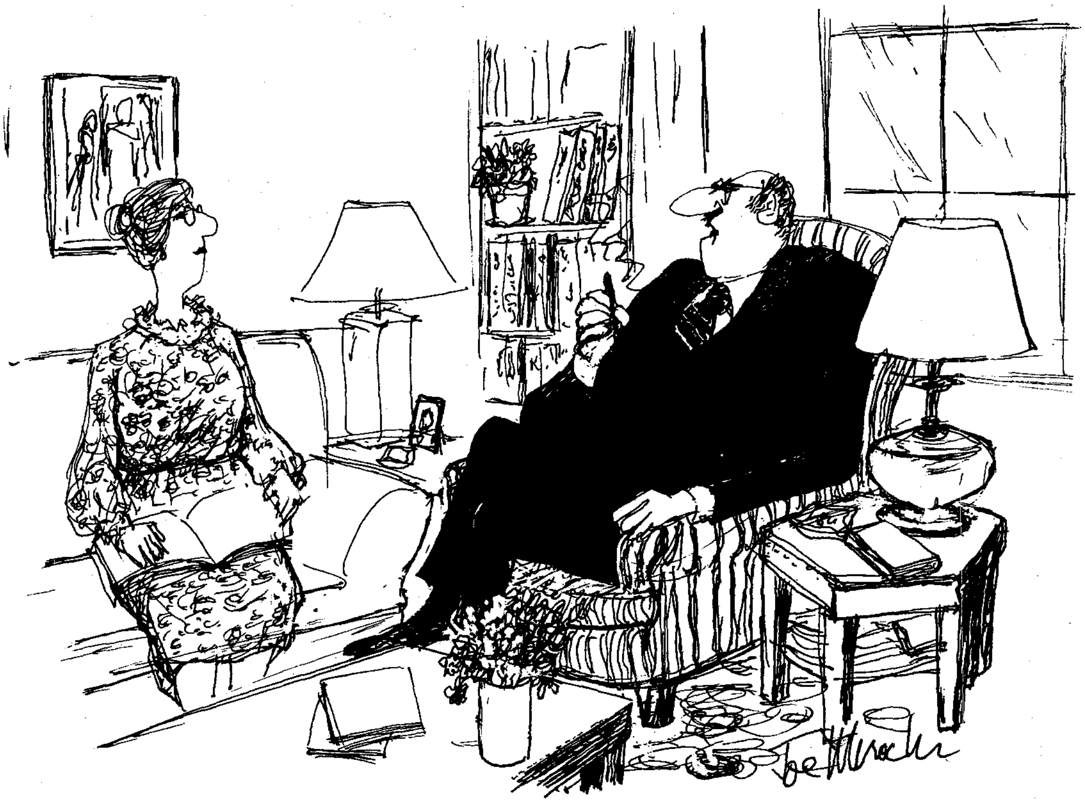
Her mother put her to bed. She lay in her small room with the lamp lit and thought about her father always warning her about drinking, driving fast, drugs, boys. She thought she had been punished for something. She fell asleep and slept soundly for two hours. She woke up before dawn, startled by the shadowed dream image of a flying body, and called for her mother.

Carol didn’t go to work that day. She telephoned her boss, Ted. He was very calm and even-tempered for a restaurant man. He told her to stay home as long as she needed to. Then she called Michael’s house. A woman answered—Michael’s mother. Carol broke down all over again when they talked. At the end, the mother said, “It’s not your fault. No one’s blaming you. The police told us everything. It’s God’s will, that’s all.” Then she wept, too.

Carol went to the funeral home during evening visiting hours with her mother. Her father said he couldn’t take any more and stayed home. Carol shook, and her mother held her hand tight. The large room was full of formally arranged flowers and their awful, sweet smell. It was crowded. Carol was afraid that people would turn and stare at her, but no one did. Michael’s family was kind to her, except for one cousin in his twenties who walked toward her menacingly and started swearing. Then someone said in a guttural voice, “Get him out of here.” Two men took the cousin away.

The mother was small and thin and had a gold front tooth. The father was short and heavy. They were dressed in black. “You can’t help it,” the father murmured to Carol, his sallow face wet with tears. The coffin was open, and Carol glanced at Michael. His face was very white. He looked like someone sleeping in a dark suit. He had died of a broken neck. “I’m sorry,” Carol said very softly again and again to the parents. “What can I do for you?” “Nothing,” the mother said. Carol started to cry.

“HE was a deaf boy and he was wearing all dark clothes and was turned away from her,” Carol’s mother told people. She had recently quit smoking, but in the days after the funeral she started chain-smok-



"No, Ethel, I do not wonder who the real Elwood Heathcliff is. I am the real Elwood Heathcliff."

ing. Evenings, she drank sweet red wine, sitting with her husband. He drank whiskey. She called Michael's mother and apologized and tried to console her, but all the woman said was "It's God's will. You don't have to call me. Your daughter, either. Please don't call me again."

After a week, Carol went back to work at the restaurant. Patricia gave her a lift. Ted, who owned the place, was a strong, bald man. The hair around the crown of his head and on his arms was black and thick. He was forty-two. His wife, whom he had married the day after they graduated from high school together, had died at twenty-one of a blood disease. He lived with his widowed mother. He often played cards at a men's club, and some Sunday evenings he went to the Over Thirties Singles Dance held weekly at the Starbright Motel. Afterward, he occasionally took a middle-aged woman he liked to dance and drink with to one of the rooms for a few hours. He spoke to Carol about the accident. He said that she couldn't help it, that it might have happened to anyone. He could have done it, too. In fact, he said, it was a wonder he hadn't.

The restaurant was a small, modest, comfortable fast-food place. It did a decent business and had a regular clientele, and Ted made an adequate living. There was a lot of joking in the restaurant about sex. Ted took part in this joking in a sweet, offhand way. He sometimes helped his waitresses, who never seemed to stay long, with their personal financial problems, but he also looked at their bodies and discussed them in the usual fashion with his male friends who sat at the counter. The girls didn't seem to care. But Carol was different. She had come to work only part time in the beginning, when she was a senior in high school. She used to stand behind the counter when business was slow, silent in her shiny beige polyester uniform, and blush deeply at the slightest off-color remark. And then, gradually, she became more accustomed to the frank humor. After graduation, she worked full time days and one evening a week. The tips were good.

Ted spoke to her about the accident in a steady, even voice as he turned hamburgers on the grill and shook hot oil from smoking French fries and batter-dipped clams in their stainless-steel wire baskets. He arranged sliced tomatoes carefully over iceberg lettuce on heavy white plates as he spoke, and she listened to him and nodded, her full, bare lips half open like a child's, her dark eyes glistening with the beginning of tears. He said, "Don't be afraid to talk about it. It's better to get it out."

She said, "I know. But there's nothing to say."

She served the customers listlessly and thought about the accident. She saw Michael dancing, then lying in the coffin. Often, as she placed dishes of food on tables, she felt her throat swell, her eyes moisten. I have to get this crying under control, she thought.

Sometimes a group of young teen-agers came in evenings and drank coffee and Cokes and played the jukebox. Joking, they would start to get a little loud, and Ted would say, "All right, boys. All right, calm down. This is a restaurant, not a gym." They would laugh at him and make barely audible remarks. He ignored them, as long as they were quiet.

One night they came in and sat in their usual booth, next to the jukebox, near the front of the restaurant. It was a quiet evening—business was slow. Carol was working, and she waited on them. She served them and walked away. One of them said, "Is she the killer waitress?" They all laughed.

She went back and said, "Don't say that again." Her eyes began to fill.

Ted walked over. "What's going on?" he asked.

Carol said, "They're saying something they shouldn't."

The boy who made the remark repeated it.

Ted said, "Get out. All of you. And don't ever come back in here again. I don't need your business."

The two other customers in the place, an elderly couple in a booth, looked up from their food. The boys took their time getting up. Then they took their time walking out. Ted went back to the grill.

While Carol was clearing the table, she glanced at the front window, a large, half-curtained square of plate glass. The boys were out there, pushing and pretending to stab one another, holding their throats in mock agony, pointing at her and doubling over with laughter. Then they got into a car and sped out of the parking lot.

Carol went to the back room of the restaurant to hide. She felt condemned. After a while, Ted came to her and said, "It's all right."

She said, "Those kids. My God."

"I know," he said. He looked at her hair. He put a pale, strong hand on one of her shoulders lightly, then pulled it away as if her body were fire. He cleared his throat and said, "It's all right, now. Don't let it worry you."

At nine o'clock, he shut off most of the lights and cashed up for the day. Then he and Carol got the place ready for the morning. Later, she was sitting in shadows, in a booth. "I don't want to go home," she said. She thought of revolving colored lights, people dancing. "But I don't want to go out anywhere, either."

Ted said, "You don't have to do this—it's only a suggestion. But I was wondering—would you mind going to the movies with me? 'Ordinary People' is playing, and I heard it's pretty good."

"Oh, I really wanted to see that movie," Carol said. "But not alone." She smiled for the first time all evening.

He smiled back at her. "I didn't want to go alone, either," he said.

THE night was bright, clear, and cold. As they drove the two miles to the theatre, Carol saw Ted glancing at her. She was sitting in the bucket seat beside his in his black Mercury. She raised one hand and tried to flatten her hair, which bushed out wildly.

He fidgeted and said, "You want to hear something funny? I've never gone out with any of the waitresses. My mother warns me all the time that it's bad policy to go out with the help. She always says it would ruin the business in no time."

"Your mother?"

"I live with her." He sounded angry.

"Don't you want to?"

"Sure. I guess so. But she never goes anywhere. She waits up for me every night. And every night when I get home I hand her the *Daily News* and she reads the gossip columns while we watch TV. I always fall asleep on the couch. She wakes me up. She says, 'Hey, Teddy, go to bed.' Every night." He shook his head and laughed awkwardly.

The theatre was small and chilly, almost empty. Carol and Ted sat on the aisle, silent. After a few minutes, the houselights went down and the movie began. During the strong emotional scenes—the older boy's drowning, the father's hugging the younger son—Carol wept hard and wiped her eyes and blew her nose gently. A girl behind them was weeping, too.

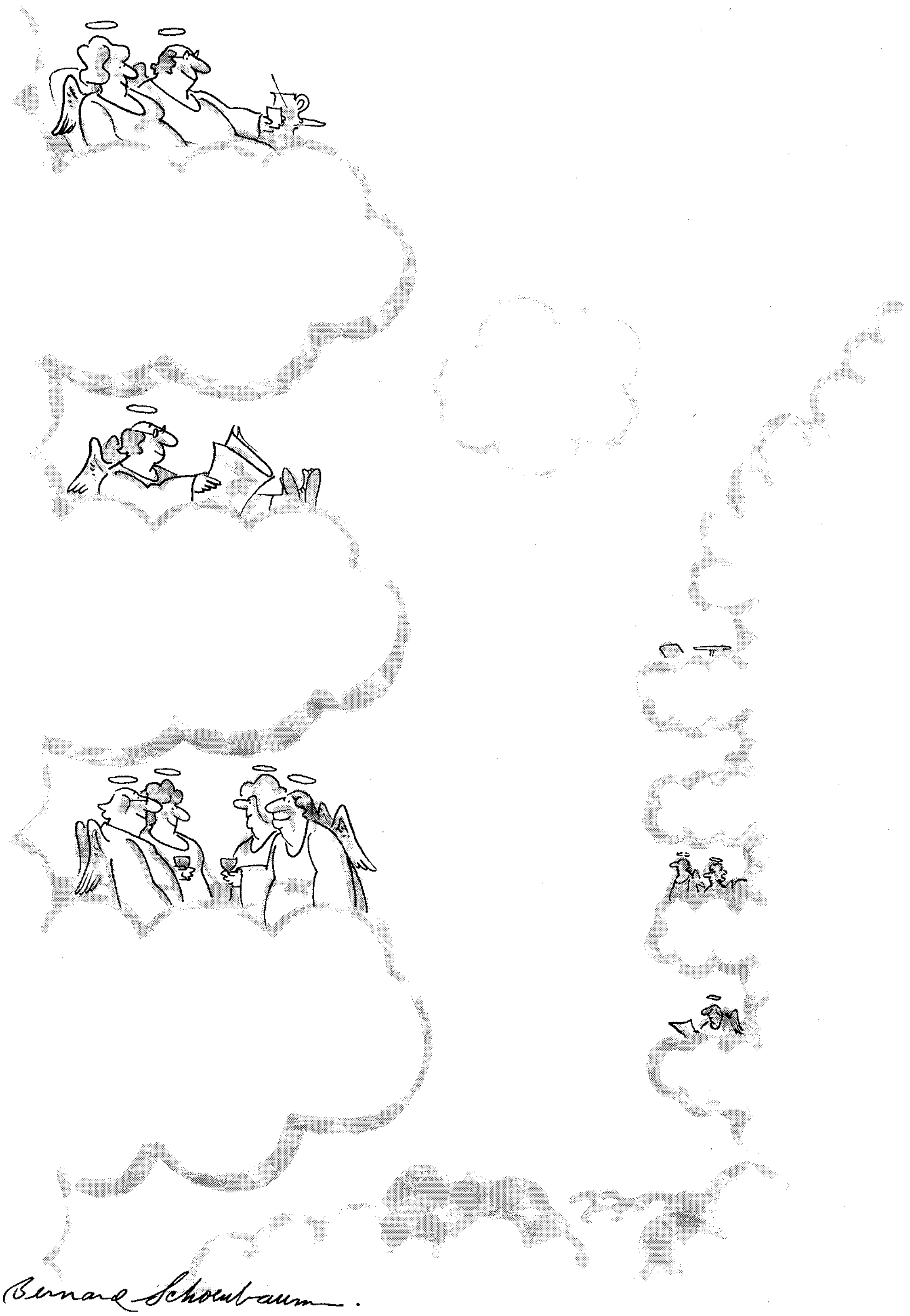
The movie ended. Outside, Ted opened the car door for Carol and shut it quietly after she was seated. When he got in, she was weeping again.

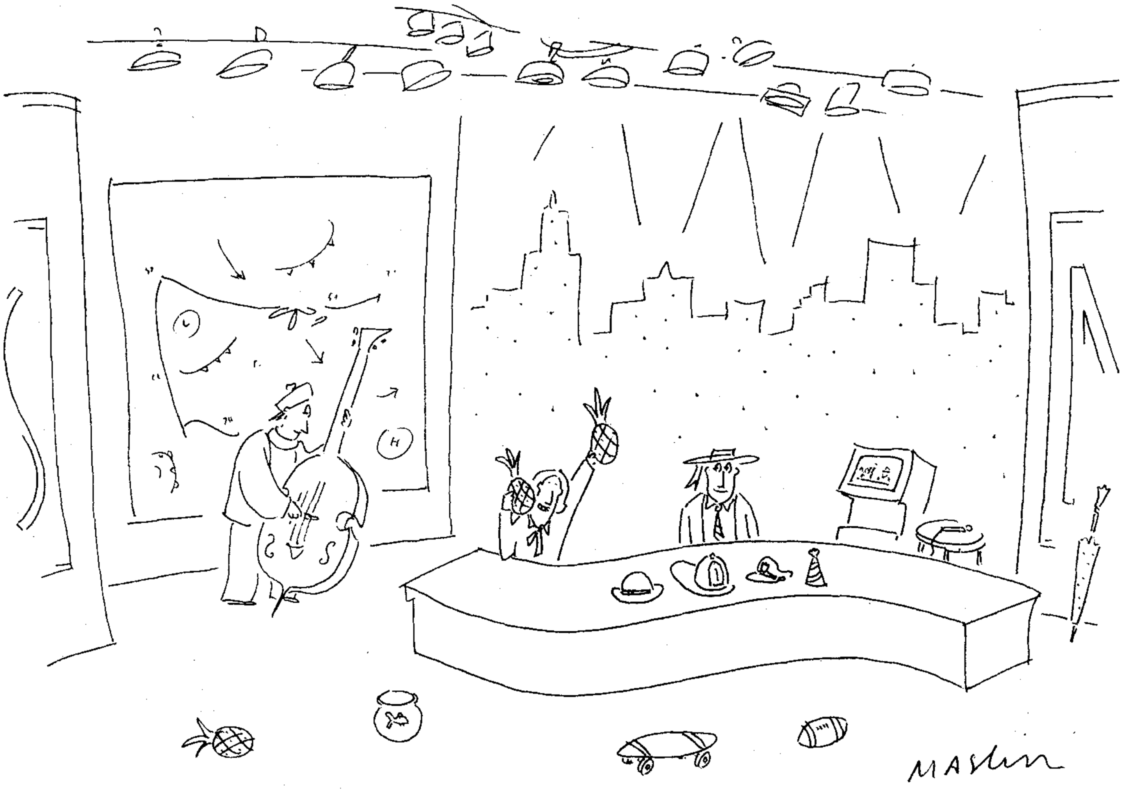
"All this crying," she said. "I've *got* to stop it."

He looked at her in a consoling way but didn't speak.

On the road, she asked, "Did you like the movie?"

"It was all right," he said. "There





THE IMPROVISATIONAL NEWS TEAM

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were only a couple of laughs. I liked the psychiatrist. The family was so cold, though. Did you like it?"

"I thought it was excellent." After a while, she said, "Didn't you cry?"

"I felt badly for *you*," he said.

"You know, you're really a nice man," she said.

He shrugged. After a pause, he said, "I haven't actually cried since I was twenty years old." Then he looked startled. "Can you imagine that?"

"No."

"I remember like it was today. I was driving along in town one winter afternoon, and when I stopped at a stop sign this big, gigantic truck behind me kept right on coming, and he plowed into my tail end. I didn't cry right then, of course. I was too mad. Later, when I went home and told Connie—my wife—I broke down. I don't know why, but the accident made me feel like a complete moron, a failure, and it wasn't even my fault. Then I remember Connie looked at me with this sort of—I don't know—*disgust*, like I was a baby or pathetic or something. I never cried again in my life. About anything. Not even when she died, though of course I felt terrible grief at the time. See, I get choked up, but I can't actually cry. I wish I could."

Carol looked straight ahead and felt her eyes begin to glaze with tears again.

As they approached the suburbs, Ted said, "Suppose your mother's waiting for you and sees me. What will she think?"

"Nothing," Carol said. "We went to a movie. You gave me a ride home."

Ted moved his shoulders and craned his neck.

Carol directed him to her street, then to her house. It was a small ranch house in a dimly lit subdivision. He stopped on the road in front of it and kept the motor running and the headlights on. Up beyond the lawn were a bare white birch, juniper bushes, a little concrete porch, a lighted yellow globe beside the gleaming glass of an aluminum storm door.

"Thank you very much," Carol said. "It meant a lot to me." She leaned toward him and kissed him. He looked amazed. She got out of the car and shut the door.

He took off like a bank robber. Carol watched the car speed away. He was going home to his waiting mother. Carol thought that there was something touching about him. He was kind and sensitive. Then she considered his age. It was impossible. She might go out with him again, but she knew that nothing could come of it.

She hurried up the stone path. Her breath plumed. She looked up at the stars. She thought of the words "killer waitress" and shivered. She knew she was going to have trouble getting to sleep. She remembered her book. She hadn't opened it for days. If she could concentrate, she would read herself to sleep. Vronsky and all that. Just read the words until her eyes closed.

She went into the house. She felt relieved when she saw that her father wasn't up. She wouldn't have to face him, speak to him, explain anything. Her mother was standing in the narrow foyer, holding her hands together. "You're safe," she said.

Safe? Carol pitied her. She had to get out of here. Move away, find another job.

"Where were you, honey?" her mother asked softly.

"I went to a movie."

"Have you been crying?"

"It was a sad movie."

"Who did you go with, honey?"

Carol said, "Jeffrey."

Her mother glanced at her and said, "But he always drives a little red car."

"He had his father's car tonight."

"Oh." Carol's mother reached out and touched her coat. "You understand. I worry about you all the time now."

Carol's throat began to fill. She swallowed. She said, "But I've always told you the truth." She didn't weep. She said, "Haven't I? Haven't I always told you the truth?"

—HARRY MOUNTZOURES

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WILLIAMSBURG—A story on Page 9 of Monday's editions incorrectly identified William and Mary commencement speaker William F. Buckley Jr. as a "communist" instead of a columnist.—*Newport News (Va.) Daily Press.*

Hell, it probably made his day.

LETTER FROM EL SALVADOR

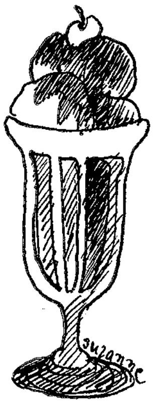
IF there was a moment in the turbulent history of El Salvador when the country might have transformed itself more or less peacefully into a functioning democracy, it came, and went, on February 20, 1972. That was the day of the Presidential election in which José Napoleón Duarte, the candidate of the National Opposition Union, a civilian coalition, ran against Colonel Arturo Armando Molina, the candidate of the National Conciliation Party, the political mechanism whereby, under one name or another, the military had for forty years ruled El Salvador on behalf of the nation's landed oligarchy.

Duarte, a graduate of the University of Notre Dame, in Indiana, and a successful engineer and builder, was one of the founders of El Salvador's Christian Democratic Party. In 1964, he was elected to the first of three consecutive two-year terms as the mayor of San Salvador—about the only place in the country in those days which could have been described as even modestly progressive. Duarte turned out to be a mayor of a type more frequently encountered in the Middle West than in Central America: he was a booster, a backslapper, a businessman with a conscience. Although his powers were limited, he made himself immensely popular by forming neighborhood self-help groups, by installing the city's first modern street lighting, and by making the rich pay up decades of back sewer and water taxes on their hilltop mansions.

Economically, the nineteen-sixties were good years for El Salvador. The world price of coffee, cotton, and sugar, the country's major exports, was relatively stable. With the help of the Alliance for Progress, President John F. Kennedy's antidote to Castroism, light industry was getting started. But little of the profits reached the factory workers or the peasants; their wages stayed at subsistence levels. The rising middle class did better, but it remained politically powerless.

The Christian Democrats, a reformist center-right party, nominated Duarte for the Presidency, in 1972, after having formed a coalition with two small leftist parties. Guillermo Ungo, a lawyer and the son of a founder of the Christian Democrats, was the leader of one of them, which corresponded to the Social Democrats of Europe. Ungo became the Vice-Presidential candidate. It was a far more vigorous campaign than Salvadorans were accustomed to. Duarte assailed Molina as the perpetuator of a feudal social system in which a small group of families linked by intermarriage controlled the nation's land, its banks, its major businesses, and its foreign trade. This oligarchy is often referred to as Los Catorce, meaning "the fourteen"—a term that has the ring of antiquity but was coined, as near as anyone can tell, by a *Time* correspondent in 1958. The actual number of oligarchy families is three or four times as large. Molina's people, taking note of Duarte's leftist support, denounced him as a Communist and a tool of Moscow and Havana.

Whatever criticisms Duarte made, he could scarcely have exaggerated. El Salvador, which has an area of 8,260 square miles (making it a bit larger than New Jersey), is the smallest nation in Latin America, but it had the greatest population density, the highest concentration of land ownership (two per cent of the population owned sixty per cent of the land), and the highest proportion of landless peasants. (The population is currently estimated at four million nine hundred thousand, and the density of population is greater than India's. So is New Jersey's, for that matter, but it is not predominantly agricultural.) The sixty per cent of the population that lived on the land was relentlessly exploited, malnourished, and largely illiterate. When Duarte promised land reform, an enforced minimum wage, the right to form unions, and the establishment of effective educational and public-health systems, the voters listened.

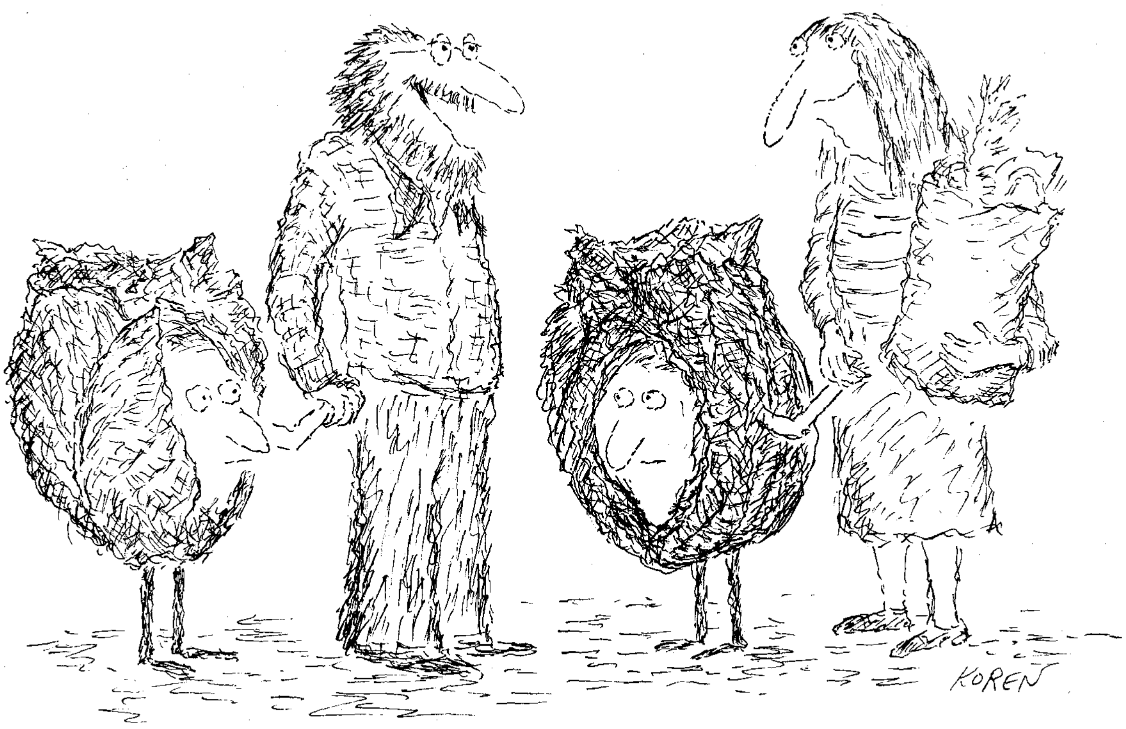


Recalling the campaign, a Salvadoran sociologist (who is no longer an admirer of Duarte) said, "In 1972, he was not just a winner, he was also a charismatic figure. The women, especially, loved him. He was handsome and vigorous. He was always walking into the crowds, shaking hands and embracing the voters. None of the generals ever did that sort of thing." Molina was a lacklustre figure by contrast. Moreover, the conservative vote was split between him and General José Alberto Medrano, an ultra-rightist, who, as commander of the National Guard, had been the hero of the four-day "football war" with Honduras in 1969. (It was ignited by disorders during a soccer series between the national teams of the two countries.)

No one now seriously disputes the fact that Duarte won the election. He did not, however, take office. The government, which controlled the election machinery, permitted the casting of tens of thousands of fraudulent ballots, and when the urban returns showed these to be insufficient it stopped announcing the tally and brought the stuffed ballot boxes—*tamales*, they were called—into San Salvador, where enough creative recounting was done to give first place to Molina by a narrow margin. Since none of the candidates had a majority, the decision was made by the National Assembly, which was controlled by Molina's party and declared him the victor.

When the extent of the fraud became known, Duarte was urged to lead his supporters into the streets, but he counselled patience. On March 25th, Colonel Benjamín Mejía, who had backed Duarte, attempted a coup d'état—the traditional means by which Salvadorans express disagreement with the results of an election. Rallying a small force of troops, Mejía peppered the capital with artillery fire and arrested Fidel Sánchez Hernández, the outgoing President. By the time Duarte had decided to make a radio broadcast in support of the coup, it was already being put down by troops from the provinces, with the assistance of air strikes by planes from friendly dictatorships in Guatemala and Nicaragua. In all, about a hundred people were killed, most of them civilians.

Mejía received political asylum with the papal nuncio and later escaped to Costa Rica, but Duarte, Ungo, and many of their supporters were arrested. While in custody, Duarte was beaten so badly that his nose and both cheekbones were shattered. He was charged with treason, but instead of being brought to trial he was deported to Guatemala. From there, he went to



"How old is your cabbage?"

Miami, and then to Venezuela, where the Christian Democratic government offered him refuge. He spent the next seven and a half years as an exile, designing and building sewage systems and housing projects.

Washington, and Henry Kissinger's State Department, as near as can be determined, took no official notice of the stolen election or of the attempted coup. A wire-service account published in the *Times* described Duarte as "a leftist politician" and mentioned only in passing his accusations of fraud. It is unlikely, in any case, that a full and accurate story would have attracted much attention in the United States, where, in the apothegm of James Reston, people are willing to do anything for Latin America but read about it.

IN the year or two prior to the election, the militant left had committed occasional acts of violence, but, considering conditions in the country and the tide of events elsewhere in Latin America, its activities were limited, and its following was small. When Duarte was prevented from taking power, the political center started to collapse. A chain of events had begun which by the beginning of 1980 plunged El Salvador into a civil war—one that has claimed, by most estimates, something like twenty thousand lives. On the left, new leaders, mainly students, emerged, with new strategies. Many were admirers of Fidel Castro and found their way to Cuba to be trained in the techniques of revolution. Embassies were occupied; factories, offices, and utilities were bombed; government officials were murdered; members of oligarchy families, foreign businessmen, and diplomats were kidnapped, and the ransom money was used to buy arms. Guerrilla bands set up bases in the hills and mountains of Chalatenango, Cabañas, and Morazán, the poor and thinly populated northern provinces, along the Honduran border. Workers, peasants, and students established mass organizations to support the guerrillas and to stage strikes and demonstrations.

Molina at least *spoke* in conciliatory tones when he took office, and went as far as to set up a land-reform agency—its activities were blocked by the oligarchy—and to establish a minimum rural wage of a dollar and ten cents a day, which was generally ignored. But his government soon became more interested in suppressing the leftist opposition. The National University, which was regarded as a hotbed of subversion, was closed. Martial law was imposed, and hundreds of people were imprisoned without trial. Scores of others were shot down by the police during strikes and demonstrations or were murdered by *escuadrones de muerte*—death squads—thought to be made up of off-duty members of the security forces in the pay of the oligarchy.

In 1977, General Carlos Humberto Romero, who had been the Minister of the Interior in the Molina government, succeeded him in an even more blatantly rigged election, and the repression became so savage and so random that by January, 1979, the Romero government had been condemned by Amnesty International, by the International Commission of Jurists, and even by the Organization of American States, which has a high tolerance for authoritarian regimes. The Carter Administration began pressing El Salvador on the human-rights issue, whereupon Romero rejected further military aid and began buying weapons in Europe. Not until the overthrow of the Somoza regime in Nicaragua in July, 1979, however, did the Administration begin to look upon the situation in El Salvador as a matter of urgency. When Romero refused to consider broadening his government or moderating its policies, Washington, in the words of a State Department official, began "to distance" itself from him.

On October 15, 1979, a group of young officers, led by Colonel Adolfo Arnoldo Majano, who was known as a moderate, and Colonel Jaime Abdul Gutiérrez, deposed Romero without bloodshed. The two colonels then invited three civilians, including Ungo, to join them in forming a ruling junta. Ungo, who had been permitted to return to the country after only four months in exile, represented the Popular Forum, which had been formed to oppose the Romero government and which included both the Christian and the Social Democrats, unions, professional associations, and the mass organizations.

The United States, by all accounts, did not actively participate in the overthrow of the Romero government. However, several present and former State Department officials with whom

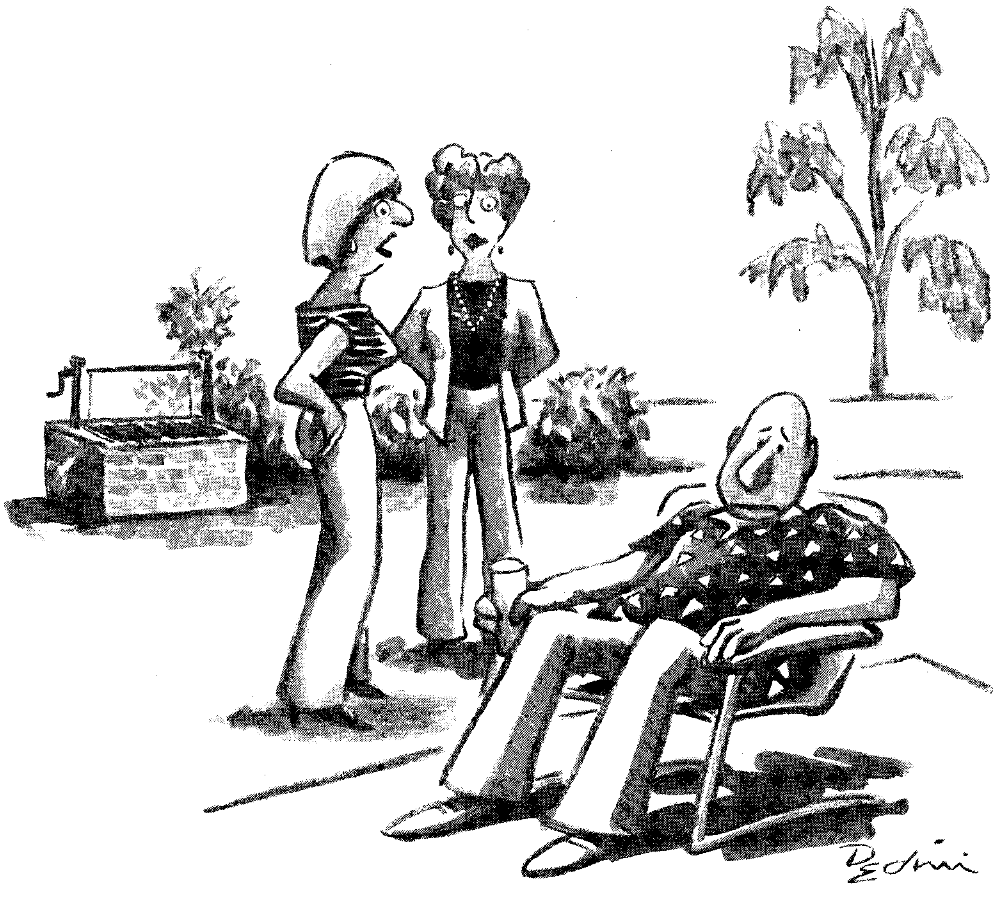
I spoke acknowledged that the plotters must have been encouraged by Washington's obvious lack of confidence in the clumsy and brutal Romero. The junta retired or transferred a number of ultra-rightist senior officers; ordered the disbanding of ORDEN, a paramilitary local defense force (identified by an acronym forming the Spanish word for "order") that was thought to be responsible for many of the murders; and promised the restoration of civil liberties. Two of the guerrilla forces that were already in the field agreed to a thirty-day truce, but they broke it a few days later, when it became known that three hundred political prisoners who were to be released had "disappeared" from their cells and were presumed dead. It soon became clear that the junta could neither bring the armed forces under control nor enact the reforms it had promised. The decisive test of strength came when the civilians in the junta, with the support of Majano, failed in their attempt to force the resignation of the Minister of Defense, Colonel José Guillermo García, who had refused to dismiss senior officers thought to be implicated in the activities of the death squads, and had shown a lack of enthusiasm for the junta's program of social reform. On January 3, 1980, two of the three civilian members of the junta, including Ungo, resigned, and so did every member of the Cabinet except García, who remains in office to this day. The civilians in the first junta had been drawn, by and large, from the moderate left. With the prompting of the United States, they were replaced by Christian Democrats, in whom, it was thought, the armed forces might have greater confidence. The best known of the Christian Democrats was José Antonio Morales Ehrlich, who had also been a mayor of San Salvador and was the coalition candidate for Vice-President in 1977. Duarte, who had returned to the country after the ousting of Romero, remained out of the government, but it was hinted that he would run for the Presidency when new elections were held.

The second junta turned out to be no more successful than the first and to have a great deal less popular support. Five weeks after it came to power, the Archbishop of San Salvador, Oscar Arnulfo Romero, who had become something very close to the country's conscience (he was not related to the ousted President), accused the junta of "concealing for the sake of international public opinion the bloody repression of the people and the fact that the country is governed by the right." In March, a member of the junta, Héctor Dada Hirezi, expressed his agreement by resigning. The United States, fearing the collapse of the government, told the military it would end its support if reforms were not immediately enacted. The result was the promulgation within a few days of the first of two land-reform decrees and the nationalization of the banks and of the marketing of coffee, both of which had been controlled by the oligarchy for its own benefit. Two days later, Duarte was persuaded to lend his prestige to the government by replacing Dada Hirezi in the junta.

The first land-reform decree provided for the immediate expropriation of all haciendas of more than five hundred hectares—a hectare is ten thousand square metres, or 2.47 acres—and their transformation into coöperatives (Phase I), and the eventual expropriation of haciendas of between one hundred and five hundred hectares (Phase II). In April, a second decree made tenant farmers the owners of the land they rented up to a maximum of seven hectares (Phase III). Only holdings of ninety-nine hectares or less that were farmed by their owners were exempt from seizure. In 1972, such a plan might have been successful, but by 1980 the country was fighting a civil war, and both the owners of the land and the militant left, whose support among the peasants the land reform was meant to reduce, opposed it.

ON March 24, 1980, Archbishop Romero was shot dead while he was saying Mass in a hospital chapel. He was the seventh member of the Catholic clergy to have been murdered in El Salvador since 1977. All the killings were almost certainly done by the right. As thirty thousand people gathered outside the Cathedral of San Salvador for his funeral, gunfire and a series of bomb blasts from nearby buildings began a panic in which at least forty people were trampled to death.

In April, the Democratic Revolutionary Front was formed, as a coördinating body for opposition organizations, most of which had been represented in the Popular Forum. In May, five guerrilla forces, all of them broadly Marxist-Leninist, but differing on questions of doctrine and tactics, united as the Farabundo Martí Na-



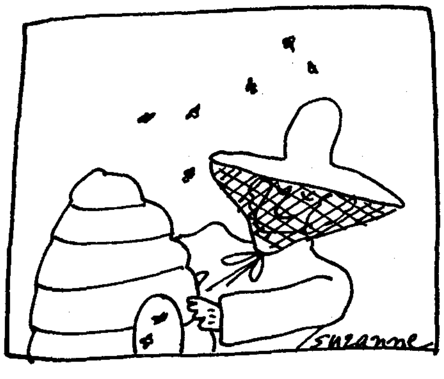
"Jerry's lost the will to barbecue."

tional Liberation Front and proclaimed the border areas in which they operated "the Free Territory of El Salvador." The name of their organization commemorated the leader—a Communist—of a 1932 peasant uprising that was suppressed with a loss of life estimated at anywhere from ten to thirty thousand. All but one or two hundred of the dead were *campesinos;* that is, peasants. Salvadorans refer to the 1932 events as *la matanza*—"the slaughter."

Throughout 1980, a new *matanza* was taking place. As the year went on, the number of dead rose to an average of a thousand a month. Some were undoubtedly killed by the guerrillas and leftist urban terrorists, but the overwhelming majority—students, teachers, union organizers, lay religious workers, land-reform technicians, members of the popular organizations of peasants and workers, members of their families, suspects, and innocent bystanders—were victims of the security forces, the death squads, and, to a lesser extent, the Army. The bodies were often dismembered and otherwise mutilated, and bore the marks of torture. Many of the women were raped before being murdered. Five weeks after the event, the Reverend Earl Gallagher, a Catholic missionary from Brooklyn, reported that in May, 1980, six hundred unarmed peasants, most of them women and children, had been killed as they tried to flee across the Sumpul River into Honduras, and that Honduran as well as Salvadoran troops had taken part in the massacre. The Salvadoran government at first denied the report, but later conceded that a hundred and thirty-five people had died in the incident.

In November, troops surrounded a school in which the leaders of the Democratic Revolutionary Front were meeting. Masked men in civilian clothing, either police or hired assassins, entered the building and abducted at gunpoint six of the front's leaders, including its chairman, Enrique Álvarez Córdova, who had been the Minister of Agriculture in the government of the first junta. Their bodies were found the next day. Álvarez Córdova was known as a "good" oligarch, who had given his hacienda to his workers to run as a coöperative in 1973. In December, four American women—two Maryknoll nuns, Sisters Ita Ford and Maura Clarke; an Ursuline, Sister Dorothy Kazel; and a lay worker, Jean Donovan—were murdered. There were reports that they had been taken from their van at a government roadblock and then shot in the head. By that time, twelve priests and a seminarian had also been murdered. President Carter suspended military and economic aid to El Salvador and later dispatched agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation to assist the Salvadoran police in whatever efforts they might be making to find the killers.

On December 13th, Duarte, who had made a trip to Washington a couple of weeks earlier, was named as the president of the junta—a new title—and Colonel Gutiérrez, one of the leaders of the coup that overthrew Romero, as its vice-president. "This is an important historic step," Duarte said. "The government has been given to the civilians." Majano, the other coup leader, was dismissed from the junta. He had been regarded as its most moderate member and had sought negotiations with the left. I was told on good authority that Duarte's elevation had been insisted on by Washington, which wanted a civilian head of state, even if, as events were to demonstrate, his powers would be limited. As the need for arms and other aid increased, so did the influence of the United States, and Gutiérrez, García, and other senior officers reluctantly agreed. On January 3rd of this year, two American land-reform advisers, Michael P. Hammer and Mark David Pearlman, and the head of the Institute of Agrarian Transformation, José Rodolfo Viera, were shot dead in the coffee shop of the Sheraton Hotel in San Salvador. By then, the Democratic Revolutionary Front and the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front had begun to coördinate their strategy. On January 10th, a rebel broadcast announced that the "final offensive" had begun. Fermán Cienfuegos, one of the guerrilla leaders, had declared late in December, "I think Mr. Reagan will find an irreversible situation in El Salvador by the time he reaches the Presidency."

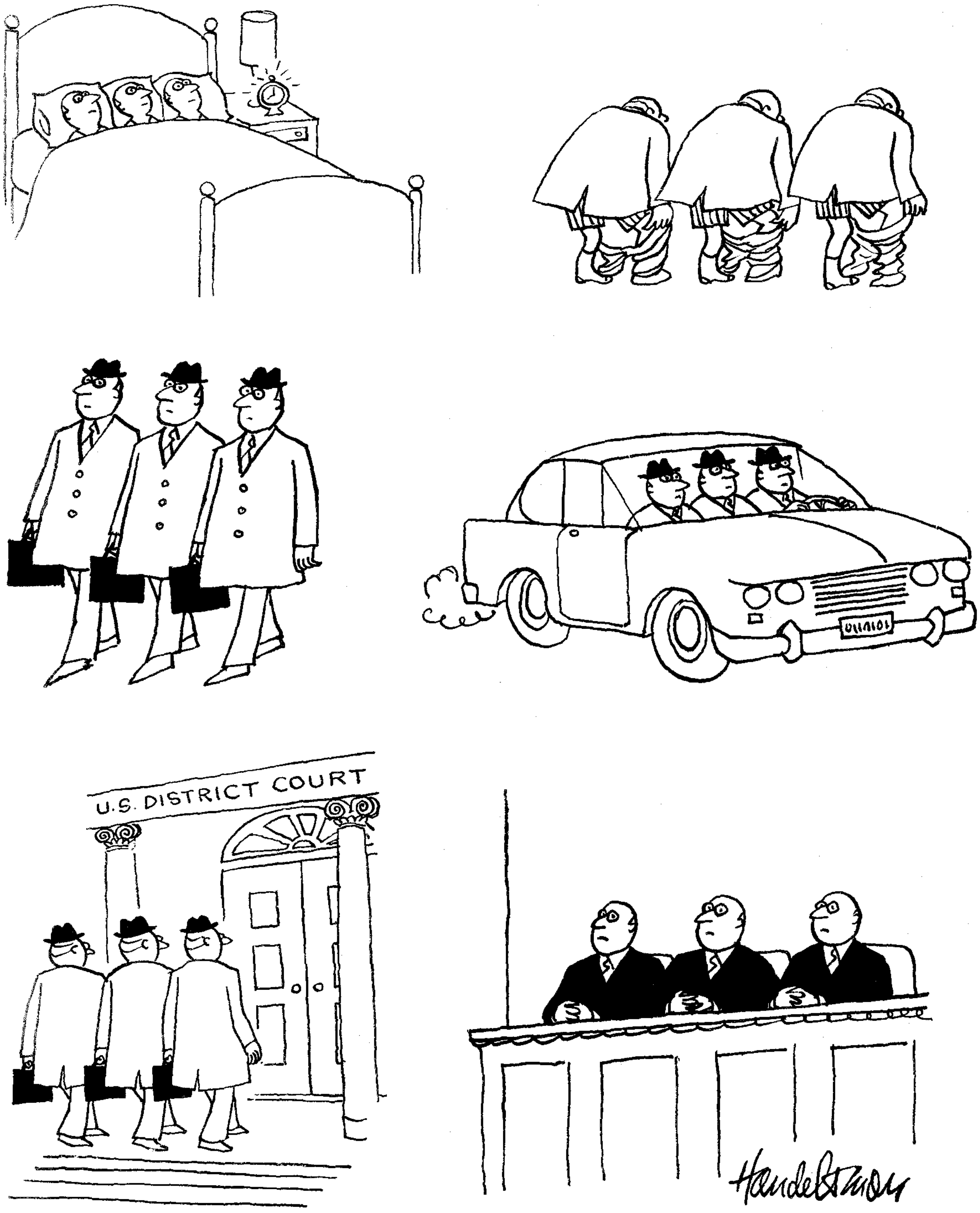


In its last days in office, the Carter Administration authorized the shipment to El Salvador of five million dollars' worth of "nonlethal" military supplies, such as uniforms, radios, and trucks. Four days before leaving office Carter authorized five million dollars worth of "lethal" military assistance —combat equipment that included helicopters, grenade launchers, M-16 rifles, and ammunition—to match what it described as "a substantial quantity of lethal weapons" being provided to the guerrillas by Cuba "and other Communist nations." When the guerrillas attacked, they briefly seized a radio station in San Salvador and fought their way into several district towns—as in the Tet offensive in South Vietnam in January, 1968—but the general strike and the popular uprising they had hoped for did not occur. Within two weeks, the fighting had died away and the guerrillas had slipped back into the hills.

THE Reagan Administration, which by then had taken office, said there would be no more waffling. It was going to "draw the line" in El Salvador against what it described as calculated Soviet and Cuban "interventionist activity." Work began on a comprehensive program of military and economic aid to the Duarte government. Ambassador Robert E. White, a career diplomat, who had urged Washington to try to promote a negotiated settlement of the conflict, was dismissed from his post and forced to retire. Duarte said that the guerrillas had been beaten and that he preferred economic to military aid. "It is of no use to have the greatest and best army in the world if the people are dying from hunger," he said.

The Pentagon disagreed. There was little chance of permanently suppressing the guerrillas, it said, without better equipment and training. In October of 1980, the Carter Administration had sent five officers to help the Salvadoran general staff, and in January it had sent twelve officers and enlisted men—instructors and mechanics —with the helicopters. Under Reagan, the size of the military group has increased to fifty-six, including fifteen members of the Special Forces. Since they would not be accompanying their students into battle, the Pentagon pointed out, they were "trainers" or "instructors," rather than "advisers" —a term that awakened unpleasant memories of the early stages of the American involvement in Vietnam.

Many of the most bellicose statements during the first six weeks of the Reagan Administration were made by Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig, Jr. On one occasion, referring to El Salvador, he stated, "Cuban activity has reached a peak that is no longer acceptable in this hemisphere," and added that if it continued it would be dealt with "at the source." On February 23rd, the State Department issued a White Paper titled "Communist Interference in El Salvador." Its theme, which was supported by "captured guerrilla documents" and information from intelligence sources, was that "over the past year the insurgency in El Salvador has been progressively transformed into another case of indirect armed aggression against a small Third World country by Communist powers acting through Cuba." It described Duarte as "the respected Christian Democrat denied office by the military in the Presidential elections of 1972." It failed to mention that at the time the election was stolen from Duarte, without protest by the United States, Haig was Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's senior assistant on the National Security Council.



There were troubles on the right as well. For a year, there had been recurrent reports that it would attempt a coup. On March 4th, Haig felt obliged to issue a warning that any attempt to depose Duarte would have "serious consequences" on the continuation of aid. He spoke in response to a statement by Roberto D'Aubuisson—a former Army major who was generally thought to be the liaison man for the oligarchy, the military, and the death squads—which said that "the Reagan Administration would not be bothered by a [rightist] takeover."

ONE night in late March, Duarte attended a reception at a San Salvador hotel inaugurating an International Press Club, never a happy augury for a small nation. After being interviewed by American, British, Canadian, German, Swedish, and Japanese television crews, he invited me and two colleagues to accompany him to his home for a more leisurely conversation.

Shortly after 9 P.M., we left the hotel in three armored sedans with a motorcycle escort. The curfew had just fallen, and the moon-bathed streets were empty and silent. In San Salvador and the country's other towns and cities, the night belongs to the police and the death squads. Duarte occupies a large and pleasant house that stands behind high walls topped with barbed wire on a tree-lined street in San Benito, the capital's most prosperous suburb, which climbs the lower slopes of the Volcano of San Salvador. "After I came back to San Salvador from Notre Dame in 1948, I

"One day, I decided to hell with it—across the board."

went into business with my father-in-law," Duarte said. He greeted his wife, a daughter, one of his six children, and a couple of young grandchildren, and then led us to the patio. We sat on white metal garden chairs around a glass-topped table. An aide poured drinks. "He was, like my father, a poor boy from the countryside," Duarte continued. "His family lived next door to ours, and he was my godfather. The year after I got back, I married his daughter. She is two years younger than I am, so I can say I knew her from the day she was born. My father-in-law was a carpenter, and eventually he became a contractor. My father was a tailor, and my mother was a dressmaker. They met in San Salvador and got married, and later he went into the candymaking business.

"My parents worked very hard for me and my brothers, and we won scholarships to the Liceo Salvadoreño, which was run by the Marist Brothers. They recommended first my older brother, Rolando, and then me for scholarships to Notre Dame. When I left here, I didn't know a word of English. I'll say this for Notre Dame—it taught you to have guts. I worked in the laundry. I served in the cafeteria and then I washed dishes. I got up at 5 A.M. and went to bed at midnight. I even tried out for the freshman football team. It was crazy. I had never played the game. They threw the ball to me. I ran about twenty metres, and then I got hit. Boom! That was the end of my football."

He repeated "Boom!"—his hands sketching his obliteration under a couple of linebackers—and then he threw back his head and laughed. He has the build of a football player. He is about five feet ten inches tall, weighs about a hundred and ninety pounds, and is broad-shouldered and barrel-chested, although, at the age of fifty-five, he has a bit of belly under his *guayabera*—the fancy appliquéd shirt-jacket that many men wear there. His head is massive. His brown eyes are deep-set. He has a splendidly arched nose and a granitic chin. Broad cheeks, thick black hair, and coppery-tinted skin are indicative of the Indian inheritance of almost all Salvadorans.

"I was in the Boy Scouts when I was a boy, and I am still a member of the international training committee," he said. "When I went into the Boy Scouts, I took an oath, and it made a great impression on me. I've always been interested since that time in service. I used to be active in the Red Cross and the antituberculosis committee, and even the volunteer firemen. I travelled all over Central America founding chapters of the Twenty-Thirty Club. It's like the Kiwanis, the Lions, and the Rotary, dedicated to service, but for men between twenty and thirty. It was because I have always been a man of concepts and principles that I decided to enter politics. One day in 1960, I was invited by a friend of mine to attend a meeting of a group that discussed the social doctrines of the Church. I went, and I began comparing what was being said with what I believed and with what I saw around me. In this country, which then had a population of two and a half million, fewer than a hundred thousand people had any privileges at all. There were fewer than two thousand teachers in the entire country. At that time, I decided to form a political force to look for a solution to the country's problems."

The force turned out to be the Christian Democrats, modelled on the progressive, capitalist, Catholic-backed, anti-Communist parties of that name in Western Europe. "Until then, there had been no political solutions in El Salvador. There were no opposing parties—only coups d'état. We presented an electoral solution, and all the political intellectuals said we were crazy. We went all by ourselves into our first election, in 1961, against the whole machinery of government. They got four hundred and fifty thousand votes and we got thirty-seven thousand—something like that. In 1964, in the election for mayors and deputies, we thought we would win two deputies at the most and no mayoralties."

Duarte paused, and resumed with a flourish. "We won fourteen seats in the assembly and thirty-seven mayors' offices, including San Salvador's, which I won by five hundred votes. In 1966, I was reëlected by two to one, and in 1968 by three to one. I did things for the people. I went to the electric company, which was then owned by Canadians. I told them I wanted more street lights. I showed them how we could pay for them from the taxes I was collecting. They said no. So I went to a friend of mine and asked him to build a factory to make the poles and fixtures. When the electric company saw what I was doing, it changed its mind. When the lights

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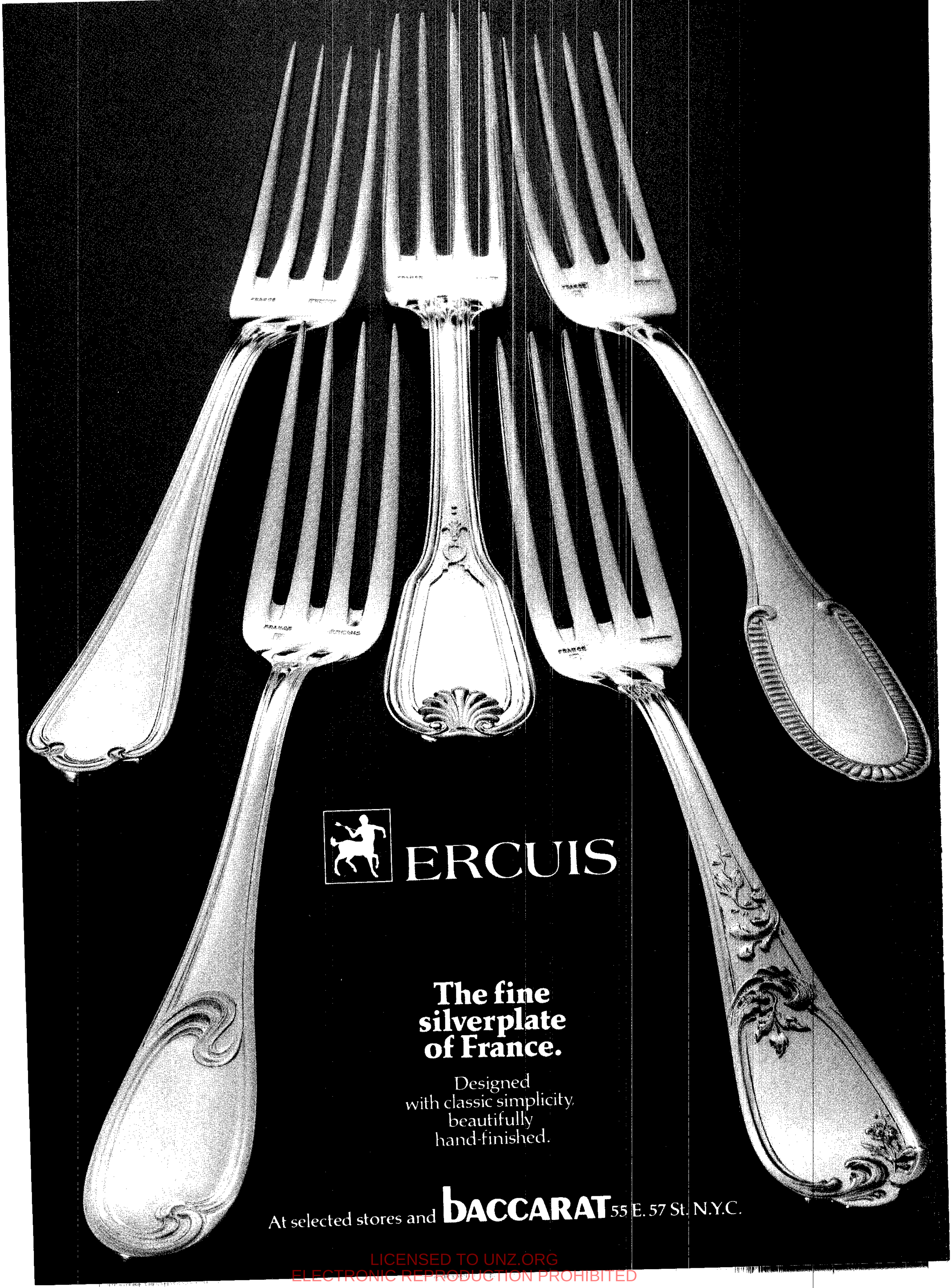

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went into service, people went out in the streets to dance. It was like a fiesta. They danced all night. The lights completely changed the attitude of the people. After that, every city and all the little towns in the country were demanding street lights, too.

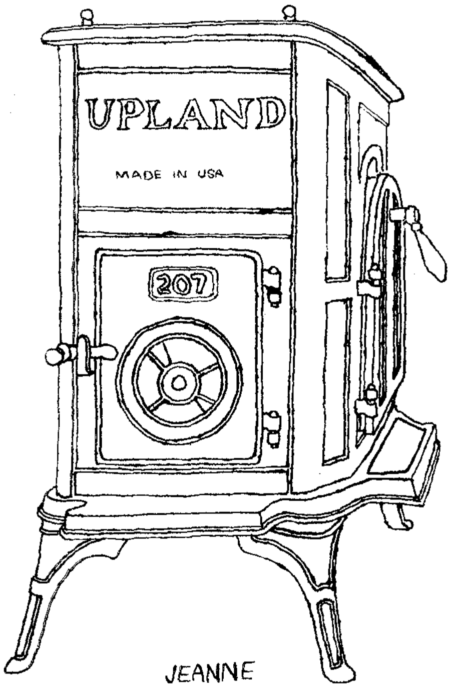
"I wanted to build a central market in San Salvador. We had never had one. When the national government found out what I was going to do, they took it away from me and did it themselves, to get the credit for it. It was the same with the community-action organization. I went to the poor people, I listened to them, I tried to help. When the government saw how successful community action was, they made it a part of the Presidential office, but then didn't do anything."

Speaking of the 1972 election, Duarte said, "We knew that the other side would try to cheat us, but they made a miscalculation. They had brought in polling experts, just like the ones you have in the States. The experts said we would get about two hundred thousand votes, so they figured their cheating on that basis. They thought three hundred thousand would give them a great victory. But we got three hundred and twenty-seven thousand. They had to go back to all the little towns and villages where they were in complete control, but they still had only three hundred and seventeen thousand. So they just took nine thousand away from us and gave them to themselves. When my people found out what had happened, they gathered in the streets. One word from me and they would have burned down the city, but I told them, 'I believe in democracy, I don't believe in turmoil or violent solutions. You must be patient.' "

Subsequently, when it became apparent that the Mejía coup had failed, Duarte took refuge at the home of a Venezuelan diplomat. "The police violated diplomatic privilege to arrest me," he said. "They took me to the central police headquarters with my hands handcuffed behind me. I was blindfolded, and my mouth was covered with adhesive tape. They left me in the car for a while, and then they came back, one by one, no one saying a word, and began to beat me. They used their fists, blackjacks, brass knuckles, a pistol butt. I could feel the shape of whatever they were beating me with. They beat me unconscious in complete silence. Then they dragged me, still blindfolded, to a cell. When I came to, they began questioning me. They wanted to know how we got the money for the campaign. Was it supplied by the Communists? Because they had spent millions, they thought we had spent millions. I thought in the end they would kill me, but they threw me in a plane and flew me to Guatemala."

After his arrival in Caracas, he had plastic surgery for his injuries. Aside from a suggestion of bruises on his cheekbones, and scars that are lost in the lines of his face, he bears no obvious marks of the beating. I noticed, though, that the tips of the three inner fingers of his left hand were missing. He said that that was the result of an accident at a construction site in the Venezuelan countryside.

Duarte was permitted to return to El Salvador for ten days in 1974. He was expelled again, he said, when his reception proved that he had not lost his popularity. Thereafter, he kept in touch with events from Caracas. "In 1977, we decided to try a new formula to show the military we weren't against them," he said. "We nominated Colonel Ernesto Claramount for President and Morales Ehrlich for Vice-President. Once again, we knew that the other side would try to rob us. This time, I was not so naïve. I flew to Washington to tell people what was going to happen. I met with Senator Edward Kennedy and Vice-President Walter Mondale. Senator Kennedy could not give me much time. With Mondale, it was 'Hello' and then a photographer appeared." Duarte's voice had become distant and ironic, and now he mimed the quick pushing together of the two men—the synthetic smiles and the handshake. "After that, 'Goodbye.' I have the photographs still. We tried to arrange a meeting with the staff assistants of members of Congress. I am told they are very influential. The Republicans wouldn't talk to us at all. But we expected twenty or thirty Democrats at the meeting. We had three! A lunch for newspaper people—five! We were trying to be heard, but nobody would listen, and the fraud this time was complete."



Supporters of the coalition demonstrated; forty or fifty were killed; and Claramount flew off to exile in Costa Rica. This time, it was the Carter Administration that took no official notice. Not until after the fall of Somoza, two and a half years later, Duarte said, did he begin hearing from American officials. In August or September of 1979, he went on, he had a visit in Caracas from Viron P. Vaky, who was then the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. Vaky, he said, was trying to figure out how to get rid of Romero. Duarte, who was still opposed in principle to coups d'état, expressed his disagreement, he said, and advanced a proposal of his own. "I said I had a formula so that Romero would accept a dialogue and we"—the Christian Democrats—"would wait until the elections for the National Assembly in 1980. All parties would then enter the government, and we would prepare for a free Presidential election in 1982."

Duarte believes that his plan was scuttled by the left and by the Church—in particular, by the Jesuits. By then, he said, these elements were committed to seeking a violent solution, and had ruled out the possibility of negotiations. It is an opinion with which many observers would disagree.

Ungo and Román Mayorga, the former rector of the Central American University, had resigned from the first junta for the same reason, Duarte added. "I found documents explaining why they had done so," he said. "They wanted to end pluralism, to break up all the democratic possibilities, and, by letting the military rule, to create a civilian-military confrontation. We didn't want that, so we accepted the challenge of trying to govern. Mr. Ungo has lost his mind. He's lost his democratic concepts. He will accept no alternatives. He refused an invitation from the Christian Democrats to remain in the government. The left has lost the people, but the war will have to go on until the people isolate both the far left and the far right."

Duarte's opponents on the left do not, by and large, question his integrity, but they say that his long exile put him hopelessly out of touch with developments in El Salvador—notably his party's loss of support—and that vanity, disappointment, and the belated emergence of, in Ungo's words, a "personal obsession for power and his primitive anti-Communism" warped his judgment to the point where he was willing to enter the junta and then become its president. They see him now as little better than a puppet, trading on what remains of his reputation for the ultimate benefit of the armed forces and the oligarchy.

Duarte, of course, disagrees. "I'm doing it—carrying out political change—but I'm doing it intelligently, and it can't be done overnight," he said. "The Army, as an institution, is willing to accept a political solution, but the others—the National Guard and the police—have been trained for fifty years to do it the other way, and it will take time to change them." What would bring them into line immediately, Duarte said, would be his threat to resign. But if, somehow, it didn't, the results would be chaotic. "I won't bet everything I have on one card and take the chance of losing—but not just for myself. If I did, and lost, there would be a half million dead here."

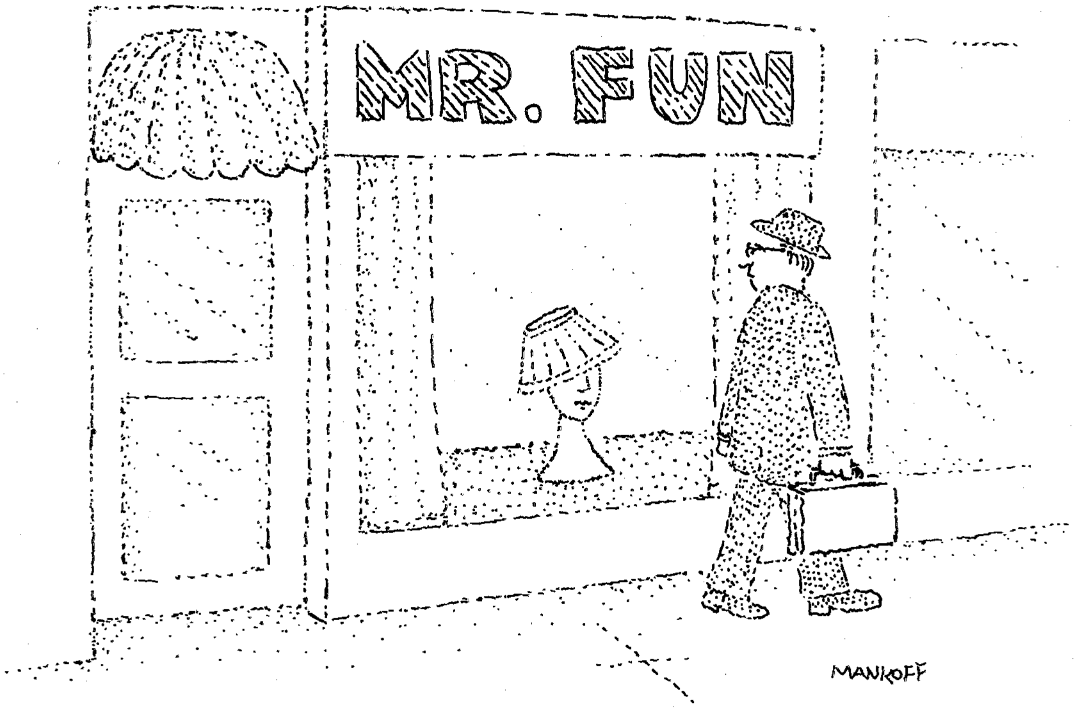
He was already seeing great improvement in the situation, although it was certainly not visible to all. "The difference between January 10th, when the Communists began their 'final offensive,' and now is like the difference between Hell and Heaven," he said. "Everyone was expecting them to take over. I went to Santa Ana and Morazán, right in the middle of the bullets, to be with the people, and by January 13th things had started to change for the better. The difference was the land reform. The political concept is simple—to take away the power of the hacienda owners and give it to the *campesinos*. Both the extreme right and the left tried to stop it, but they failed, and if you look at the positions where the guerrillas are strong now you will see that these are the areas in which there were few haciendas to expropriate."

A new electoral law was being drawn up, he went on, in anticipation of elections for the National Assembly—which was dissolved by the first junta after the overthrow of Romero—in the first quarter of next year, and a Presidential election early in 1982. They would be "free" elections, Duarte said, although he acknowledged that, as things stood now, it was unlikely that the left or even some elements of the Christian Democrats would participate.

Duarte finished his drink and stopped a military aide, who was seated opposite him, from pouring him another. "There is no such thing as inevitability or historical determinism," he said. "You can change the rules of history by having the right people in the right place doing the right things. I think I was selected by my people to be President in 1972. Now I have a second chance. The situation is very different. I have more enemies and much of the world is against me. But I think we will succeed."

THE story of Mejía's failed coup—an event almost as important as the 1972 election itself—comes in several versions. The one I found most persuasive on the whole was provided by Jorge Pinto, who had been the editor-publisher of an antigovernment newspaper, *El Independiente*, in San Salvador until January, when it was suppressed, and whom I spoke with after I returned to New York. "Although I personally didn't care for Duarte, I backed him in the election, and I gave prominent display to his allegations of fraud," Pinto said. "When he refused to call out his supporters, he lost them. Everyone thought he was a coward. Mejía then came to see me. I had known him for a long time. He was a very unusual officer—very progressive. He even used to read poetry to his troops. Mejía decided to stage a coup, not for Duarte but for himself. He arrested Sánchez Hernández, the outgoing President. The young officers who were with Mejía said he should shoot him, but he wouldn't do it, because he was practically a pacifist. He wouldn't even permit rat poison to be used in his barracks. And they also made what you might call a tactical mistake. They blew up the power plant, so they couldn't communicate with one another or with their friends in the countryside. When they saw that they were losing, they decided to try to get Duarte to help them. There was one radio station that was still broadcasting, because it had its own generator. Duarte spoke over it, but it was so weak that I don't think anybody heard him."

The Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, the president of Notre Dame, confirmed a story I had heard to the effect that his intervention may have saved Duarte's life while he was in custody. "I got a call from Rolando Duarte at about ten-thirty one night," he said. "I knew both brothers very well,



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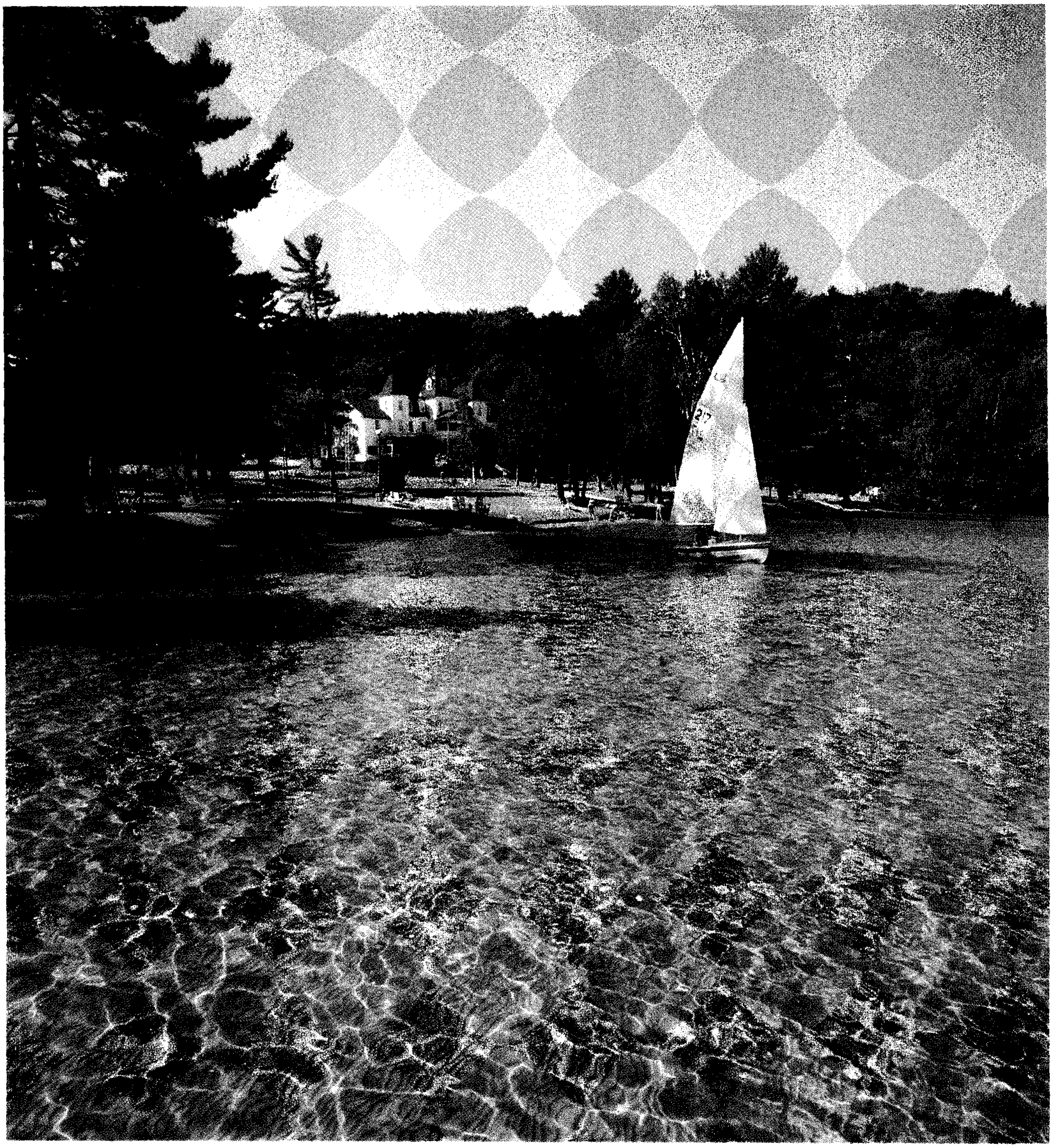

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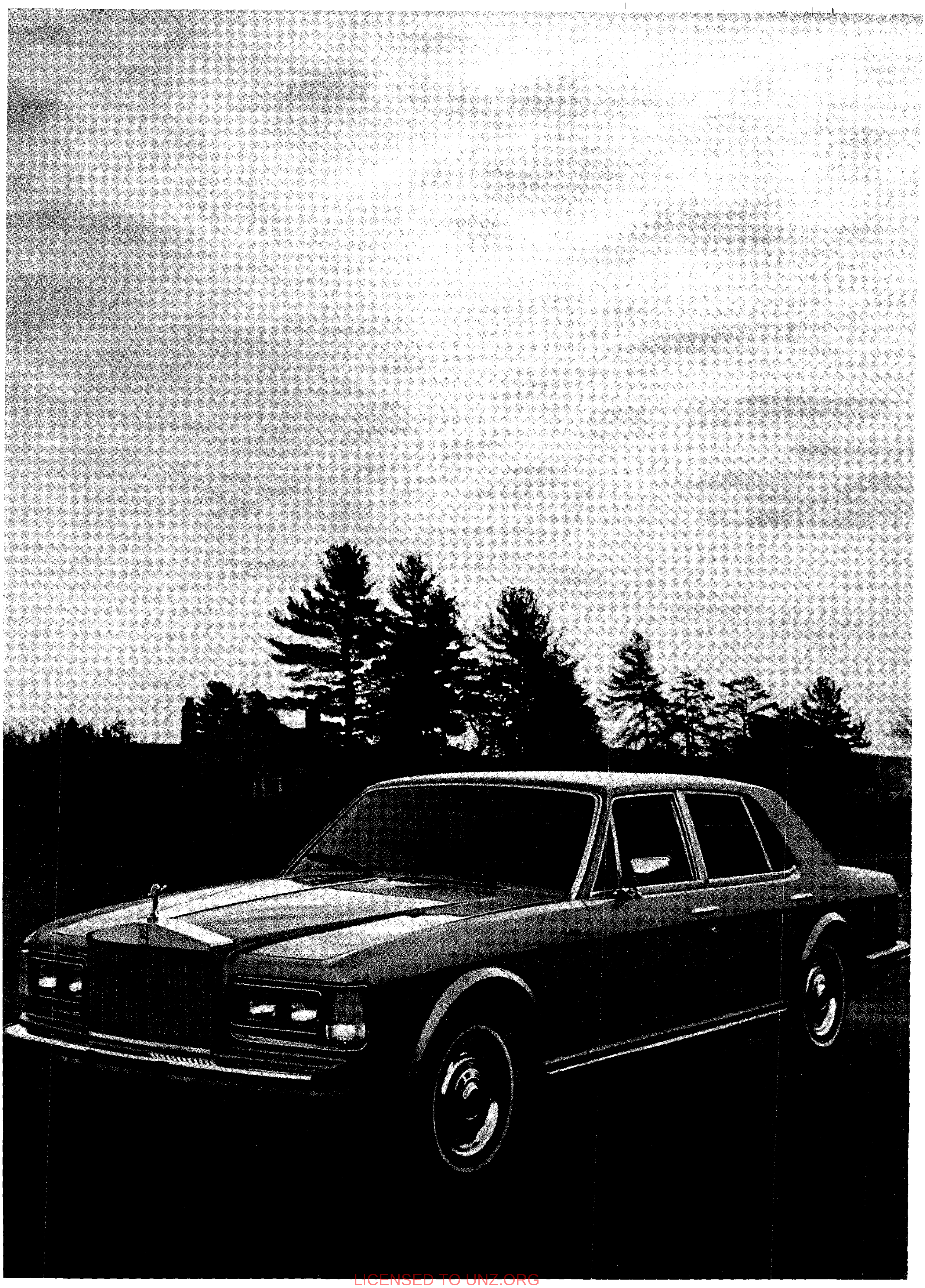

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The heart and soul of a masterpiece

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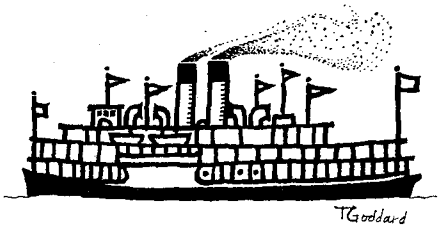
because they had sat together in the first class I ever taught at Notre Dame, in Christian morals, in 1945. Rolando told me what had happened and said that they were going to give Nappy a fair trial and shoot him at dawn. I immediately got in touch with the papal nuncio, who was in Guatemala City, with the Vatican, and with the Presidents of Venezuela and Panama. The President of Venezuela, who was also a Christian Democrat, called the President of El Salvador. He said that his government would regard it as a very serious matter if anything happened to Duarte. I also sent a wire to Secretary of State Kissinger, but by the time he got back to me Duarte was safely out of the country."

THE United States imposed land reform on Japan and South Korea after the Second World War and persuaded the Nationalist Chinese government to adopt it after the move to Taiwan. Its success in those places, in increasing food production—farmers being willing to work harder when they, rather than the landlords, kept the profits—and in creating a politically conservative class of peasant proprietors, has led the United States to support land reform ever since, although the results have been decidedly mixed. Land reform was a central element of the "nation-building" program in South Vietnam from 1955 on, but it encountered continuous obstruction from the Saigon government until the early nineteen-seventies, and by then the war was as good as lost.

The land reform in El Salvador is one of the most comprehensive ever attempted in Latin America—where land reform has been less successful, by and large, than anywhere else in the world—and, as in Vietnam, it is being undertaken during a guerrilla war. Nevertheless, both Morales Ehrlich, who supervises the program for the junta, and the United States Agency for International Development, which has provided financial and technical support, have proclaimed that it has got off to a successful start. Professor Roy L. Prosterman, of the University of Washington School of Law, who had a hand in drawing up the program, recently told the Inter-American Affairs Subcommittee of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, "The existence of a new non-Marxist, non-collectivized model of reform in Latin America is clearly of great importance, and the first year's productivity results in El Salvador—contrary to a great deal of cant and misrepresentation from both extremes of the political spectrum—have been highly encouraging."

Even so, there is scarcely an aspect of the Salvadoran land reform that has not been the subject of reasoned criticism. It is said, for example, that the junta, being aware of its own fragility and therefore trying to rally peasant support quickly, enacted the land reform before essential legal, administrative, technical, and financial help was available. Thus, when Phase I, the expropriation of the country's two hundred and sixty-three haciendas of five hundred hectares and more, was put into effect, the haciendas' permanent employees—agricultural laborers conditioned to subservience and more often than not illiterate—became overnight the bewildered proprietors of agribusinesses that in many cases had been stripped of livestock, machinery, and even fencing by their former owners. The Institute of Agrarian Transformation sent out hundreds of technicians to help the new coöperatives get organized—not an easy task even in peacetime in advanced countries—but their training was sketchy and they lacked practical experience. At many haciendas, the foremen and bookkeepers stayed on, although they generally refused to join the coöperatives and demanded their regular salaries, which were double or triple the wages the permanent workers paid to themselves. The production of corn and beans, the staple food crops and the easiest to grow, increased last year on the coöperatives, but the harvests of coffee, sugar, and cotton, the major exports, declined. They will probably continue to do so until the permanent workers learn to manage as efficiently as the former owners—some of whose holdings were among the most productive in the world—while continuing to work as hard as they were forced to by their old overseers.

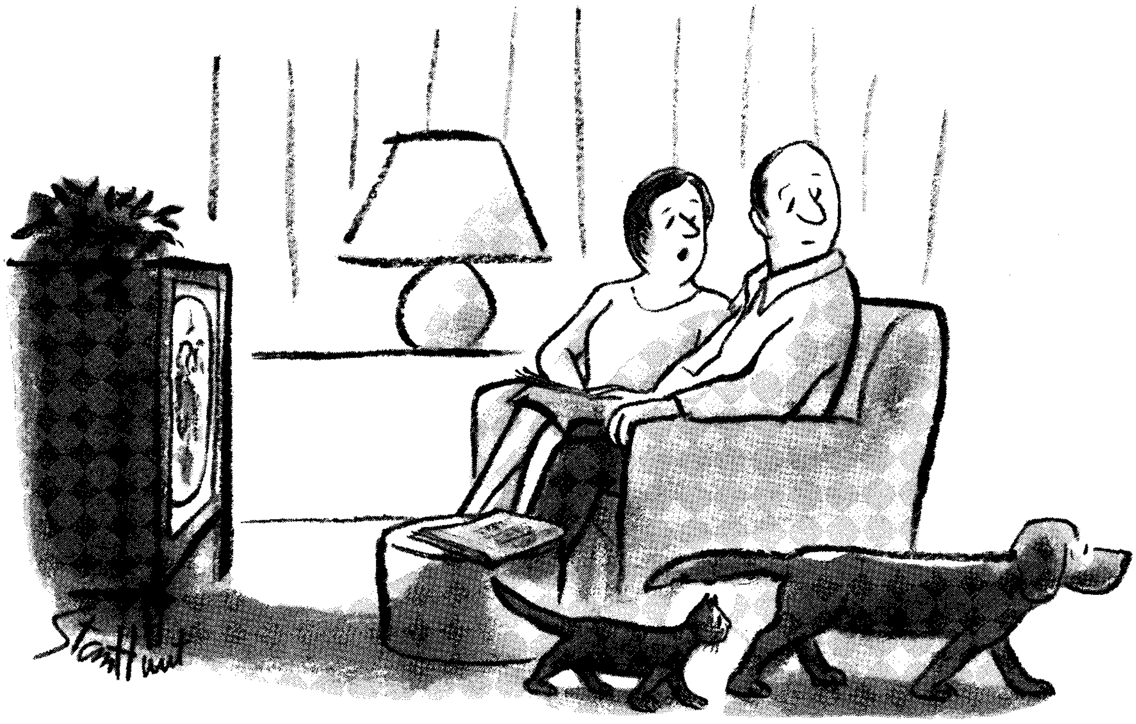
At two coöperatives I visited, I was told that, with the planting season about a month away, loans to buy seed, fertilizer, insecticides, and fuel had not yet been received. A subsequent visit to the Institute of Agrarian Transformation, where the applications are processed, did not give me an impression of urgency or efficiency: clerks conducted lengthy telephone conversations or chatted among themselves while piles of documents gathered dust on their desks and on the floor. In addition to the usual bureaucratic lethargy, a certain amount of disorganization was probably inevitable, for the agency has been operating without a chief since the assassination of Viera, in January, and most of its windows were blown out by a bomb blast at about the same time and had not yet been replaced.



Serious problems have arisen, according to a report made by a consultant to the United States Agency for International Development, in the Phase III program, which is also known as Land to the Tiller, and was modelled on the land reforms in Asia. The junta adopted Phase III reluctantly, it has been reliably reported, at the insistence of the American Institute for Free Labor Development, a subsidiary of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., primarily funded by AID, which has been working in Latin America since the days of the Alliance for Progress, when it enjoyed the patronage of the Central Intelligence Agency. In many parts of the country, the report said, Phase III wasn't working at all. Some of the peasants who tried to claim their rented land were murdered. Others, it said, simply did not want ownership of marginal hillside plots so long as they thought there was the possibility of getting something better. A significant amount of the land was taken, according to the report, from small holders who were now worse off than their former tenants, since they no longer had a source of income and have not yet been paid for the land.

The government's announcement in March that it had no immediate plans to expropriate the so-called Phase II properties, ranging from a hundred hectares to five hundred (247 to 1,235 acres), led to further criticism. There are 1,739 of these holdings, totalling 847,249 acres, according to the AID figures—almost ninety per cent of the size of the Phase I and Phase III properties combined. Although Prosterman has stated that the figure is much lower, most authorities agree that Phase II lands produce between seventy and eighty per cent of El Salvador's coffee (its most important cash crop), about seventy per cent of its cotton, and seventy-five per cent of its sugar. "They got it backward," an

American who has worked on land-reform projects all over the world told me. "The Phase II land should have been taken first. Coffee is a labor-intensive crop that is made to order for family farming. But the fact is that they will probably never expropriate the coffee land, because too many politicians and Army officers own it." According to the AID figures, only thirty-eight thousand families, or about a quarter million people, became members of the coöperatives as a matter of right. They are now being encouraged by the government to admit forty-two thousand "semi-permanent" employees and their families. Some coöperatives are doing so, others are not. In any case, more than half the peasants who didn't have any land before the reform still don't have any. They remain casual and seasonal laborers, no longer under a system that at least seemed inevitable and unchangeable, and are now working for employers who a year ago were scarcely better off than they were.



"*Apparently, they've already seen it, so I guess* *__we__* *must have.*"

• •

Duarte has called the land reform "irreversible," and so it might be if the former owners and their families had been executed, or if the seizure of the land had been the result of laws passed by a government of unquestioned legitimacy and confirmed by the highest courts in the land, or if the country's armed forces were prepared to defend it to the death. However, the junta that enacted it came to power in a coup, the loyalty of the military is uncertain, and the former owners are alive and well and living in their second or third homes, in Florida or Guatemala. It is conceivable, of course, that some of them are content with the nine-per-cent bonds they are to receive in payment for their lands, even though these securities can scarcely be described as gilt-edged. But, given the strong emotions likely to be aroused by the loss of estates that have in many cases been in the same families for a hundred years or more, and that have returned profits reliably estimated to average from twenty to thirty per cent a year, it seems more likely that there is very little that most of the former owners will not do to get them back. (I was told on good authority that a hundred hectares of prime coffee land produces a net profit of a hundred thousand to a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in an average year.) Their efforts have almost certainly included a campaign of terror carried out by the security forces and the death squads against land-reform officials and technicians. More than fifty have been murdered since the decrees went into effect, a little more than a year ago. The toll among the permanent workers has been in the hundreds.

The sense of uncertainty among the beneficiaries of the land reform is intensified by the fact that the issuing of even provisional titles has scarcely begun. The year-long delay, one is assured, is a matter of bureaucratic muddle and the immense amount of clerical work involved. Still, coöperative members and individual proprietors who don't have so much as a piece of stamped and notarized paper to prove their ownership of land can be pardoned for wondering if the whole thing is not all a bitter joke at their expense. Like peasants the world over, *campesinos* are closemouthed with strangers, and likely to tell them what they think they want to hear. "They won't say it," said the American land-reform expert, "but they've got to be wondering whether one of these days *el patrón* isn't going to show up, escorted by the National Guard, to take back his land and punish them for having dared to think it was theirs." Even if the oligarchy does not regain its former holdings, the question remains of whether the security forces and the Army, which have a monopoly of power in the countryside, will permit the hitherto despised permanent workers to remain in control of properties that form a large part of the country's wealth. Many coöperatives have complained of having to pay protection money, and there have been reports of officials and officers simply occupying choice coöperative land as though it were their own.

The financial aspects of the land reform are also daunting. No one in the government seems to have more than the roughest idea of the total value of the Phase I and Phase III lands, but it is certainly many hundreds of millions of dollars. If the production of export crops on the coöperatives continues to decline, and if the world price of coffee remains depressed, the government will be able to pay off these enormous obligations only with loans and grants from abroad, which means, as a practical matter, from the United States. In any event, land reform can scarcely be more than a temporary remedy in a country in which the population is increasing by 3.2 per cent a year—among the highest rates in the world. It is in the countryside, in which three million people live, that it is growing most rapidly, and, in particular, among the landless peasants. Under any system of land ownership, El Salvador will soon lose what is already a marginal ability to feed itself.

THROUGH an acquaintance, I met a man who was attending to the interests of an oligarchy family that was residing in Florida. He agreed to let me accompany him on a visit to one of the family's major holdings, provided that I mentioned neither his name nor the name of the family and altered certain minor details. Since such establishments are usually not open to outsiders, I agreed.

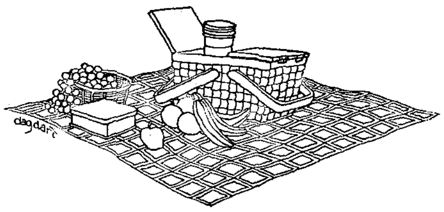
Although in comfortable circumstances himself and conservative in outlook, the man, whom I will call Juan Gómez, made it clear that he did not entirely share the oligarchic point of view. "You could say I've been Americanized," he said. "It's not important to me who your grandparents were. It's who *you* are that counts. I'm a believer in the puritan ethic, and a lot of the men in these oligarchy families are perfectly decent people who work as hard as I do." (Those were the only even modestly complimentary words I heard about the oligarchy. "They have the same psychology as your Southerners before the Civil War," said a physician whose practice had largely vanished with their departure. "We would be lucky to have conservatives like yours, who are at least willing to let other people live," said a local journalist. "They are provincial, inbred, uncultured, and avaricious, with a taste for the deepest sofas, hi-fi sets with the most knobs, the shiniest cars, and the blondest blondes," said the Salvadoran sociologist.)

As Gómez spoke, we were heading west toward Guatemala on the Pan-American Highway in a four-wheel-drive station wagon that had been fitted with bulletproof windows and an armored passenger compartment. (Such conversions, which cost at least fifty thousand dollars, have become a big business in El Salvador.) The highway follows the approximate route taken by Pedro de Alvarado, Cortes's lieutenant, in his march of conquest from Mexico in 1524. It passes through the *meseta*, a belt of fertile volcanic soil, no more than thirty miles wide, which runs across the center of the country at an altitude of fifteen hundred to two thousand feet. To the south, on the Pacific coast, the malarial jungles have been cleared in the past fifty years for the cultivation of cotton and sugar. To the north, in a zone of thin soil and small subsistence farms, are tumbled hills and mountains that rise to a height of five thousand feet along the Honduran border.

There were broad fields on both sides of the road. Some had been kept green by irrigation, and there cattle grazed, but in the final months of the dry season most of the vegetation had turned brown, and smoke rose from fires that were burning off the stubble. The leaves of the coffee trees had lost their crisp lustre and turned a dusty gray-green, but their small white flowers were beginning to appear.

About fifteen miles from Santa Ana, the major town of the northwestern part of the country, we turned off the highway and followed a bumpy dirt road that rose and turned among the hills. "This all belongs to the family," Gómez said. "There are two thousand acres of coffee here, all planted in the past twenty-five years. Now it's one of the most productive coffee *fincas* in the country."

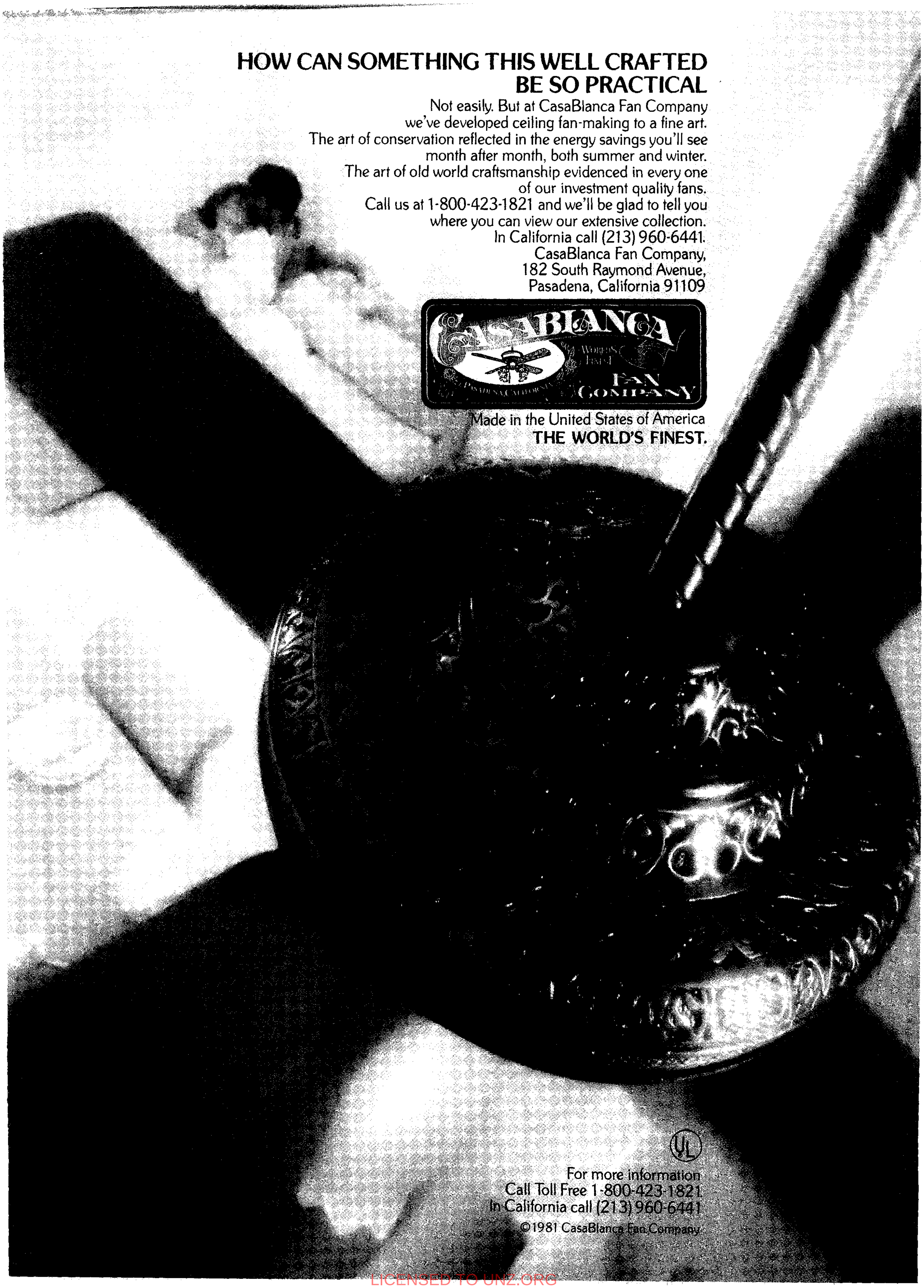
Noting the size of the holding, I asked Gómez how the family had avoided expropriation. "These people are very smart," he replied. "When President Molina set up the Institute of Agrarian Transformation in 1975—not that they thought anything was going to happen—they decided to play it safe. They divided their lands up in a lot of different family and corporate names. The only thing they lost, in fact, is the main hacienda property, down in the valley over there. It turned out to be slightly more than five hundred hectares." It seemed likely, he agreed, considering the large percentage of export crops that remained in private hands, that other families had done the same thing. Many of the expropriated properties, moreover, had been mortgaged up to ninety per cent of their value before they were seized.



"That's the money a lot of oligarchy families are living on now," Gómez said.

The road ended in a cluster of red-painted one-story buildings which was the headquarters of the *finca*. The manager, a tall, weather-beaten man who wore a revolver at his hip, and his assistant, who was shorter and younger and carried a machete, led us into the office. Gómez studied the ledgers, which showed, among other things, that the permanent workers were getting about two dollars a day. He then offered to show me around the place. From the office, we walked to a workers' clinic, presided over by a plump, ingratiating paramedic wearing a soiled white coat. He showed us a sick-call list that seemed to speak well for the health of the permanent workers. From there, we walked to the *finca's* school, which wasn't in session and, from the look of the single classroom, hadn't been in some time. In the cookhouse, tortillas baked on an iron sheet about eight feet square over a blazing wood fire, and beans bubbled in big black pots. These were not the dainty tortillas served in Mexican restaurants in New York but chewy discs a quarter of an inch thick and eight inches in diameter. Gómez told me that each worker got three of them and a ladle of beans three times a day. It is the invariable *campesino* diet, augmented occasionally—although not by the owner—by a bit of chicken or pork and some chili peppers. The permanent-worker families, which averaged five or six people, lived in a long single-story building divided into cubicles eight or nine feet square—one cubicle per family. Each dwelling also had a brick hearth and a stone basin outside the front door, protected from the rain by an extension of the roof. Only the workers are fed by the *finca;* they must provide food for their families. When I mentioned to Gómez that the quarters seemed somewhat cramped, he agreed, saying that they were the first that the owner had built, and offered to show me newer and more commodious dwellings.

We stopped at a small settlement a couple of miles farther on. The housing was indeed better, consisting of eight or ten separate structures perhaps twelve feet square, built of brick, with small verandas. But the furnishings were mean and sparse, and there was an atmosphere of hopelessness and squalor. A wrinkled old woman sat in front of one of the cottages, her left



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Consumer Orientation

No. 12 in a Series
of Technical Papers

12

Subject:
Design, Improvement,
and Production of the Porsche 924/924 Turbo.
Model Years 1977 through 1981.

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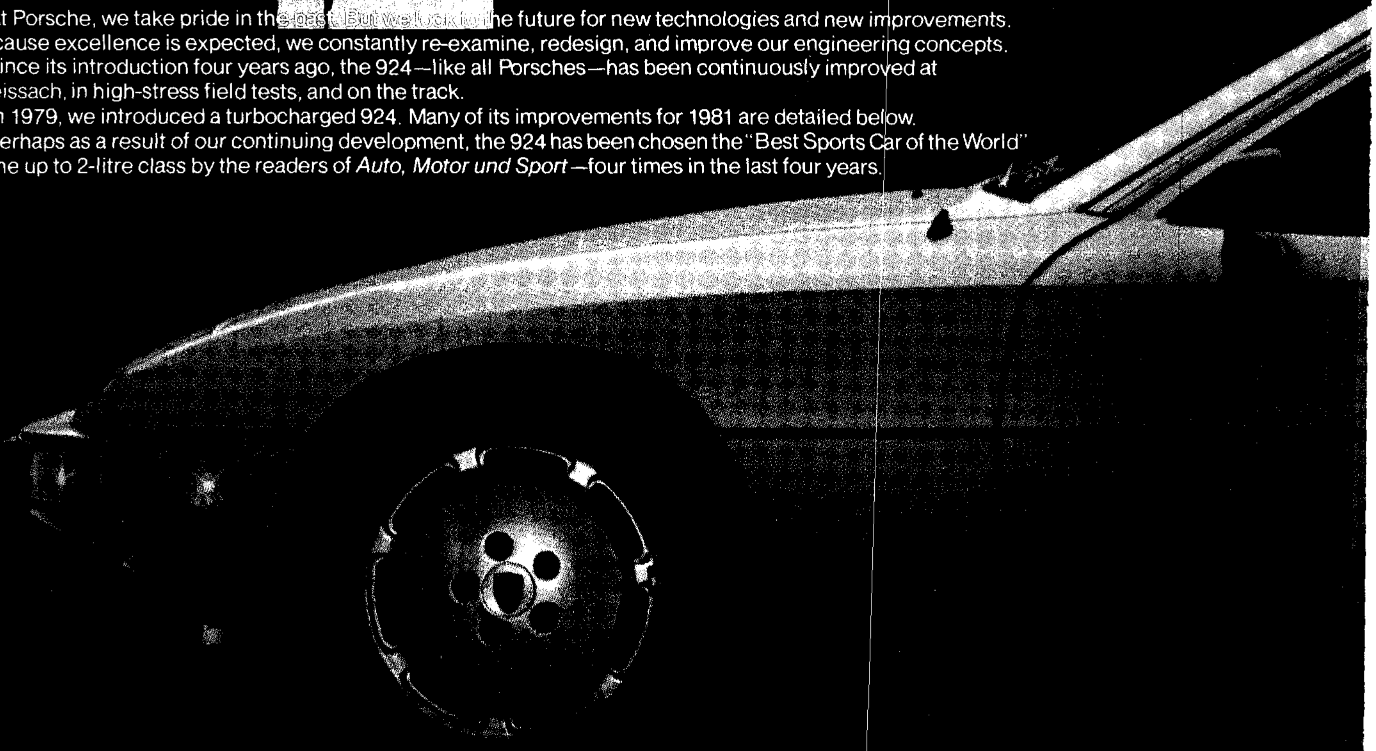
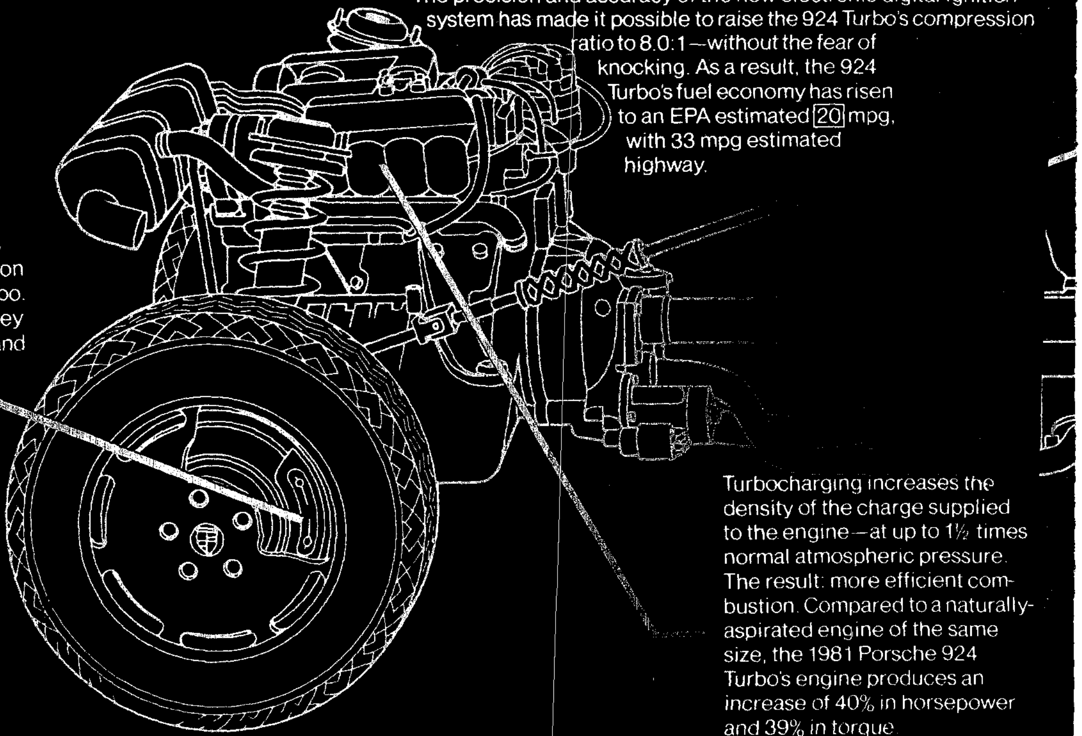


New halogen headlamps provide wider and brighter light—an increase of approximately 30% over last year. In addition, the diffusion pattern of each lens provides greater visibility, extending the driver's field of vision.

The 1981 Porsche 924 Turbo introduces a new electronic digital ignition system with automatic idle stabilization. Now, regardless of engine load, engine rpm is maintained (±50 rpm). In addition, engine output has been increased from 143 to 154 hp because of greater ignition accuracy (every 1.8° of crank rotation is controlled) and more efficient combustion chamber design. The new electronic ignition is set permanently. No maintenance is required because there is no mechanical wear and tear.

The precision and accuracy of the new electronic digital ignition system has made it possible to raise the 924 Turbo's compression ratio to 8.0:1—without the fear of knocking. As a result, the 924 Turbo's fuel economy has risen to an EPA estimated $\boxed{20}$ mpg, with 33 mpg estimated highway.



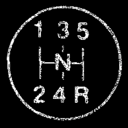
Internally-vented disc brakes are now standard equipment on all four wheels of the 924 Turbo. Compared to drum brakes, they dissipate heat more rapidly, and thus reduce fading.

Turbocharging increases the density of the charge supplied to the engine—at up to 1½ times normal atmospheric pressure. The result: more efficient combustion. Compared to a naturally-aspirated engine of the same size, the 1981 Porsche 924 Turbo's engine produces an increase of 40% in horsepower and 39% in torque.

To help keep the driver and his passenger comfortable, air conditioning is now standard equipment in the 924 Turbo. Power windows are also standard.

Porsche 924/924 Turbo

For more convenience in stop-and-go city driving, first gear—which is seldom used on the track—has been moved into the H-pattern:



New five-bolt 6JX15 light alloy wheels maintain strength yet reduce unsprung weight. Fitted with high-speed 185/70VR15 radial ply tires, they improve both ride and tire traction.

At Porsche, we don't believe that increases in engine power and emission control are mutually exclusive. Thus power, economy and exhaust emissions all have been improved.

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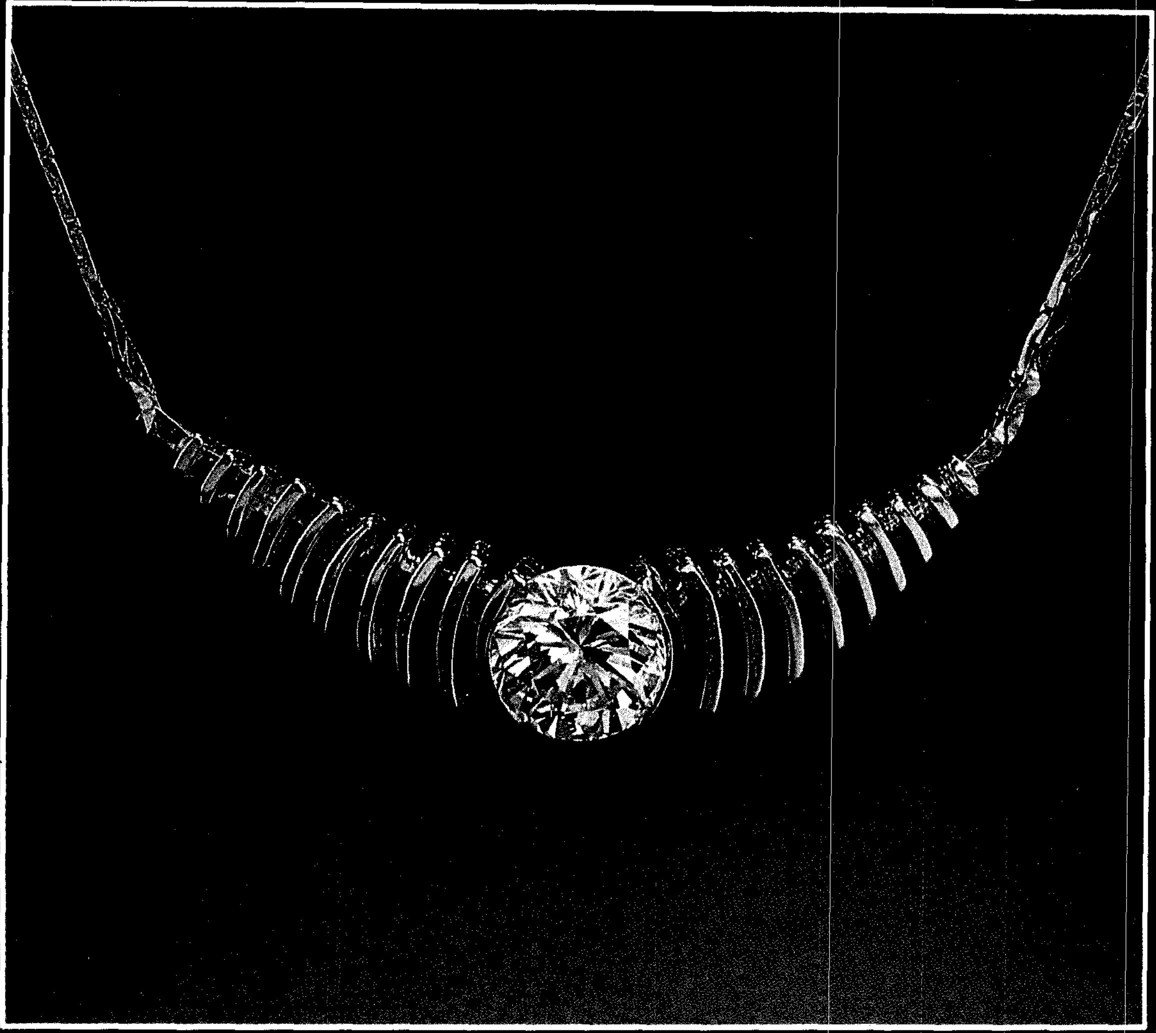

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moment last a lifetime.

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leg roughly bandaged from the ankle halfway to the knee. She thought it might be broken. The paramedic hadn't examined her, she said. She was unable to hobble to the clinic, and he, it turned out, did not make house calls.

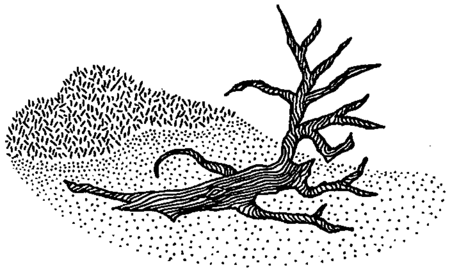
Nearby, a crew of eight men under the supervision of a *cabo*, or corporal, as a foreman is called, were placing white coffee beans in precise rows of three in immaculately prepared seedling beds, which were shaded by a thatch of wet straw. They didn't look up or stop work for a moment while we were there. "We assign the older men to this job, because it's not as physically demanding," Gómez said when we were back in the car. "Coffee trees don't bear so well after eight or ten years, so if you want to keep your production up you've got to pull them up and replant. That's at least a couple of hundred thousand each year."

Gómez followed a narrow side road that dropped toward the valley. Coffee trees clung to steep hills around us. The high, unvarying drone of cicadas filled the air, and in counterpoint I could hear the dull clang of metal on wood. Men with machetes were pruning the *pepetos*—trees that shade the coffee trees. "I'll tell you something else about the oligarchy," Gómez said. "It gets all the blame for the way the *campesinos* were treated, but the truth is that it usually treated them pretty well. It was the smaller landowners trying to *become* oligarchs who really ripped them off." There was, I learned later, an element of truth in what he had said. In fact, conditions on the *finca*, wretched though they were, did not strike me as notably worse than those migrant workers lived under on many farms in the United States. (It is the marginal tenant farmers and the landless workers who live in conditions of poverty that are extreme even by Latin-American standards.) What puzzled me, and still does, was the absolute refusal of the landowners, either out of cruelty, selfishness, indifference, or some sort of emotional or cultural blind spot, to pass on to their workers a reasonable share of their very large profits, even after events in Cuba and Nicaragua should have made it clear that the old order was passing for good.

At the headquarters of the new coöperative, the foreman and the bookkeeper—former employees of the landowning family—began discussing their problems with Gómez. While they were talking, the treasurer of the coöperative arrived. A small, wrinkled, dark-skinned man, he sat down and listened quietly and respectfully, scarcely opening his mouth. Driving back to the *finca* headquarters, Gómez shook his head. "They say they haven't got their loans from the government yet," he told me. "They say the work isn't going well. Everybody stops at 10 A.M. every day for a meeting. Nobody works hard. On the *finca*, the workers have to transplant a hundred coffee trees a day. The coöperative has some coffee lands, and the foreman told me that they were transplanting only thirty-five trees a day." Gómez went on to say that the members weren't happy and that they didn't understand the cooperative principle. "Salvadorans aren't used to working together like that," he explained. "What they really want is their own piece of land."

It was an opinion I heard many times while I was in El Salvador. One American added, "That's where the land reform made its biggest mistake. They should just have divided up the haciendas and given them to the *campesinos*. As it is, nobody on the coöperatives thinks he really owns anything."

We returned to the main office, to find a squad of eight National Guardsmen there. They wore high-crowned steel helmets, tight-fitting dark-green tunics with silver buttons, riding breeches, and black leather puttees. Each carried a German-made automatic rifle. They were all in their late twenties or thirties—hard-looking, expressionless men, who made the Salvadoran troops I had seen look like so many Boy Scouts. Gómez said they were delivering the *finca's* payroll from a bank in San Salvador. He told me that at least ten Guardsmen were stationed at the *finca* during the harvesting season, when three thousand five hundred pickers arrived from all over the country, and thirty on paydays. By then, I knew of the close relationship between the National Guard and the landowners, but I couldn't help asking him if he didn't find such a system unusual. "I suppose you're right," he replied, "but that's the way it has always been here."



FOR more than four centuries, the Roman Catholic Church in Latin America provided the spiritual voice of the established order, offering words of solace to the poor and of mild admonition to the rich. Over the past twenty years, however, the Church has become perhaps the single most important force in the fight for social justice. The doctrinal aspects of this transformation, which has come to be called the theology of liberation, began with the publication of the encyclicals "Mater et Magistra," in 1961, and "Pacem in Terris," in 1963, and continued with the decisions of the Second Vatican Council, which ended in 1965. It reached its fullest form at the Latin-American Episcopal Conference, at Medellín, Colombia, in 1968, where Pope Paul VI declared, "We wish to personify the Christ of a poor and hungry people." His words were heard by an audience that ministered, at least nominally, to three hundred and forty million baptized members of the Church—ninety per cent of the population of Latin America, and nearly half the world total of Roman Catholics. But the figures were misleading. Sermons rang hollow among congregations that grew smaller year by year. The number of ordinations had declined to the point where small rural churches were fortunate to have even a monthly visit from a priest. But the poverty to which the Pope alluded was real and overwhelming.

In El Salvador, the renewal urged by the Pope began in earnest after the 1972 election had demonstrated that the oligarchy and the military would not permit significant reform. With the encouragement of Luis Chávez y González, who was then the Archbishop of San Salvador, priests defied the law to help workers and peasants form unions. They preached the right to a decent life, and they taught hundreds of *delegados de la Palabra*, or lay ministers, to conduct simple services, to administer the Eucharist, and to carry the new social message to rural chapels, to peasant huts, and to urban shantytowns.

When Chávez y González retired, in 1977, he was succeeded by Romero, who had been regarded as a conservative during his years as Bishop of San Miguel, the major city of the eastern part of the country. Within three weeks of his installation, however, a priest was murdered by right-wing

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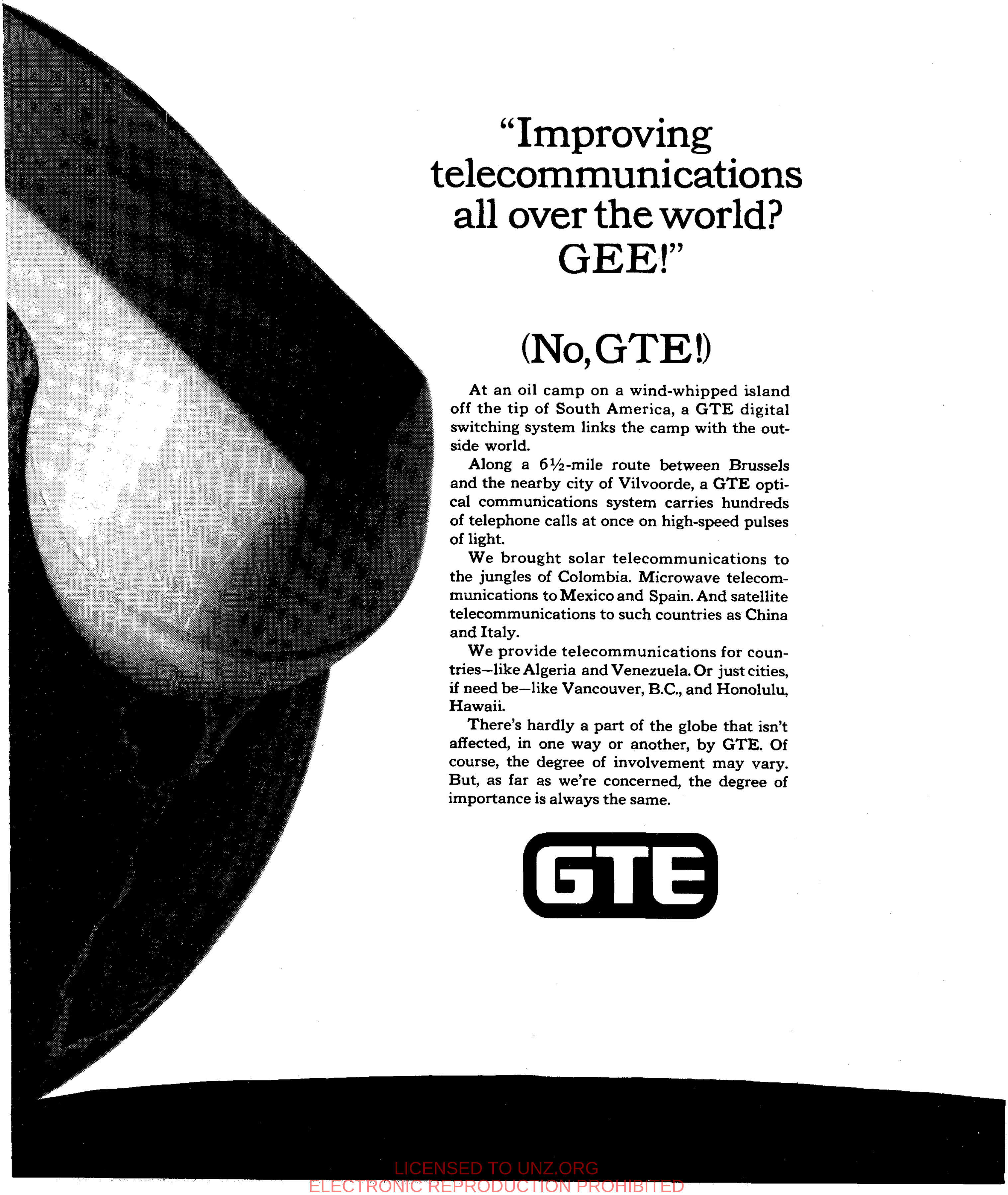

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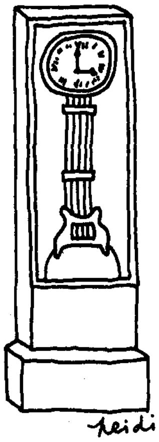
terrorists, and Romero began undergoing a conversion. The priest—the first to be killed in El Salvador, although many had been murdered elsewhere in Latin America—was the Reverend Rutilio Grande, the pastor of the church at Aguilares, about twenty-five miles north of San Salvador. Grande, a Jesuit and an activist, had helped to organize a successful strike of sugar-mill workers. The fifty or so other Jesuits in the country, whom the right regarded, correctly, as the intellectual leaders of the liberation movement, were told not long after that they, too, would be murdered if they remained in the country. The warning was ignored.



While not exculpating the militant left, the Archbishop condemned with increasing frequency and fervor the repressions of the government and the activities of the death squads. Romero's conversion can be said to have become complete when, in November, 1978, he attended the funeral of the Reverend Ernesto Barrera, who was killed under circumstances suggesting that he had been with a guerrilla unit during a skirmish with the armed forces. After the service, Romero said, "When a dictatorship seriously violates human rights and attacks the common good of the nation, when it becomes unbearable and closes all channels of dialogue, of understanding, of rationality—when this happens, the Church speaks of the legitimate right of insurrectional violence."

Four months later, from his pulpit in the Cathedral of San Salvador, he declared, according to Plácido Erdozaín's biography "Archbishop Romero: Martyr of Salvador," "No soldier is obliged to obey an order contrary to the law of God. It is time that you come to your senses and obey your conscience rather than follow sinful commands." To the armed forces, it was an unmistakable incitement to mutiny. The next night, as Romero was saying a memorial Mass on the first anniversary of the death of the mother of Jorge Pinto, who was a close friend, he was shot dead.

THE fact that the neo-baroque Cathedral of San Salvador, where Romero preached the theology of liberation, is unfinished, and is likely to remain so, can be taken to symbolize the end of the long period of the Church's collaboration with repressive governments in El Salvador and elsewhere in Latin America. Construction began in the late nineteen-fifties after a fire had destroyed the cathedral's predecessor, a modest wooden structure. The new cathedral was expected to become a monument to the munificence of the oligarchy, which then stood at a pinnacle of wealth and unchallenged political power. However, the oligarchy, which prefers to invest its money abroad and in the temporal rather than the spiritual realm, proved to be less generous than expected. Within a few years, construction was slowing down for lack of funds. By the early nineteen-seventies, it had just about come to a stop, and whatever funds were available were being spent, in Chávez y González's words, "on the Church rather than on churches"—that is, on good works rather than on bricks and mortar. For ten years now, the dank gray reinforced-concrete shell of the cathedral in the center of the city and the Plaza Libertad, which it faces, have been a magnet for antigovernment demonstrations and riots. Hundreds have died there, among them those who were killed in the disorders during the funeral of the Archbishop, who is buried in the crypt. The architect and builder of the cathedral, as it happens, was Duarte's father-in-law, José María Durán, and Duarte himself had a hand in its construction. The structure would no doubt present a more pleasing appearance if the scaffolding were removed, if the interior were sheathed, as was planned, with marble, if the window openings were covered with stained glass rather than translucent corrugated plastic, and if it were lighted by great hanging candelabra instead of bare fluorescent tubing. However, it will always be almost perversely malproportioned, as though reflecting Salvadoran society, managing to seem at the same time cramped and cavernous, inflated and oppressive.

SINCE the Jesuits have been credited or blamed for so much that has happened in El Salvador, I arranged to talk with a member of the order who serves on the staff of the Central American University. It was founded by the Jesuits in 1965 and now has five thousand students who pay as little as ten dollars a month in tuition. Most of its faculty, including its rector, are lay persons, and its curriculum is liberal. In accordance with this priest's wishes, I will identify him by a pseudonym—as the Reverend Alfredo Quiñónes. He is a Spaniard, as are more than half of the Jesuits in El Salvador, and he spoke, in the purest accents of Castile, with such measured eloquence that irony, anger, fury, and even wisps of hope seemed to hover almost palpably in the air in his office.

Noting that the Jesuits did not establish themselves in El Salvador until 1916, when they were invited to open a secondary school in San Salvador, the Seminario de San José, he said, "It was perhaps an error for us to do this, since it turned out to be a school for the sons of the oligarchy. Perhaps we liked too much in those days to sit at the tables of the rich. We were unable, in any case, to convert our pupils to true Christianity. Perhaps we could not do so because we had not been converted ourselves." He paused to light a cigarette, and I noticed a fine tremor in his hands. "After Vatican II and Medellín, the Church had second thoughts about itself," he went on. "It recognized its faults, and saw that its mission must be the promotion of faith and justice—that the two cannot be separated. First, the people have to live; only then can they be Christians. Bishop Bartolomé de las Casas said in the early days of the Conquest, 'Better a live Indian than a dead Christian.' I am by birth and training a conservative, but in my twelve years in El Salvador I have been radicalized—not that I like that term. To me, the dividing line is whether or not you have a human sensibility. I will tell you how anti-Communist I used to be: I regretted that the Bay of Pigs invasion did not succeed; I was happy when your Marines landed in the Dominican Republic; it didn't even bother me when Allende 'committed suicide,' as your government said. Now I am humiliated to think of it. I admit I was wrong. And I will tell you something else. I wish the gringos to be beaten here. I will not call them Norteamericanos. I will call them gringos. And I will tell you that the policy of the gringo Department of State is damned. *Maldito!* In Spanish, this is a very strong word. The only stronger one would be to say that they are all sons of bitches.

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Democratic Revolutionary Front had been taken from our San José high school and murdered, 'This is Vietnam.' It is! It is true that I favor the poor against the oligarchs. I am against violence, but even more against unjust violence. There is another *matanza* going on in the countryside. If the solution to this is Marxism, let it come, rather than what is here."

Even, I asked, if it meant the suppression of the Church?

"Even that," he replied. "What is lost? Freedom of expression? Freedom to travel? Free enterprise? Who loses it? Not the *campesinos!*" He paused. "Not that I think that this will happen. The strongest of the guerrilla groups are anti-Soviet. What I foresee for this country is an independent socialism, like Poland's."

Despite Quiñónes' fiery words, the hierarchy seems to have been sounding a note of caution. Thus, in January, 1979, addressing the Latin-American Episcopal Conference in Puebla, Mexico, Pope John Paul II said, "You are not social directors, political leaders, or functionaries of a temporal power." He went on to condemn the portrayal of Jesus Christ "as a political figure, a revolutionary, as the subversive Man from Nazareth." Speaking to a predominantly Indian audience in Oaxaca, farther to the south, he seemed to shift his ground by justifying the expropriation of land from the rich and calling for "daring and profoundly innovative" social reforms. The Reverend Pedro Arrupe, the Superior General of the Jesuits, recently cautioned the order against the uncritical use of Marxist analysis in interpreting reality. In El Salvador itself, the acting archbishop, Arturo Rivera y Damas, has been less outspoken than Romero, but this may be because his conversion to liberation theology took place over a period of years, whereas Romero's came, as it were, in a burst of light.

Although the Church has led the fight for social justice, one issue remains an embarrassment to many clergymen in El Salvador. That is its continued official opposition to artificial methods of birth control. Speaking in the abstract, Quiñónes said he could see the need for such methods, but he was not sure how they could be adopted, given the physical hazards associated with some techniques and—more important—the reluctance of *campesinos* to limit the size of their families. For them, he said, having

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many children to support them in their old age is the only form of social security.

IN the past year or so, as the intensity of the fighting has increased in what the Salvadoran military communiqués call the Zona Norte, thousands of *campesino* families have fled or been driven southward. Stories appear regularly in the Salvadoran press, which faithfully reflects government policy, describing their elation at having escaped from guerrilla terrorism. It is one of many formulations that awaken memories of the Vietnam War, when peasants who only wanted to escape daily bombings were said to be "voting with their feet" for the Saigon government.

Driving north from San Salvador—or, indeed, in any other direction—one can see new huts standing on shoulders and in ditches along the highways, and squatter colonies on patches of waste ground. They are particularly thick on the outskirts of the capital. In San Salvador itself, the shantytowns that have existed, as in many Latin-American cities, for decades have grown larger. The Catholic Church has established several camps, and so have foreign charities, but their resources are limited, and whatever food is available is barely sufficient to sustain life. Aside from congratulating the refugees on their patriotism, the government has done little for them. The United States has begun shipping food to the refugees—much of which, to judge by past experience in other lands, is likely to be diverted into private channels.

In the circumstances, the twenty-three hundred refugees, three-quarters of them children, who have found shelter at La Bermuda Hacienda, about twenty-five miles north of the capital, can count themselves relatively fortunate. Most of them were tenant farmers nearby, and when the National Guard ordered them to leave their villages, because they were suspected of assisting the guerrillas, they were able to bring their livestock, their reserves of corn and beans, and, in some cases, even their beds with them. Their dwellings, of course, were burned.

La Bermuda is a historical site: it was one of the first haciendas to be established in the country, dating, I was told, from the late-sixteenth century. A long one-story stone-and-tile building, obviously much restored or entirely rebuilt, and shaded by large

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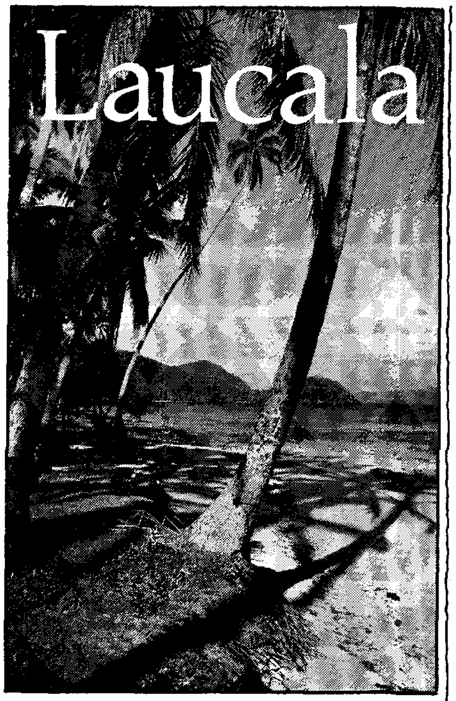

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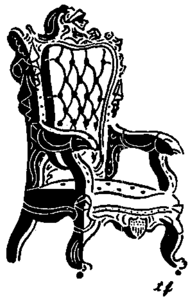
trees, it consists of eight large rooms, of about equal size, arranged in a straight line. The first refugees took up residence in the house. Those who followed built huts of split bamboo and adobe, thatched with banana leaves, on the grounds. A dozen cows and calves, a bellowing steer, and a morose ox team were tethered just off the road. There were goats and a couple of work horses; pigs tied by a hind leg to logs, eating corn on the cob; a squadron or two of piglets; several strutting cockerels, their combs as bright as the flag of revolution; demure ducks; puffball ducklings and chicks; and dozens of dogs, so thin that when they were lying down—as they usually were—they looked as though they had been outlined with a stick in the dust. Dirty and naked children, some with swollen eyes and some with distended bellies, played among them. There were piles of burlap sacks containing dried corn, and the ground was thick with shucks. The air became smoky as fires were lighted under the iron sheets on which the tortillas for supper would be cooked. All over the camp, women were placing handfuls of soaked kernels on slightly concave flat stones and crushing them with a stone roller. Others returned from a stream a quarter mile away, the camp's only source of water, balancing plastic urns on their heads.



Some of the younger men strolled about and talked quietly among themselves, but most squatted on their heels or lay in hammocks, their eyes shaded by straw hats, and just stared into space. They were dark-skinned (the Indian heritage tends to become more pronounced the deeper one goes into the countryside), sinewy, with corded necks, big hands, and the bent-knee walk that is the mark of the unmechanized farmer the world over. Some had been forced to leave their fields before they had gathered all their corn. Now they were slipping back at dawn to glean what remained. "The soldiers caught me," said an old man. "They forced me to lie down in the field. One of them put his foot on my shoulders and poked me here"—he tapped his head—"with his rifle. He said he was going to kill me. I said, 'Before you kill me, let me say something.' The corporal said, 'Well, then, what is it?' I said, 'I have come back to my fields with the permission of the *jefe* of the camp.' So they let me go, but they told me not to come back again or they would surely kill me."

La Bermuda is operated by the Green Cross, a charitable agency that seems to be a good deal more active in El Salvador than the Salvadoran Red Cross, although its services were limited to running a dispensary. There hadn't been any serious illnesses yet, one of the staff members told me, but they could be expected when the food ran out and the rain began beating through the flimsy thatching of the huts, and there were no physicians or nurses on call. A colleague and I had been driven to the camp in a Green Cross van. On the way, his interpreter expressed what I learned was a widely held opinion among urban Salvadorans. "Once a *campesino*, always a *campesino*," he said. "Give a *campesino* three *colones* a day and he'll spend two and a half on *aguardiente*"—the local moonshine, which is distilled from corn. "Give him five *colones* a day and he'll spend four and a half." Similar observations have been heard in the United States and elsewhere, of course, but in El Salvador they do not spring from racism, since eighty-nine per cent of the country, including, as it happened, the interpreter, is classified as mestizo, meaning of mixed white and Indian blood.

Like other stereotypes, the interpreter's view of the *campesinos* has an element of truth in it. Maybe if the land reform succeeds and they can farm their own land or become functioning members of coöperatives, it will be different, but for now—as the inevitable result, perhaps, of centuries of oppression—many seem demoralized. There are many out-of-wedlock births, frequent desertions, and much alcoholism. (Marijuana and other drugs seem to be little used, either in the countryside or in the cities.)

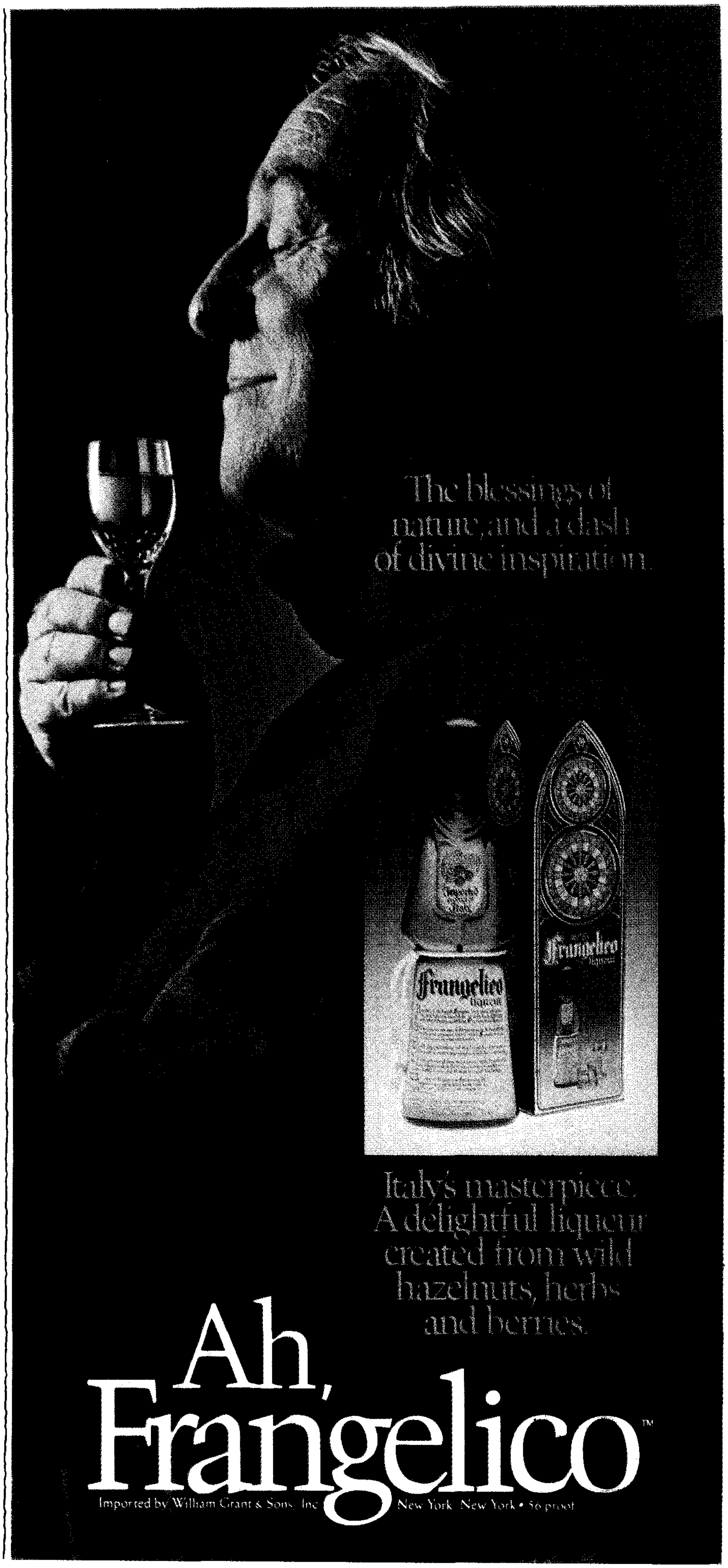
A drunken *campesino*, it is said, often becomes violent, and this was brought home to me on the drive back to San Salvador. Shortly after returning to the main highway, the van was flagged down. A group of people stood over a young man who lay bleeding on the shoulder of the road. The driver and his assistants jumped out, picked him up, and put him on the bench seat in the back of the van. His mother and a brother followed. The driver turned on the siren and began a seventy-mile-an-hour race against the clock to a hospital in San Salvador. While the driver was threading his way through the traffic, missing oncoming buses and farm wagons by inches, his two assistants were cleaning and bandaging the young man's wounds, which turned out to be less serious than they at first appeared. Long slashes in his scalp and in his right shoulder and arm bled freely, but no arteries had been severed, and it was clear that he, like the other passengers, was not in mortal danger except from the driver.

The young man, whose name was Jesús, was not a victim of either the military or the guerrillas. It being a Sunday, his brother said, Jesús had spent the afternoon getting drunk with a friend. They had quarrelled, and then Jesús had passed out. His friend had returned with his machete, El Salvador's Saturday-night-and-Sunday-afternoon special, and begun hacking away. "It happens all the time," said the interpreter. "One year, El Salvador had the highest murder rate in the world." Many Salvadorans take a kind of perverse pride in this supposed record, but it could not be confirmed. Mexico usually ranks higher. "Any kind of a problem," he continued, "money, women, property—you name it—the *campesinos* settle it with their machetes."

ALTHOUGH he is nominally subordinate to the ruling junta, the most powerful figure in the Salvadoran government, by most accounts, is Colonel José Guillermo García, the Minister of Defense, who exercises operational control over the Army, of about eight thousand men; the National Guard, of about four thousand; and the Navy and Air Force, of about four hundred men each. It was his unremovability that led to the resignation of the first junta in January, 1980.

Not entirely to my surprise, when I talked with García he denied, though not very emphatically, that he wielded that sort of power. "I meet with the junta at least once a month," he said. "I advise them on military policy, and I accept their guidance. On matters concerning politics, I step aside completely. That is their department."

García is forty-seven, but he looks older. He is a pudgy, sallow, graying man with a mole on his chin. When I saw him, one afternoon, in his office at Army headquarters, he was wearing a rumpled uniform that fitted poorly, his shoes could have used a shine, and his manner was unassuming. He lacks to a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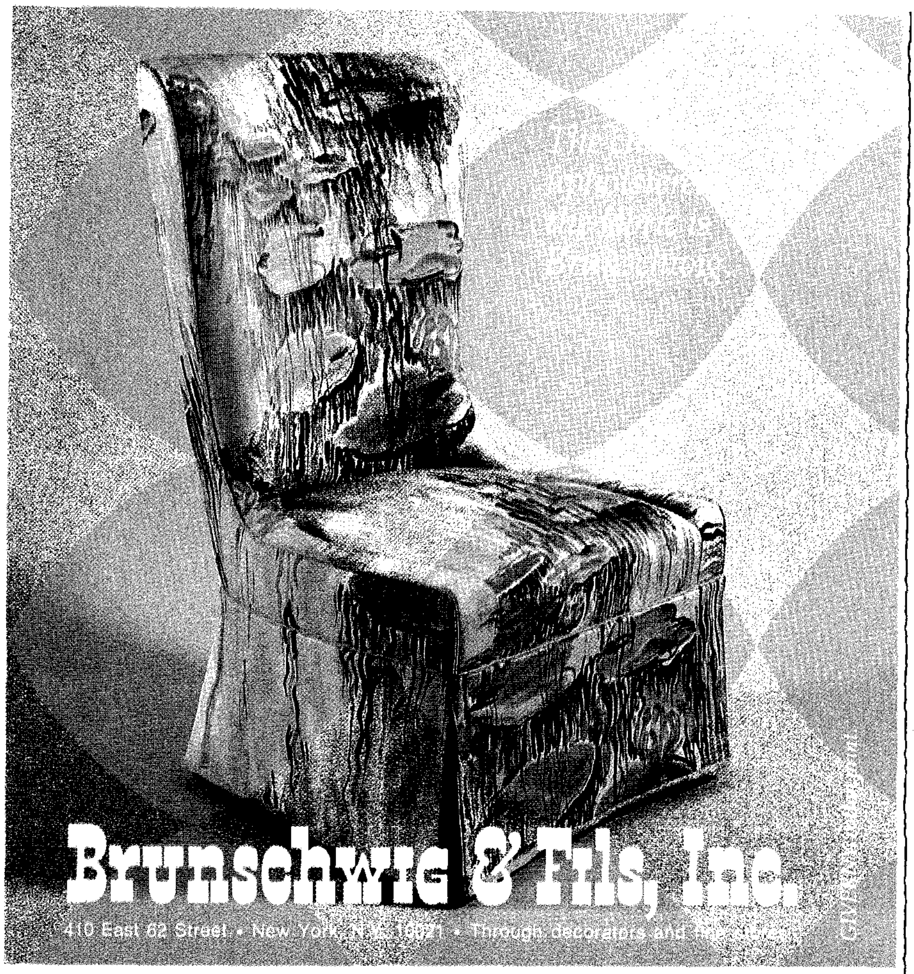

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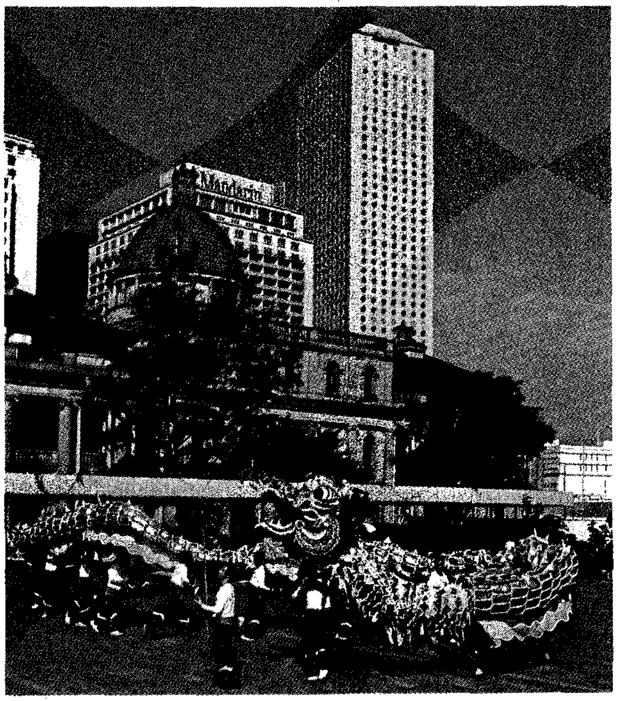

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marked degree the panache that one expects of a senior officer in a Latin-American army. Like most of the officers in the Salvadoran Army, he springs from the lower reaches of the middle class. Neither the oligarchy nor the professional classes often choose the armed forces as a career. "I wanted to be a doctor, but my father, who was a government clerk, couldn't afford it," he told me. "The only free education I could get after high school was at the military academy, so I took the examination. I graduated first in my class, in 1956. I later attended the Mexican Army staff college and had Special Forces training with your Army, in the Panama Canal Zone."

In the past, the military's consciousness of its humble origins may have helped to make it subservient to the oligarchy. But in recent years there have been signs of a more independent and moderate outlook. Duarte's campaign in 1972 had military support, for example, and Mejía, the leader of the attempted coup that followed, was an officer of liberal views, as was Colonel Ernesto Claramount, the coalition candidate for President in 1977. Majano was regarded as virtually a liberal when he and Gutiérrez were chosen—by a group of young officers—to lead the overthrow of the Romero government. Since the start of the insurrection, however, the military has tended to close ranks against anyone suspected of even vaguely leftist sympathies.

If the officers are middle-class, the men of the Salvadoran Army are the sons of *campesino* families. You would have to look a long time to find an enlisted man from San Salvador or any of the larger towns. There is supposed to be a system of conscription, but what El Salvador calls conscription would have been called press-ganging in an earlier day. A recruiting squad will descend on a village, and any likely-looking youth who is unable to prove that he has a job will find himself in the back of a truck on his way to beginning eighteen months of service. "It is an old tradition," García said. "It helps to integrate the *campesino* boys into society. They can learn to read and write, and they get a chance to save a little money. Anyhow, city boys do not want to interrupt their studies for military service." Another old custom is to station troops as far from their homes as is possible in a small country. It dates, García said, from the uprising of 1932—*la matanza*—which he called "the first Communist rebellion in the Americas." The garrison at Sonsonate, unable to resist the appeals of neighbors, friends, and relatives, joined the mutiny.

I asked García for a briefing on the military situation, and he pulled back a curtain to reveal a wall map on which were indicated the disposition of his troops and the areas in which sweeps and search-and-destroy operations were being carried out. These, he said, had been having "positive results"—pushing the guerrillas deeper into their base areas. Accounts of savage repression by the military and the security forces were for the most part, he said, Communist propaganda. In fact, García added, the three thousand to five thousand hard-core guerrillas—the equivalent of the Main Force Vietcong of an earlier day—were losing the allegiance of the peasants, because of their exactions of food, money, and manpower. "The *campesinos* come to us and tell us where the guerrillas are hiding and where the planes are landing that are bringing arms from Cuba via Nicaragua and Costa Rica," he said. "I call it the radar of the people." This was an allusion to a complaint by the Salvadoran Air Force that it lacks any other sort of radar to help it detect the light planes that are said to be doing the smuggling.

García said that the guerrillas' losses had been heavy—particularly during the January offensive. He gave no figures, but by now the obviously inflated totals of the military communiqués are in the thousands. There is no official count of casualties in the armed forces, either, but the "In Memoriam" notices that appear in the press suggest that there may be something like a hundred and fifty or two hundred dead so far, and perhaps three times as many wounded. These are not large figures in comparison with the civilian death toll, but they represent a significant percentage of the Army's combat strength.

It was mainly a lack of mobility, García went on, that prevented his troops from wiping out the guerrillas. Because fighting might break out almost anywhere in the country, he said, pointing out the operational areas of the Army's five infantry brigades, it was impossible to concentrate adequate forces for a crushing counterattack before the guerrillas dispersed. The twelve-hundred-man rapid-reaction force that was being created by the Army's American instructors would go a long way toward repairing this

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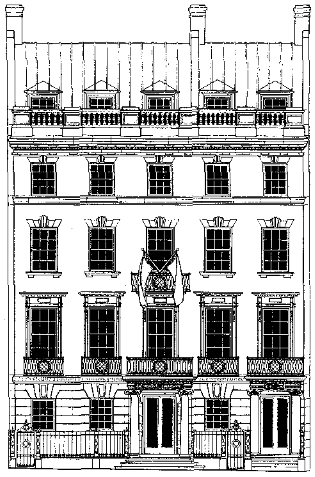

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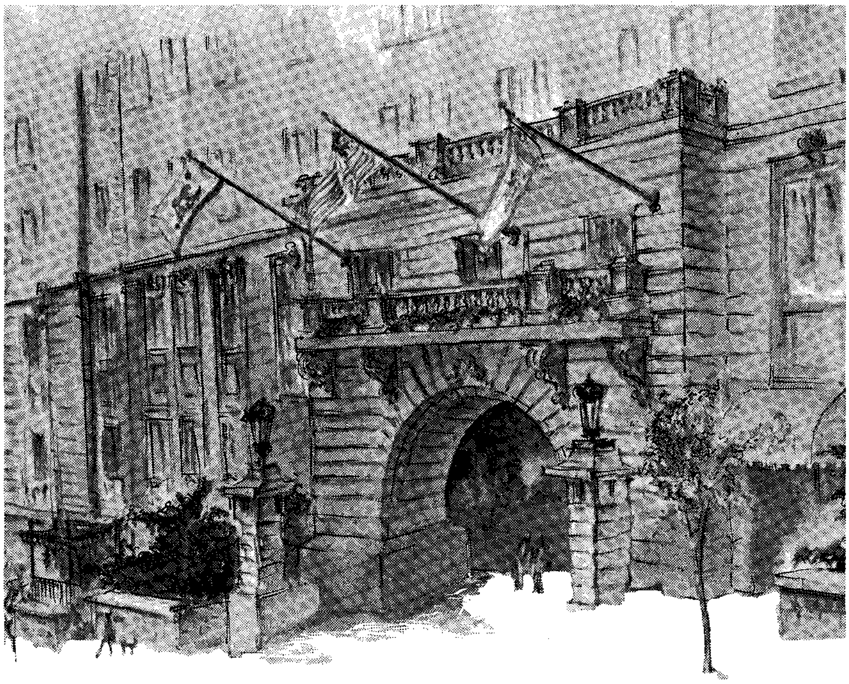

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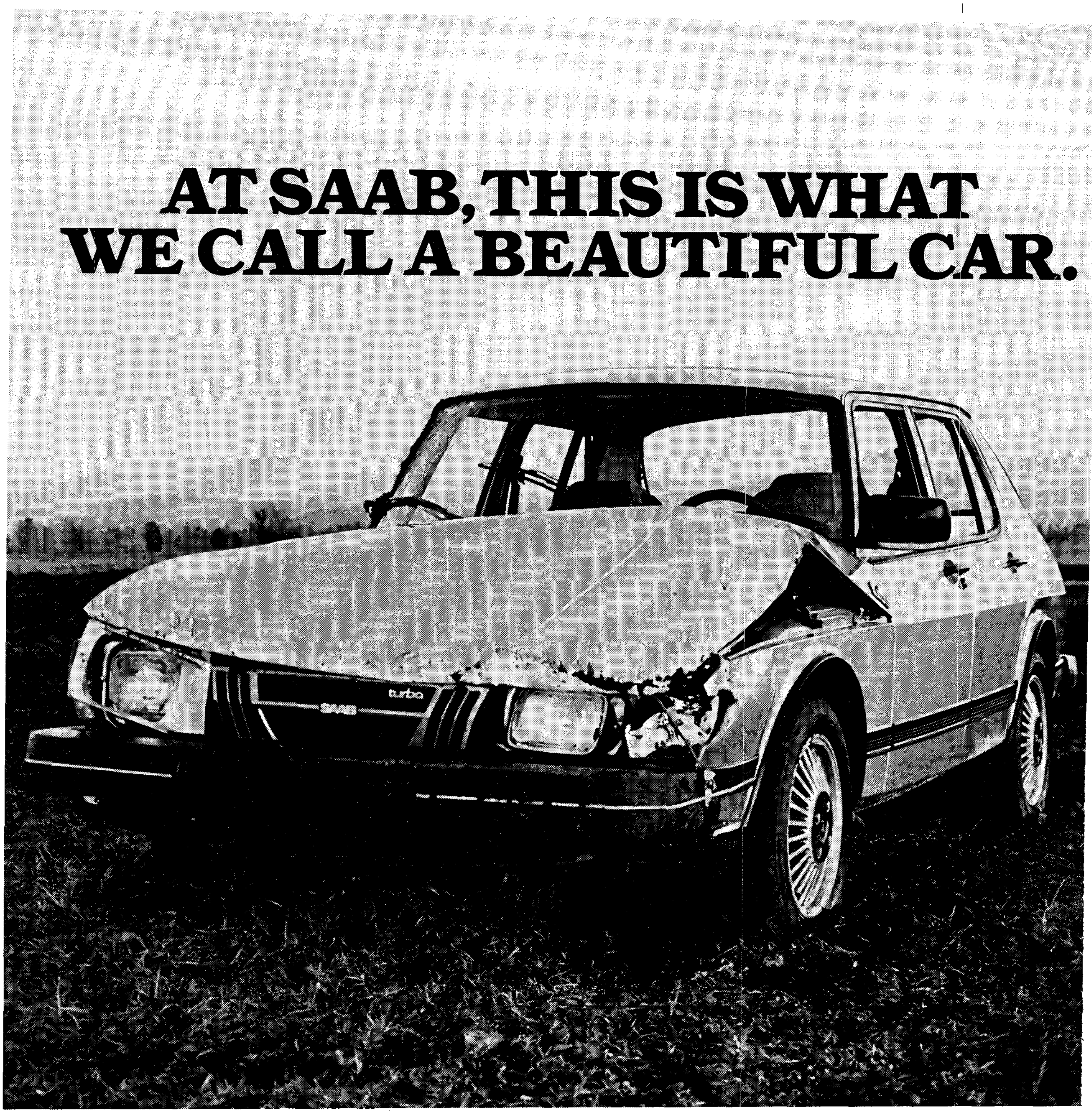

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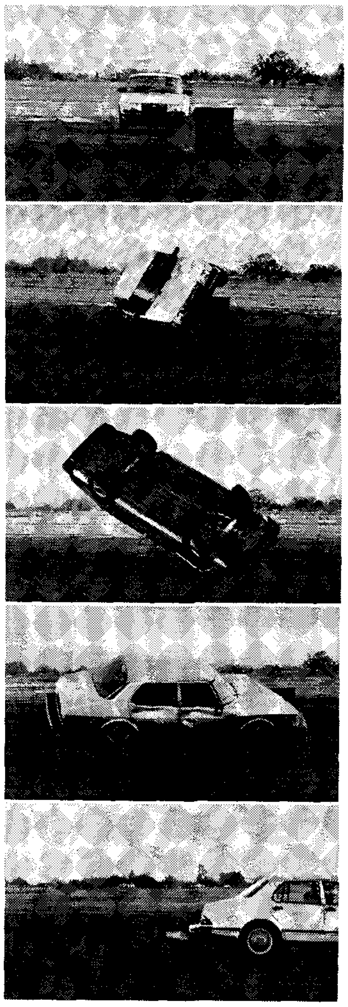

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deficiency, he said, since it has ten Huey helicopters, capable of carrying ten to twelve men each, available to it, as well as its own wheeled vehicles. García shrugged off a reminder that these tactics had not proved overwhelmingly successful in Vietnam. "Your armed forces have analyzed the Vietnam problem and discovered the mistakes that were made," he said. "It is always that way. To me, the art of war is like playing the guitar. The more one plays it, the more one realizes that one does not play it well. If Napoleon should happen to wake up, he would be happy to come over here, to El Salvador, to learn."

PINS were clustered thickly on García's map around the town of Suchitoto. It is situated about thirty-five miles north of San Salvador, ten miles or so beyond La Bermuda, on the shore of a lake that was formed by the construction of a hydroelectric dam on the Lempa River in the nineteen-fifties. The guerrillas fought their way into the outskirts of the town during the January offensive, and when two colleagues and I visited there in late March we saw that many of the pastel-painted stucco-and-adobe buildings had been gouged by bullets.

The layout of Suchitoto, which had been a large Indian settlement before the Spanish arrived, is typical of provincial towns in Latin America. The church and the town hall face each other across a cobbled plaza, with shops and cantinas lining its sides behind colonnaded sidewalks. Jeeps, trucks, and two armored cars were parked in the plaza. The police station at the corner of the plaza had become the military headquarters. Major Benjamín Ramos, commanding an infantry battalion of the First Brigade, who was as spruce as García was dishevelled, briefed us. There had been light contact the day before, he said, in a village on the road to Aguilares, the town about fifteen miles to the southwest in which Father Grande was murdered, and on the slopes of the Guazapa volcano, which rose twenty-five hundred feet above the countryside to the southwest. "My troops have been pushing up the slopes for many days now," he said. "We've killed thirty or forty guerrillas in the past three or four days, and we've had ten men killed ourselves, and we are still far from the top. The guerrillas are dug in so deep that air strikes are useless. They have mortars and rocket launchers, and I think they must have sniper rifles, too, because many of our casualties have been from single shots in the head or neck fired at long range. It's going to be a long war the way it's going. The guerrillas have the advantage of knowing the terrain like the palm of their hand. Some of them have been out there for more than a year." His own troops, he said, were willing, but young and green. "Many of them have had only two weeks of training," he said. "But that's all right. The best way to learn is in the field, anyhow."

Major Ramos excused himself and we circled the plaza, stopping to chat with the troops, who were lounging in the shade on the covered sidewalks, waiting for lunch. They had the open, friendly faces of country boys. Some of them, as it turned out, were as young as sixteen. They wore American combat fatigue uniforms, boots, and helmets. Most of them carried M-16 rifles, some so awkwardly or carelessly as to make one hope that the safeties were on. The Army wasn't so bad, several said. The pay was good—two hundred *colones*, or about eighty dollars, a month—and so was the food. Many of them, in fact, were volunteers. They talked about their combat experiences with a certain stoic detachment, and, like young troops the world over, they did not seem interested in talking about the causes of the uprising.

We had intended to drive on a side road to Aguilares, but as we passed through a badly damaged and deserted village five miles from Suchitoto, we were stopped by a detachment of troops. There was an operation going on, a lieutenant told us, and we would have to turn back. This and similar occurrences suggest that García was at least partly correct. One lesson *has* been learned from the Vietnam War, at any rate, and that is to make it as difficult as possible for journalists to see what's going on.

On our way back to San Salvador, we stopped at La Bermuda to check on reports that the National Guard had taken a certain number of men from the camp. It was true, said the Green Cross people. "They showed up yesterday with two men wearing masks," one of them told us. "The masked men pointed out twenty *campesinos*. The National Guard took them into the dispensary to question them. Then they led them to their trucks with their thumbs tied behind their backs. We asked the National Guard this morning, when they came back, what happened to the men. They said they didn't know."

Our informant pointed out the wives of several of the men in the crowd that had gathered while he spoke to us. Their expressions were fixed, their eyes blank. It was the look of people who, thinking that there is nothing else left to suffer, find out that they were wrong.

"Ask them if they have any idea what happened to their husbands," one of my colleagues asked his interpreter.

"They say they don't know," the interpreter said. "The Guard came and took them away. They think they are probably dead."

IN 1822, the year after the provinces of Central America declared their independence from Spain, El Salvador sent an envoy to Washington. His mission was to request his nation's immediate annexation by the United States. Even in those days, many Salvadorans admired the United States, but not to that extent. The proposal was made in the hope of avoiding a more disagreeable alternative—the incorporation of the country into the Mexican empire of Agustín de Iturbide, which was expanding southward. When Mexican troops marched into San Salvador a few months later, the Reverend José Matías Delgado, whom Salvadorans regard as the father of their country, having had no reports to the contrary, warned their commander that he might well be violating the territory of the United States.

Washington never acted on the Salvadoran request, but in 1823 President James Monroe announced that the United States would look upon European interference in the Americas as a "manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." This alone might not have deterred Spain, with the assistance of her allies, from attempting to regain her lost empire, but the Monroe Doctrine, as his statement came to be called, followed a line also favored by Great Britain. The five Central American states—Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, El Salvador, and Costa Rica—had formed a federation, primarily defensive in purpose, but with the chief threat to their independence removed it failed to become an effective union, and by 1840 it had collapsed. Over the next hundred years, the landowners who ran the five republics gathered every so often to talk about reuniting, but they spent most of their time intriguing

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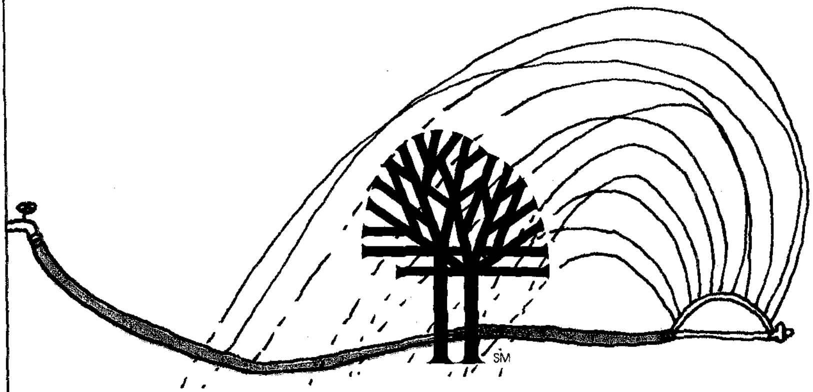

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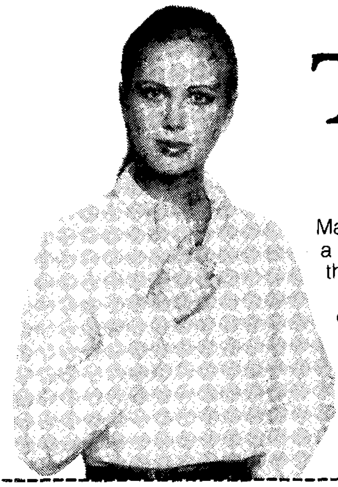

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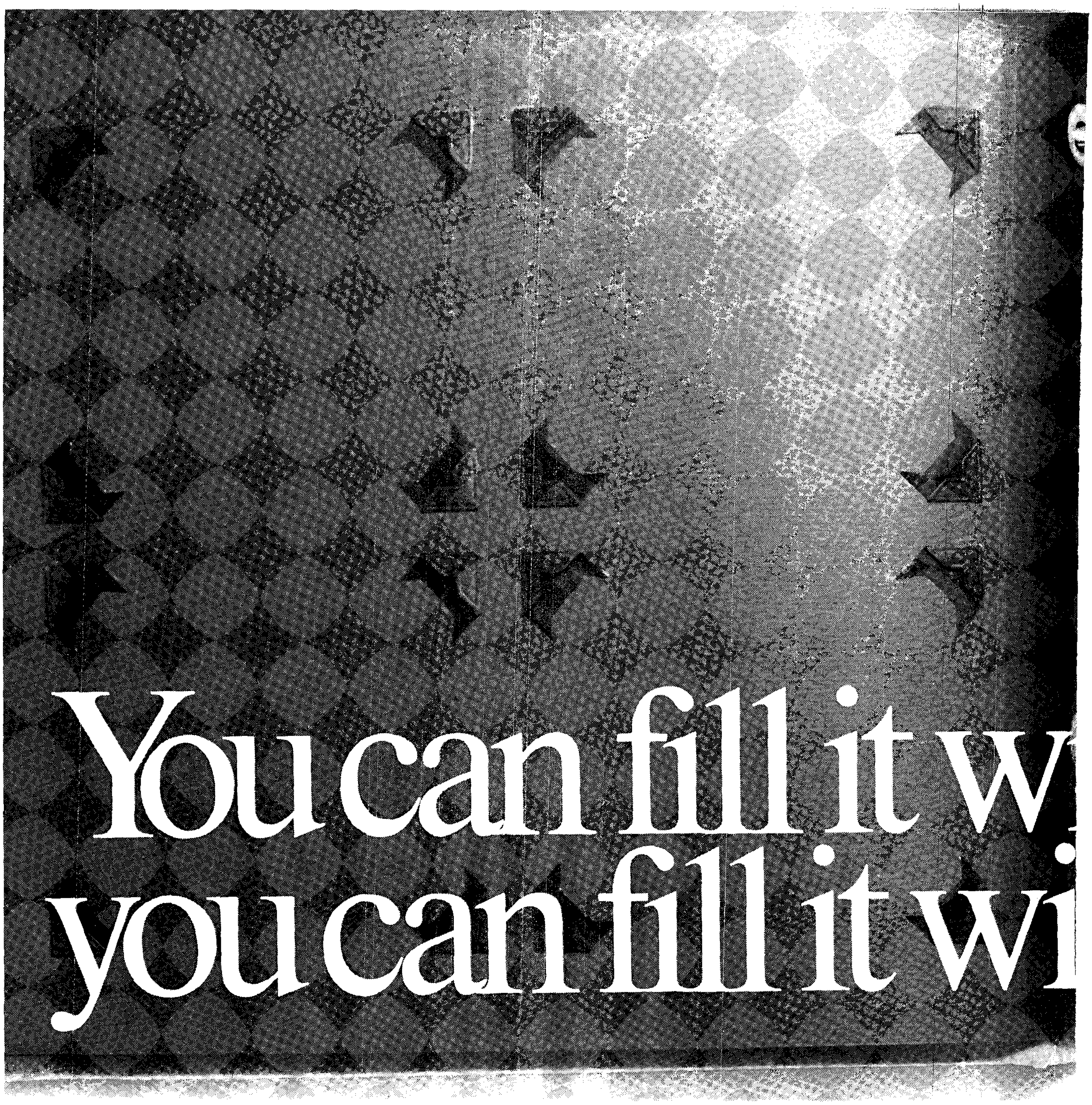
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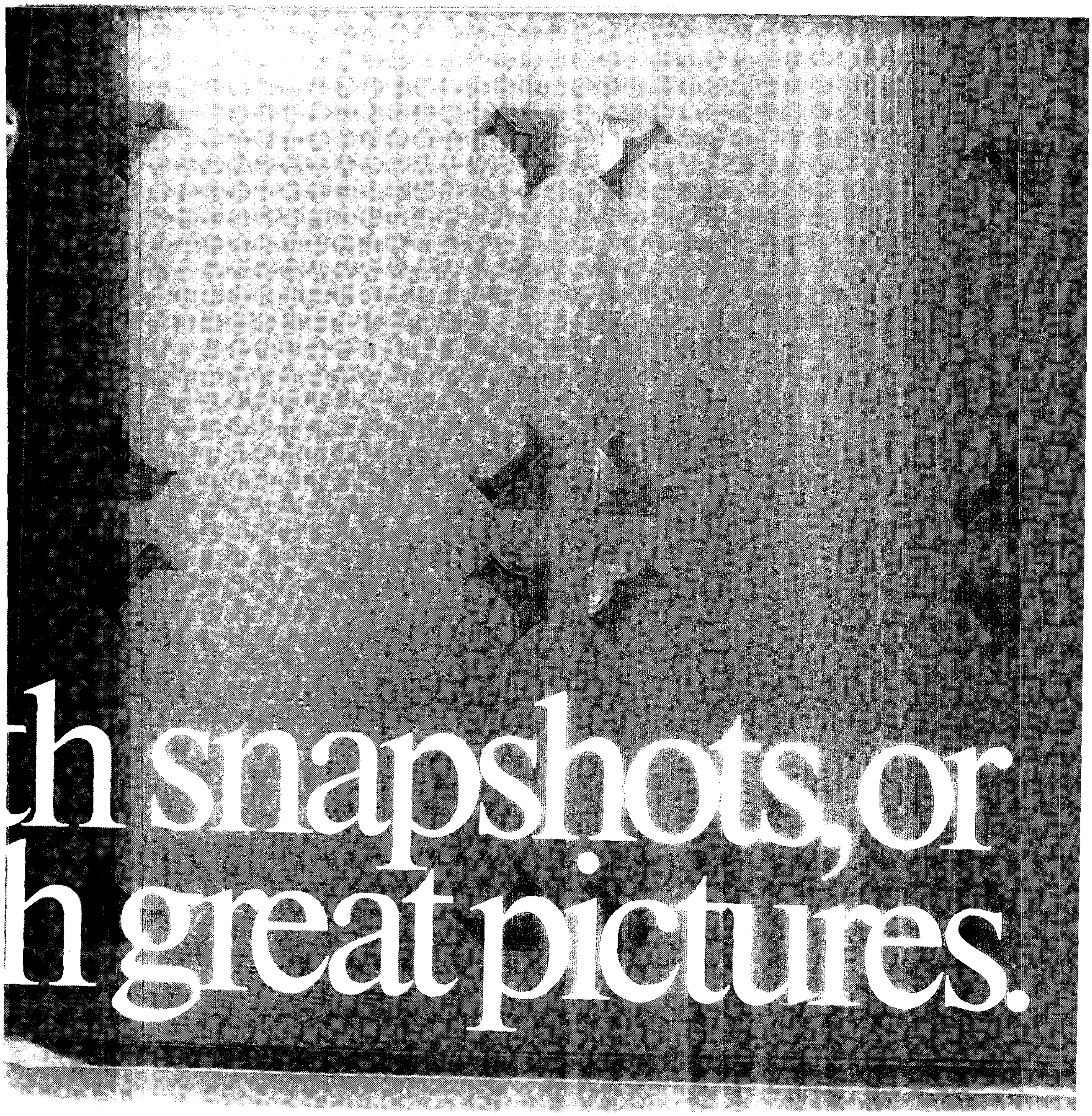

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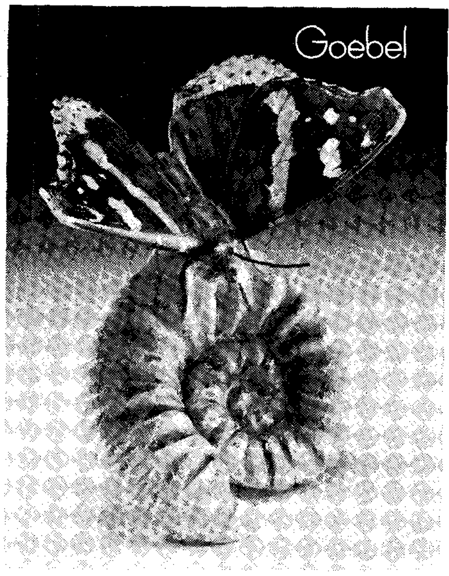

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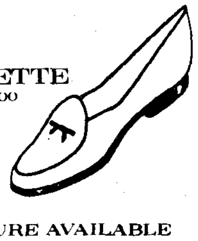
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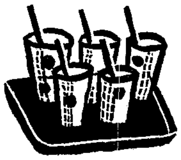
among themselves and occasionally fighting brief and inconclusive wars over points of personal honor or patches of disputed swampland.

The United States did not get actively interested in Central America until 1903, when the construction of the Panama Canal required the fomenting of a rebellion to detach present-day Panama from Colombia. In 1904, President Theodore Roosevelt enunciated his "corollary" to the Monroe Doctrine, which gave the United States the sole right to keep order in Central America. Even so, relations between the United States and El Salvador remained largely uneventful during the thirty years of gunboat diplomacy that followed. The Marines never landed, and the United Fruit Company, which became Central America's dominant economic and political power, never picked a single banana there.



The Salvadoran oligarchy, augmented by German and British merchant families with which it intermarried, was able to keep control of the country because it had been enriched since the eighteen-eighties by the world's craving for coffee, a crop ideally suitable for cultivation on the central plateau. Lands belonging to the Church or to Indian communities and lands held in common by towns and villages were expropriated and sold, mostly to members of the oligarchy, and planted to coffee. While the failure to repay foreign loans got other Central American republics into trouble, El Salvador, until a few years ago, borrowed almost nothing abroad, paying for such modest services as it provided out of tax revenues that were inequitably levied in favor of the oligarchy.

The expropriations had the effect of ending peonage, a form of serfdom based on inherited debt, which bound workers to their haciendas for generation after generation. Peonage was now no longer necessary. The peons had nowhere else to go. Moreover, rising population was creating a surplus of agricultural labor. Permanent, as opposed to seasonal, employment on a hacienda soon began to seem attractive, although the life of the *colono* was likely to be no less harsh than that of the peon.

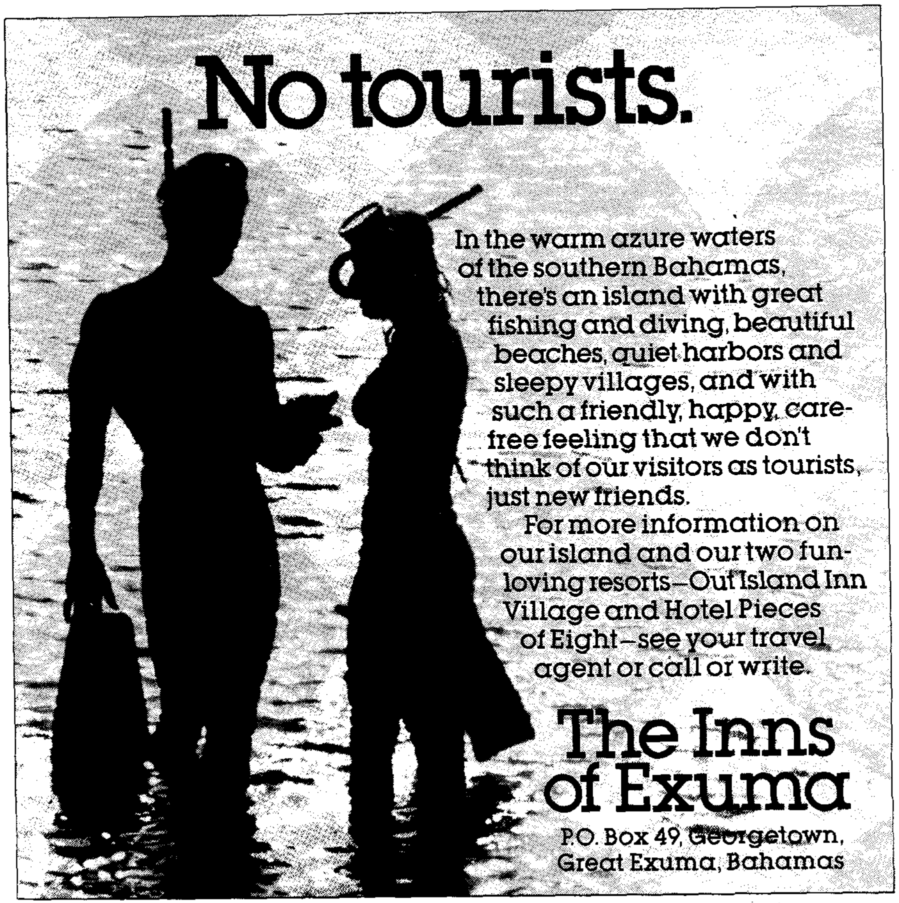
In 1933, President Franklin D. Roosevelt proclaimed the Good Neighbor policy, renouncing the right of military intervention in Latin America. It came to an abrupt end in 1954, when the Central Intelligence Agency organized the overthrow of Colonel Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán, the President of Guatemala, who not only had Communists in his government but was attempting to nationalize idle plantation land owned by the United Fruit Company to distribute among the peasantry.

In March, 1961, President John F. Kennedy, hoping to mute the criticism that he believed would inevitably accompany the overthrow of the Castro government in Cuba, announced the Alliance for Progress, a program for economic aid and development in Latin America. The failure of the Bay of Pigs invasion the following month made it seem more imperative than ever to prevent the plague of Communism from spreading to the mainland. The Alliance was promoted vigorously as a kind of antitoxin. Although the Salvadoran oligarchy approved of anti-Communism—the stronger the better—it opposed industrialization, which was an integral part of the Alliance program, because it was likely to create competition with agriculture for the labor force and to establish a socially unstable urban proletariat. However, the oligarchy's resistance was weakened by Washington's offer of lavish grants, cheap loans, private investment, and a substantial piece of the action. Many light-manufacturing enterprises, notably textiles, were established. As factory hands, the Salvadorans turned out to be nimble, industrious, and—most important—non-unionized.

At first, the profits from industry as well as agriculture were substantial. The governments of the nineteen-sixties were comparatively moderate in outlook, giving the Christian Democrats and the other parties an opportunity to organize without interference. But, as the United States became more deeply involved in Vietnam, funding for the Alliance was reduced. World prices for cotton and sugar declined, blight hit the coffee, and the bright economic future began to fade. In July, 1969, El Salvador's economy received another blow when war broke out with Honduras. It was seen in the United States and elsewhere as a comic-opera conflict, and was dubbed the "football war," because it was set off by the indignities—apparently much exaggerated in the retelling—heaped on the Salvadoran national soccer team in a World Cup preliminary match against Honduras in Tegucigalpa. The war had two underlying causes, however. One was an old border dispute. The other, and far more important, was the expulsion by Honduras of tens of thousands of Salvadorans who, because of population pressure, had begun farming as squatters on empty land on the far side of the border. Honduras said it wanted the land for a distribution scheme of its own.

After four days of fighting, during which the Salvadoran forces occupied several hundred square miles of Honduran territory, the belligerents, under pressure from the United States and the Organization of American States, agreed to a ceasefire. The dead on both sides probably totalled between two thousand and five thousand. The war cost El Salvador millions of dollars and led to the expenditure of millions more for new armaments and military vehicles. Honduras, which had been El Salvador's biggest customer for industrial goods, embargoed trade, and, by closing its border, seriously interfered with El Salvador's commerce along the Pan-American Highway with Nicaragua and Costa Rica. Beyond all that, the settlers ousted by Honduras added to the intractable overpopulation and unemployment problems.

THE United States Embassy in San Salvador stands as a memorial to the blighted hopes of the Alliance for Progress. It is a four-story cube with continuous-strip windows set between wide, inward-sloping spandrels of smoothly finished café-au-lait concrete. In recent years, as the objective of demonstrations and attacks by militants on both sides, it has come to resemble a beleaguered fortress. Walls of concrete blocks have been built behind a ten-foot-high iron picket fence. Blast shields protect the entrances. The receptionist sits in a booth of bulletproof Plexiglas. The windows have supposedly been bulletproofed, too, though one of several shots fired into the Ambassador's office from a passing truck in March pierced the inch-thick glass and cracked the plaster in the wall over his desk. Armed guards are posted on the roofs of nearby buildings. Hundreds of Salvadorans willingly put themselves in the possible line of fire as they queue up patiently to apply for visas. (At least a hundred thousand are thought to have entered the United States illegal-



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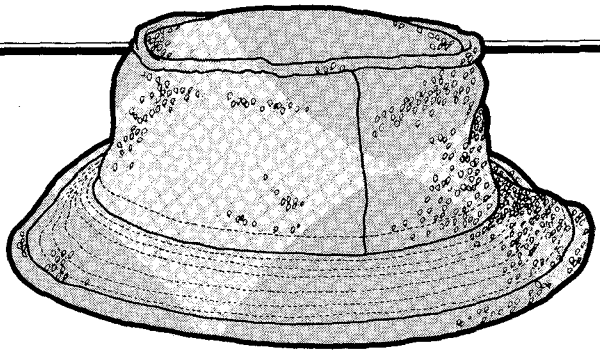

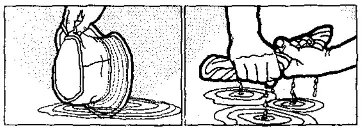

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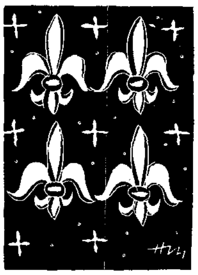
ly since the beginning of last year.) Life is difficult for the members of the Embassy staff, although some of them are occupying, at knockdown rentals, mansions vacated by the oligarchy. Their movements are restricted; they can travel only in bulletproof cars; there is no social life; and the curfew requires them, like everyone else except the police and the death squads, to spend their evenings at home, perhaps watching "Maverick," dubbed in Spanish, on television. These conditions have helped to create what my conversations with several senior officials at the Embassy, all of whom declined to be identified by name, suggested was a kind of bunker mentality. That is to say, their views on the insurrection were even more bellicose and uncompromising than Haig's. The possibility of talks with the left—even the moderate left that made up the first junta—was ruled out absolutely. "This war will end when one side stops fighting," said one official, making clear which side he thought that would be. He went on to say that Guillermo Ungo, the member of the first junta who is now the head of the Democratic Revolutionary Front, was nothing less than "a paid agent of the Cubans." The front itself, he went on, was merely "the tail of a very vicious dog," which is, of course, the guerrilla units of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front. (The left says the same sort of thing about Duarte and the United States.) "The Mexican position is 'You ought to let these guys have their revolution,' " he went on, referring to statements by Mexican President José López Portillo in opposition to United States policy. "We think we have the right to oppose in any way a revolution that would create an armed and hostile camp near our shores. El Salvador would be dominated by Cuba—make no mistake about it—if the revolution succeeded."



That's the sinister bass note one hears constantly from American officials: the Cubans have taken over the Salvadoran left, and its victory would be Fidel's victory. No one seriously doubts that Cuba has helped the insurgents with arms and advice, as probably Vietnam and various Eastern European states have also done. The policies being followed by the United States also guarantee that if the rebels should win the war they would be a great deal friendlier to Cuba and other Communist countries than the present government is. But, given the circumstances that led up to the insurrection, the insistence, as set out in the State Department's White Paper, that Havana is calling the shots seems unpersuasive.

The impression I got at the Embassy is that American intransigence has grown out of the perception that the guerrillas can't win. The failure of the "final offensive" in January seems to have been taken as an indication that they lack the manpower, the training, and the leadership to make them a threat in any way comparable to the old Vietcong, say. Moreover, the guerrillas don't have many secure refuges inside the country, no friendly borders to slip across, and no dependable means of getting supplies from abroad. The five guerrilla forces have not been fully integrated, and no leader who might personify the revolution, as did Castro or Ho Chi Minh, has emerged. (The one who comes closest is Salvador Cayetano Carpio, the former head of the Salvadoran Communist party, who left it in 1970 to lead the Popular Forces of Liberation fighting group.) Beyond all that, the relationship between the guerrilla groups and the more moderate Democratic Revolutionary Front has been described by Ungo as "a marriage of convenience," although not without an element of love. The official went on to say that the extent of the support among the population and in particular the mass organizations, which are thought to provide it with part-time fighters, food, and intelligence, had been overstated. "The mass organizations are bought and paid for by Cuba," he said, "and in this country ten *colones*—four dollars—will buy you a lot of guerrilla theatre." For that matter, the official acknowledged, the Pentagon's assessments of the performance and requirements of the Salvadoran armed forces are being made entirely at second hand. Although it seemed hard to credit, I was assured by him and by every other American official with whom I spoke that, in obedience to orders from Washington, no American officer has ever even gone into the field to observe a Salvadoran unit in action. "You'd be surprised how valuable after-action assessments can be," the official said.

The estimated twenty thousand nonmilitary killings since the beginning of

1980 were "intolerable," the official said, but his outrage struck me as pro forma, and he disagreed with the widely held belief that the security forces and the death squads were responsible for at least ninety per cent of them. In his view, twenty-five per cent were committed by the right, twenty-five per cent by the left, and the remainder could have been done by anyone. "A lot of it is just Hatfield-McCoy stuff," he said, alluding to the Salvadoran propensity for violence. "It only goes under the rubric of 'right' and 'left' because of the international implications." This division of responsibility for the killings seemed calculated to counter the argument that the United States make the continuation of aid contingent upon an end to the terrorism. One could hardly expect the right, he seemed to be saying, to kill fewer people than the left.

BEFORE dawn one day in April, not long after I left the country, uniformed security men made a raid on a poor district on the outskirts of San Salvador. More than thirty people, most of them women, teen-agers, or old people, were shot dead. Several men were arrested. Their bodies were found later that day. It was an unusual occurrence in El Salvador in only one respect: American television crews got to the scene before the bodies were removed. The story, including interviews with survivors, was shown on the networks that night. The effect was powerful. It may have been only coincidental, but a change of mood about El Salvador seemed to be taking place in Washington at about the same time. An intelligence official was quoted as saying that El Salvador's treasury police—one branch of the security forces—were "almost totally out of control in the provinces." A week later, authorities announced that two Salvadorans had been arrested, one in Miami and the other in San Salvador, in connection with the murders of Viera and the two American land-reform advisers, Hammer and Pearlman. One of the arrested men—Ricardo Sol Meza, a member of an oligarchy family—was a part owner of the hotel in which the killings took place. In late April, six members of the National Guard were arrested, accused of the murder of the three American nuns and the lay worker.

On April 29th, the House Foreign Affairs Committee voted, 26–7, to require President Reagan to certify, as a condition for further military aid, that

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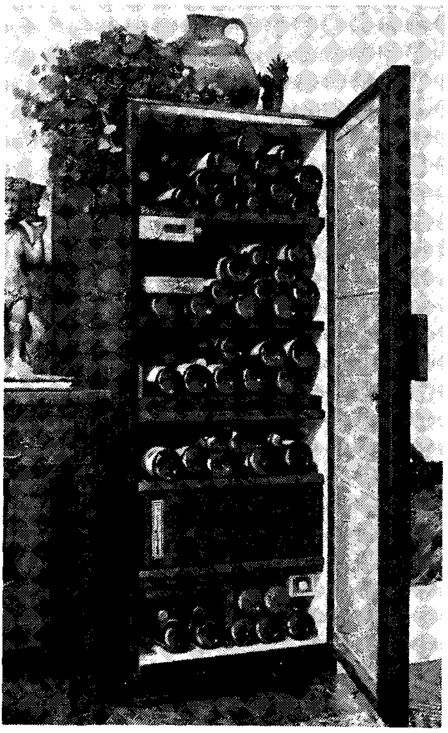

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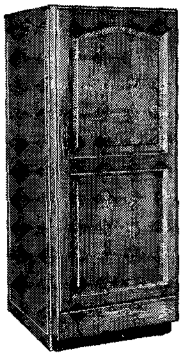

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"indiscriminate torture and murder" by Salvadoran security forces were being brought under control. On May 11th, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which is controlled by the Republicans, passed a similar measure, sponsored by Senator Christopher Dodd of Connecticut, a Democrat, by an 11–1 vote. It acted over the protest of Secretary Haig, who said in a letter to the committee that such a bill "would encourage left-wing insurgents and other extremists." Whether the bill would be approved by the Senate as a whole was another matter. Senator Jesse Helms, one of the most stentorian voices on the Republican right and the chairman of the influential Subcommittee on Western Hemisphere Affairs, was not present for the committee's vote. A member of his staff said he would oppose it on the Senate floor. The polls reflect a marked lack of enthusiasm for the Administration's policy on El Salvador, and members of the staffs of the two New York senators—Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a Democrat, and Alfonse M. D'Amato, a Republican—told me that the mail was running overwhelmingly against a deeper involvement in El Salvador. They had the impression, they said, that this was true of the Senate as a whole. There have been meetings and demonstrations to protest the American involvement, but the crowds have been small in comparison with the rallies of the Vietnam years.

El Salvador is receiving a hundred and forty-four million dollars in economic aid and thirty-five and a half million dollars in military aid in the fiscal year that ends on September 30th. The sums that Congress is considering for the 1982 fiscal year are ninety-one million dollars and twenty-six million dollars, respectively. No one doubts, however, that large supplemental appropriations will be sought. And the commitment is open-ended. The Salvadoran guerrillas are a long way from winning, in all likelihood, but they are able to disrupt the economy. An AID report said that a total of more than a billion dollars in nonmilitary loans and aid might be required in that one small nation over the next five years.

Even that sum became small change when the Reagan Administration announced on June 3rd that it had approved in principle a comprehensive program of economic and military aid for the nations of the Caribbean and Central America. Its purpose, like the old Alliance for Progress, would be to

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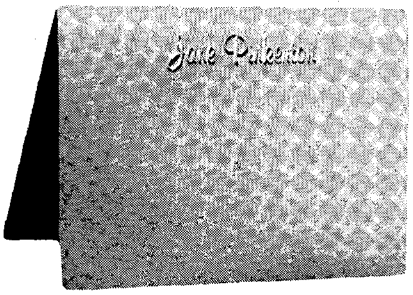

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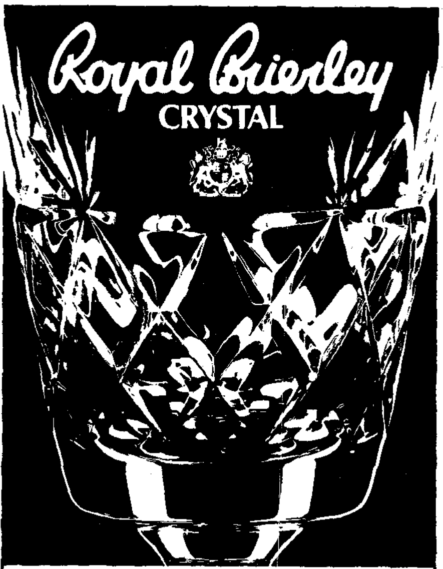

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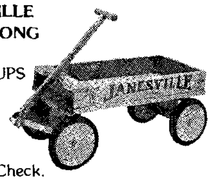

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counter Communist, particularly Cuban, influence by improving the standard of living under capitalism. A spokesman said that examples of the "covert war" being waged by the Castro government would be made public in a special report, similar to the White Paper on El Salvador.

On June 8th, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that Jon D. Glassman, the State Department official who had gathered and evaluated the source material for the White Paper, acknowledged, in the face of growing criticism of it, that it might have been "misleading" and "over-embellished." There had also been, he said, outright errors and a good deal of "extrapolation," in which conclusions were derived from inadequate evidence.

The day before, President López Portillo, who in April had called the views set forth in the White Paper "an insult to the intelligence," arrived in Washington for two days of talks with President Reagan. At his departure, a spokesman for López Portillo quoted him as having told Reagan that his aid plan should have no military aspect at all, that it should not be conceived of as a plan to fight Communism, and that no nation—an obvious reference to Cuba and Nicaragua—should be excluded from it.

The *Times* reported also that another massacre of peasants had taken place on the Honduran border in March. According to the Reverend Earl Gallagher, the Brooklyn priest, who said he had witnessed the attack, two hundred people had been killed as they tried to cross the Lempa River to safety. Many were machine-gunned, he and another refugee worker said, from the air, by a helicopter, probably one of those supplied by the United States.

—TOM BUCKLEY

•

Only a few kept watching Lucien. Dr. Harris, of the kind heart and discerning eye, lent him a book on architecture, knowing it was one of his many interests; Miss Darby tried to get him to take the lead in a dramatization of *The Merchant of Venice*, which he declined.—*"The Winds of Love," by Agnes Sligh Turnbull.*

Probably didn't care for the novel.

•

WEATHER

Mostly cloudy through Saturday with showers and scattered thunderstorms.
Chance of Rain: None.
Details on Page 2A.
—*Gainesville (Fla.) Sun.*

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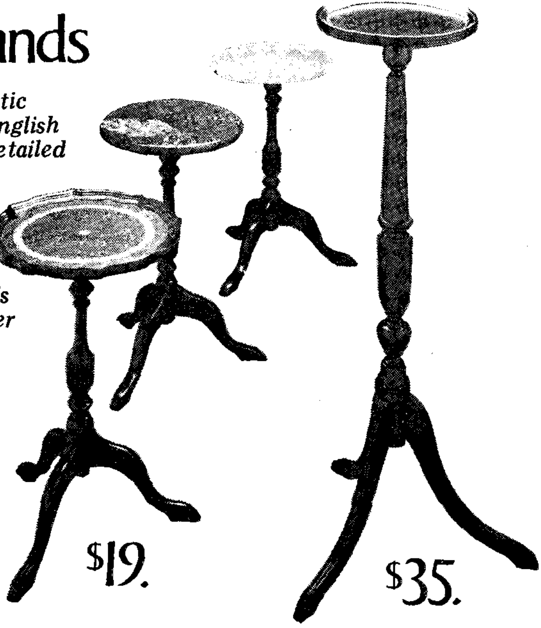

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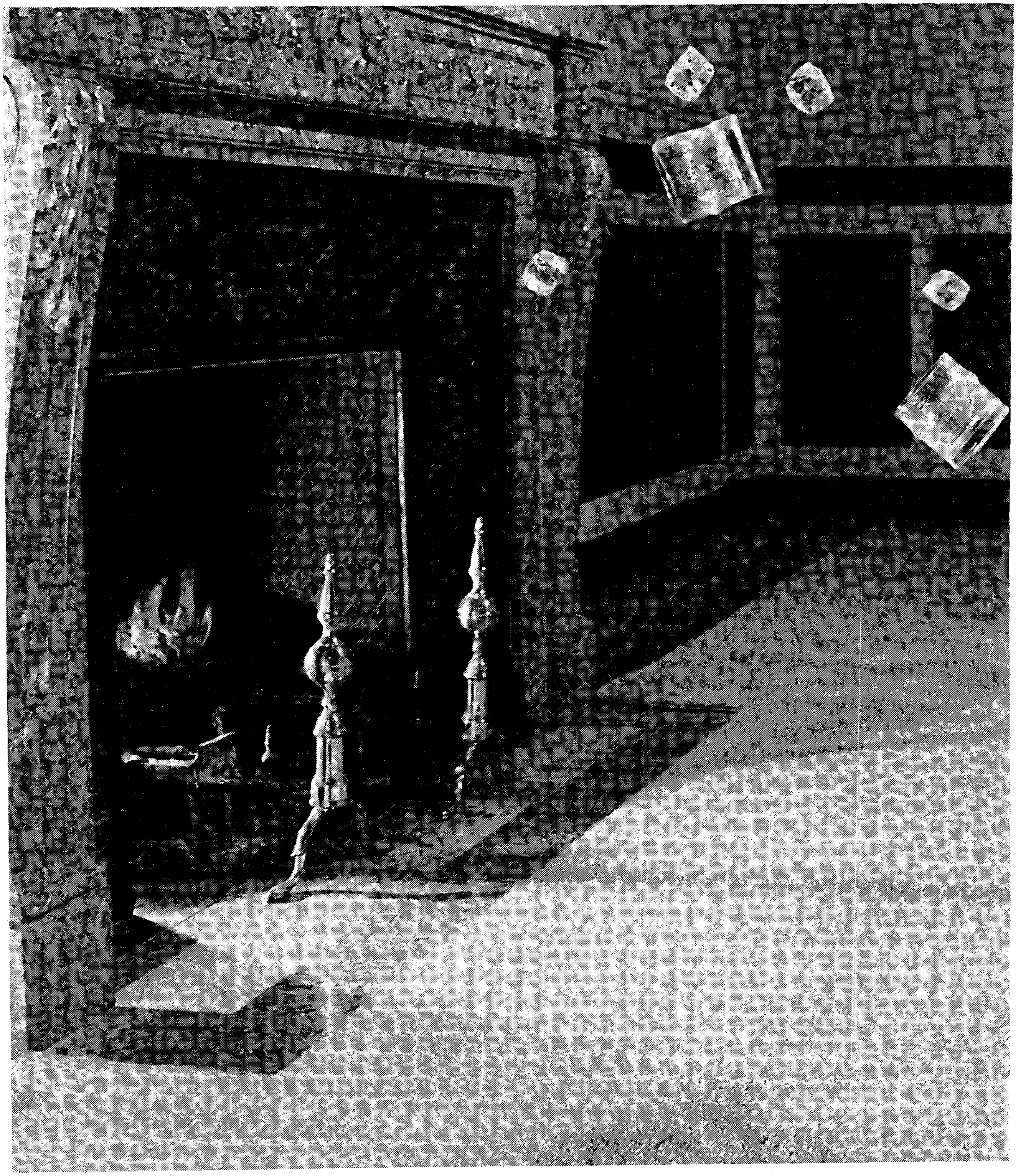

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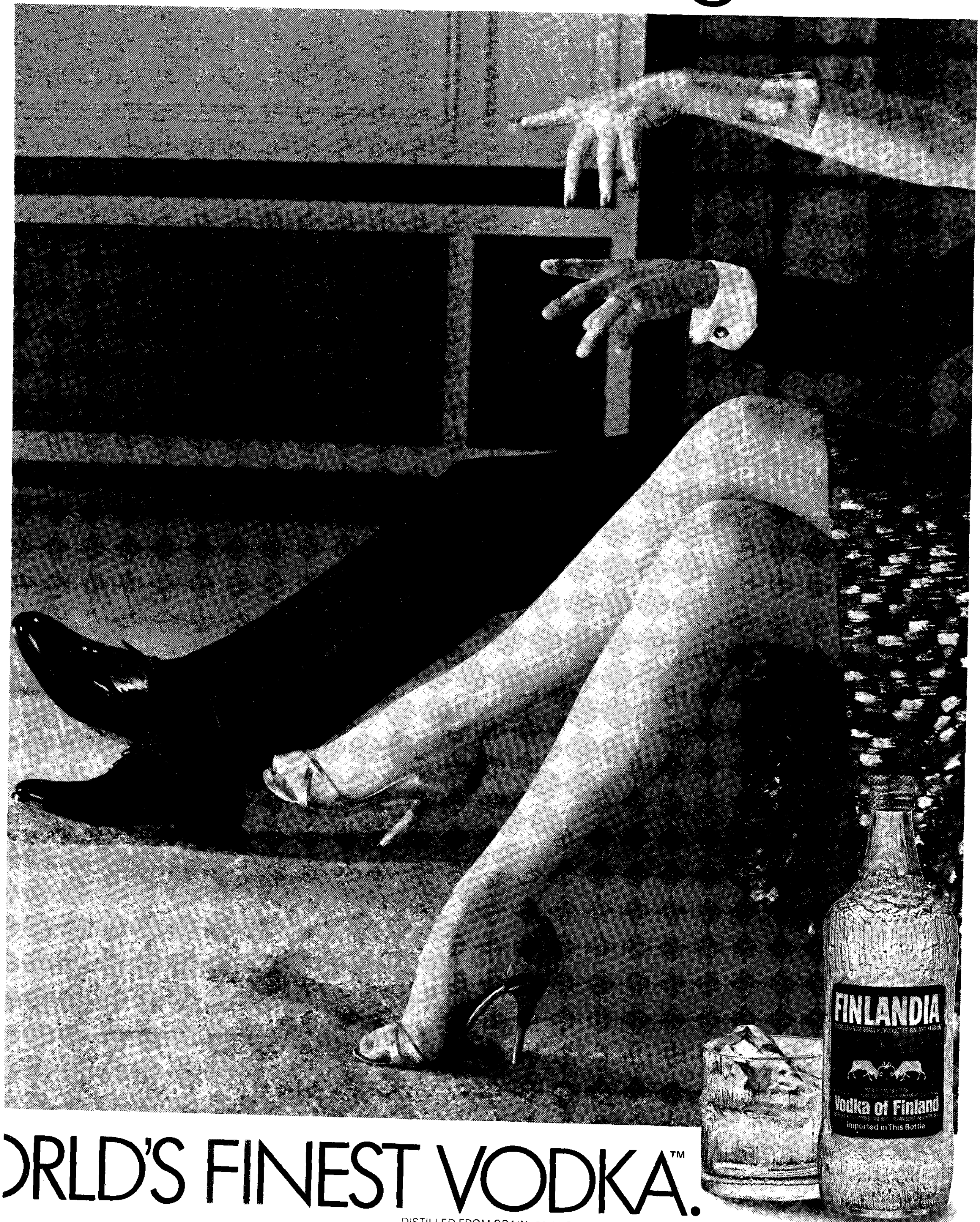
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THE THEATRE

Typists

ONCE, a colleague of mine was discussing writers, and she said, "It isn't always possible to tell about talent, but it's possible to tell about *non*-talent"—here she gave a hard slap to a manuscript that lay on the desk in front of her—"and this one bristles with it." Her remark came to mind when, one evening last week, a play called "Wally's Café" had the temerity to open at the Brooks Atkinson. It is the peculiar creation of Sam Bobrick and Ron Clark, who presumably are able to type but who cannot write, though they managed to hammer together out of peach crates and carpet tacks the earlier "Norman, Is That You?," "No Hard Feelings," and "Murder at the Howard Johnson's." The setting of "Wally's Café" is a structure designed and built in the shape of a colossal hamburger and situated on a roadside in the California desert. It is the dream come true of Wally, a fat, good-hearted chef, recently fired from his quick-order job in a restaurant owned by his wife's family, somewhere in the New Jersey outback. The first scene of the play takes place in the summer of 1940, when the café is just about to open. Wally has been joined by his wife, Louise, a reluctant emigrant from the not very elegant East; after what seems a lifetime of clumsy exposition, we hear a knock at the door, and it is neither Little Red Riding Hood nor the Wolf but a plump blonde from Quincy, Illinois, hitchhiking her way to Hollywood. The blonde's name is Janet, and she intends to achieve fame and fortune as a movie star. Wally and Louise befriend her, and she consents to be hired as a waitress—fame can wait.

Indeed it can, for the next scene is eighteen years later, and Janet, after some highly implausible misadventures in Hollywood, is again a waitress at Wally's Café. Wally continues to hope in vain that prosperity will strike, while Louise makes sour wisecracks about the sorry nature of their fate. Inadvertently, it emerges that many years earlier Wally and Janet had enjoyed a torrid twenty-minute sexual encounter; Louise at first expresses indignation, then boasts of having had two or three encounters at least as torrid and prolonged as theirs. Sordid bickering among all three brings Act I to a close. Act II takes place in the present; Wally's hair is white, Louise's is a strange shade of cocoa. They are abandoning the failed café at last and moving into an old people's home. Never very bright to begin with, Wally is now far gone in senility, and almost every joke we listen to is based on the supposed humor of the breakdown of his body and mind. Then a fashionably dressed dowager enters the café, and she turns out to be the long-vanished Janet, grown rich through a succession of unscrupulous marriages. With her wealth, she will provide a fairy-godmother-like ending to the nasty and silly fable we have been enduring. The audience is invited to believe that happiness is in store for three battered old people who plainly had been tiresomely miserable even in the cradle.

Flogging a dead horse is an unbecoming activity; I engage in it with apologies, out of indignation, for plays like "Wally's Café" have almost nothing to do with theatre in general and with Broadway in particular, though they are often cited as typical of what Broadway produces. "Wally's Café" is made up of goods so shoddy that it cannot even be said to be typical of TV; there it stands, a sort of Everest of trash, and we would do well to keep a Himalayan distance between it and us. I am sorry to have to utter that harsh truth in the presence of a valiant cast; James Coco, Rita Moreno, and Sally Struthers are exceptionally able and attractive performers, and they do their best. The scenery, which is so much wittier than the play, is by Stuart Wurtzel, the costumes are by Albert Wolsky, the lighting is by Ken Billington, and the direction is by Fritz Holt. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Day Before the Fifth of July

"A TALE TOLD" is the third and—in its first act, at least—the most accomplished of the three plays that Lanford Wilson has written so far about the Talley family, of Lebanon, Missouri. No "probably"s about its performance at the Circle Rep., under Marshall W. Mason's direction—that is as good as any in town. The setting is Talley Place, the house of the rich family under consideration, on Independence Day, 1944, and the time is early on the same evening that Sally Talley, down at the boathouse, Talley's Folly, is becoming engaged to "that Jew" Matt Friedman—a courtship blessed by the Pulitzer Prize a year ago. The occasion of the first act is a welcoming dinner for young Buddy Talley, home on furlough from Italy (where he is chauffeur to General Mark Clark), because his grandfather is presumably dying. Not to give away any secrets, his grandfather, as marvellously portrayed by Fritz Weaver, may be the oldest, harshest, shrewdest man on earth, and perhaps in the most rickety shape, but he is certainly not dying. Also present is Buddy's sugary, mean-spirited young wife, who grates on everyone's nerves (including the playwright's), although there is some pathos in her. (She, by the way, will become the mother of the as yet unconceived Kenneth Talley, Jr., who in his turn will become, thirty-three years later to the next day, the maimed and troubled hero of "Fifth of July.") Then there is Eldon Talley, Buddy's father and the old man's only son, who manages the factory that provides the family's handsome income; he is a weak man (in a strong performance by Michael Higgins), contemptuously dismissed as "a bookkeeper" by *his* father. And Buddy's mother, Netta, intelligent and far more wholehearted than any of her in-laws, and his fat, sharp-tongued spinster aunt, slowly, painfully dying of cancer. As for Buddy's sister, the newly engaged Sally, she sneaks in, radiant, at the end of the play, and sneaks out again. Finally, to complete the family, there is the ghost of Buddy's brother, Timmy, who enters in Marine uniform near the end of the first act, shortly before a telegram arrives announcing his death in the Marianas, and remains onstage, in and out of hiding, for the rest of the evening.

The first act is filled with incidents and feelings and squabbles and humor. There is much conversation about business, and subcontracting, and takeovers, and "that cripple in the White House," and there are melodramatic moments, and intimations of illegitimacy and blackmail, and, at one point, a fine, noisy slap in the face. Many stories are told, and by the time the act is over much of the past has come to light. The second act is soberer and sparer. The dead Timmy appears from time to time to describe in monologues Marine life and his own foolish, heroic death in the Marianas, and to discuss the war. Although, by and large, I think it is better for characters on a stage to converse with one another rather than talk directly to the audience, and although monologues are becoming a plague in the theatre, there is no denying the quality of Timmy's speeches, which are well spoken by David Ferry.

The performance is, as I say, as near to flawless as makes no matter. Mr. Mason functions, in a sense, as the dramatist's alter ego, and the Talleys truly seem to be a family. Aside from the actors I've already mentioned, Elizabeth Sturges (aunt), Timothy Shelton (Buddy), Patricia Wettig (wife), Trish Hawkins (Sally), and Jimmie Ray Weeks, Nancy Killmer, Lindsey Ginter, and Laura Hughes (in other roles) are fine. The best performance of all is that of Helen Stenborg as Netta, who plays with quiet strength and is revealed at the end as the pivotal character of the play. Her delivery of her final speech, in which Netta announces that she is taking the flags out of her windows and moving for keeps into her dead son's bedroom, is a model of passion and eloquence. The impressive setting and lighting are by John Lee Beatty and Dennis Parichy, respectively.

Wendy Wasserstein's "Isn't It Romantic," at the Phoenix through June 28th, could, in a sense, be considered a sequel to her "Uncommon Women and Others," of several years ago. "Uncommon Women" was a glorious comedy, with an undercurrent of satiric rage that held it taut, about a group of students at Mount Holyoke, which happens to be Miss Wasserstein's alma mater. "Isn't It Romantic" is about Janie Blumberg and her Gentile best friend and private-school and college classmate Harriet Cornwall, both of them aged twenty-eight and unmarried, and about their mothers, and about the men they see and sleep with and consider and discuss, and about the loving tie of best-friendship between women, which can loosen when one of them (Harriet) sets her course and eventually becomes engaged. It is Janie, though, whose story is being told—a witty, original, overweight Jewish heroine whose life has come to a stop, and this time the undercurrent is of sadness, perplexity, and rootlessness. Janie simply cannot make a move without being pushed, and when at last the doctor she is in love with, sort of, tries to push her into sharing an apartment with him she puts her foot down and refuses, and she isn't sure why. Even though any play about low spirits is bound to be less springy than one about high spirits, or even anger, and even though this one seems at times as out of shape and as listless as its beguiling heroine, it is, episode by episode, very funny indeed. The source of the fun, of course, is Janie's (Wasserstein's) comic turn of mind, which is like no other on earth. The Jewish humor, for example, and the dropping of Yiddish words and phrases, which would seem to be an overworked vein by now, is as fresh and as funny as everything else.

Miss Wasserstein has created a number of entertaining characters, who are very well portrayed. I have a few reservations about the play, but none about its performance, under Steven Robman's sensitive, invisible direction. Alma Cuervo is perfect as puffy, troubled, brilliant Janie, in every way qualified as dramatist's stand-in. Laurie Kennedy is very good, as usual, as Harriet, who gets a job at Colgate-Palmolive and rises in the world of business, making sexual arrangements as she goes. Jane Hoffman is Janie's droll Jewish mother, an amateur dancer and a compulsive health nut in a leotard or jump suit, with matrimony and loss of weight for her daughter very much in mind. Barbara Baxley is Harriet's mother, herself a business executive, more at home at The Four Seasons than anywhere else. Peter Riegert (especially good) is Janie's medical beau. Bob Gunton is Harriet's Wednesday-night stand, and the very model of a detached account man on the make. Bernie Passeltiner is Janie's good-natured father, who seems to have some special feeling about ripple-soled shoes, and Fritz Kupfer is a young Russian taxi-driver (unattached), whom Janie's parents bring up to her apartment just on the chance. A distinguished cast, as you can see, and one that does credit to the Phoenix. The scenery is by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg, the costumes are by Jennifer Von Mayrhauser and Denise Romano, and the lighting is by Spencer Mosse.

In his first play, "Key Exchange," at the Off Off WPA through June 28th, Kevin Wade shows that he can write crisp funny lines and telling unfunny lines, and he seems to have been born with nice judgment, a sense of irony, and the gift of narrative. As for the production, with Ben Masters, Brooke Adams, and Mark Blum, under the direction of Barnet Kellman, it is even more than any first playwright could hope for. The action takes place on a particular hill in Central Park, where a pair of lovers named Philip and Lisa and a recent bridegroom named Michael meet briefly on their bicycles on eight summer Sundays and one summer Saturday. The lovers live apart, and Lisa's suggestion that they exchange keys to their apartments as a convenient and natural thing to do suddenly frightens Philip, for he is a bachelor by preference, though possibly not by temperament. As the scenes progress, Lisa realizes that she is doing all the courting and all the persuading, and, deciding that she is too smart and funny and pretty to put up with that, she breaks off the affair. Philip is bereft, and astonished by his sense of bereavement. The bridegroom, on the other hand, whose wife deserts him for a fling with someone else, recovers quite soon after a night of his own on the tiles, and when she calls to tell him she is coming home he is not sure that he wants her back—immediately, that is.

That's all there is to it, aside from some nimble bicycle riding by the cast. There is gentleness along with the humor, and the show is over well before we want it to be. The delightful set and lighting are by Terry Ariano and Frances Aronson, respectively.

"Shay Duffin as Brendan Behan," at the Astor Place, is yet another one-man show, described with stunning accuracy by its title. Mr. Duffin has walked this street before—eight years ago, in fact. He is an Irish actor who has been working in Canada, but who was born, like Behan, in a Dublin slum; he has some physical resemblance to Behan and sounds like him. Most of the selections he sings or acts or recites as he leans against a bar, Guinness in hand, or crouches in a cell or stands at a lectern are familiar but no less welcome for that. Gems from "Borstal Boy," "The Hostage," "The Quare Fellow," and the other writings never wear out, and Mr. Duffin does as well by them now as he did in 1973. —Edith Oliver

THE ART WORLD

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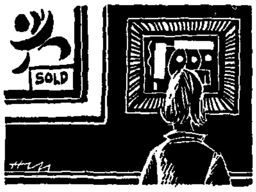


THE art season has come to a close, as usual, in a blaze of money. Sotheby Parke Bernet and Christie's, the two leading auction houses, scheduled their most important sales of Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures during the same week in late May (on different nights, for the convenience of buyers and dealers who flocked into town from Zurich, Cologne, Tokyo, Houston, and other citadels of acquisition), and if the level of spending fell short of last spring's phenomenal one-week total of close to sixty million dollars, the results were spectacular nevertheless. Sotheby's sold twenty million one hundred thousand dollars' worth in a single night (May 21st), which saw the highest price yet paid at auction for a twentieth-century work—five million three hundred thousand dollars for Picasso's 1901 self-portrait "Yo Picasso." Christie's, whose two big sales, on May 18th and 19th, were disappointing in terms of pictures that failed to sell—failed, that is, to meet the extremely high reserve prices that the owners had specified as the minimum they would accept—managed even so to roll up a total of more than eighteen million dollars in sales for the week and established new auction records for Degas, Max Beckmann, and several other artists. The unsold lots at Christie's set off a flurry of speculation that the art boom was over, but Sotheby's sales put a stop to that. What appears to have been demonstrated was that the Christie's people, in their intense effort to supplant Sotheby's as the No. 1 auction house, had accepted reserves and set estimates that were unrealistically high, even in today's market. The market itself, as the week proved, is as strong as ever for major works and as spotty as ever for works whose value is less obvious. The only discernible trend seemed to be that there were more American buyers this year and fewer Europeans and Japanese.

The wonder is that there are still so few collectors in the world. What other field of human endeavor offers such rich rewards for so little effort? In a memoir published here last year as "The Glorious Obsession" (St. Martin's), Maurice Rheims, who was for many years the chief auctioneer at the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, writes, "Ultimately, collecting and hoarding beautiful things is easier than learning to ride horses or hit golf balls. For anyone who has the money, acquiring a collection takes only a few weeks." This is not generally known. The knowledge, taste, courage, and visual acuity that we tend to assign to the major collector may indeed have shaped his collection, but in all except the rarest cases they have been provided by dealers, scholars, or artists on whose advice the wealthy buyer depends—in some cases unwittingly. A few collectors do become connoisseurs, of course. But the urge to buy and display works of art does not necessarily have much to do with the love of art, and the rewards of collecting are by no means exclusively aesthetic. Collectors sometimes discover areas of experience they might never have encountered otherwise. Henry Osborne Havemeyer, the sugar baron who became one of the Metropolitan Museum's most revered benefactors, allowed his second wife, Louisine, to drag him off on third-class railway carriages to remote villages in Italy before the First World War in search of promised Old Masters. Most of their ventures of this sort were ill-fated; without the firm guidance of Louisine's childhood friend Mary Cassatt, who really formed their collection, the Havemeyers tended to fall for tenebrous canvases that turned out not to be by Titian or Tintoretto. In her memoirs, however, Louisine recalled those third-class adventures with fondness. "The Poor are good-natured and kindhearted," she had found, "and their pleasant chatter, where it did not rise to the confusion of a din, was not disagreeable." Today, the Havemeyers would have gone to loft parties in Tribeca and enjoyed the din.

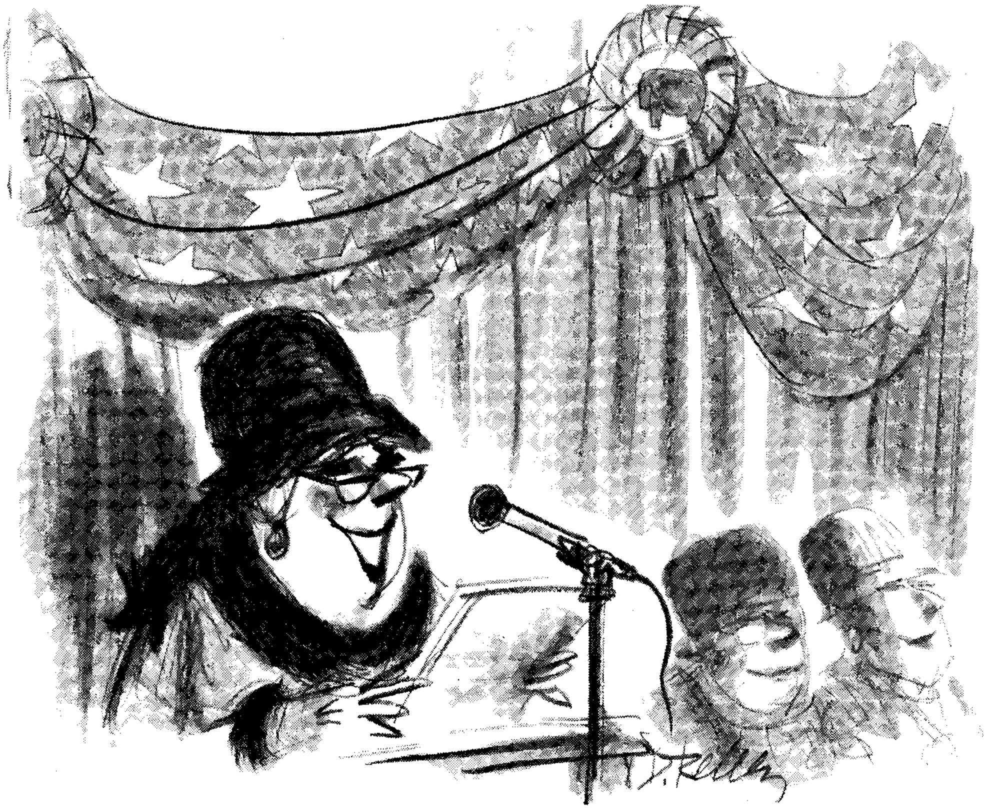
Reputable art dealers often warn new collectors against buying art as an investment. Much too risky, they say, and also immoral—art's value is spiritual. This good advice is seldom heeded. New collectors look at the rise in picture prices since 1950 and conclude that art has outperformed the stock market by a wide margin. Besides, collecting art is so much more fun than buying and selling stocks, and in the pursuit of social status it has become a great deal more effective than owning yachts or race horses. Maurice Rheims recalls a conversation he had in 1957 with Basil Goulandris, the Greek shipowner, shortly after Goulandris had paid what was then a record auction price for a Gauguin still-life. "Having that picture knocked down to me has made my name known everywhere," Goulandris said. "I'm praised for my courage and respected for my taste. In terms of advertising, the articles the press has published about me are worth easily double the sum I spent that afternoon. . . . In my whole life till then I'd never dared to buy a work of art." Nobody in New York had ever heard of Amalia Le Croze de Fortabat, either, until last spring, when she paid five million two hundred thousand dollars for van Gogh's painting "Le Jardin du Poète, Arles," at the Henry Ford II sale at Christie's—the most anyone has yet paid for a van Gogh at auction. Two weeks later, she snapped up J. M. W. Turner's "Juliet and Her Nurse" at Sotheby's for six million four hundred thousand dollars—the most anyone has yet paid for any picture at auction. Newspaper reports belatedly identified her as the widow of an Argentine cement manufacturer, and her name is now enshrined in the footnotes, at least, of art history. The name of Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman currently adorns the Fifth Avenue façade of the Metropolitan, on a giant banner announcing the exhibition of her collection of twentieth-century and primitive art. Mrs. Newman, the wife of a Chicago businessman, bought many of these works for relatively little money when she was visiting New York in the fifties and trying to be an artist, and her decision to have them go eventually to the Met, rather than to a Chicago museum, was an occasion for public rejoicing. This is bargain-rate immortality. Under the current tax laws, it can also be a great boon to one's heirs.

Those who profess dismay over the "insane" rise in art prices tend to blame the auction houses and their aggressive marketing techniques. This seems a trifle shortsighted. The fact is that the competition for works of art has been building at an accelerating rate for the last twenty years, and the combination of scarcity and rising demand has had its usual effect. The proliferation of private collectors, of museums, and of corporations that buy art has brought about a competitive situation that the auction houses have been in an ideal position to exploit—in ways that have not exactly endeared them to the established art dealers. Most dealers are very cross about the ten-per-cent "premium," or surcharge, that Sotheby's and Christie's began charging the buyer a few years back. Traditionally, the auction house received its payment from the seller, who was charged a percentage of the sale price. By getting the buyer to pay an additional ten per cent, the auctioneers have been able to reduce, or even in some cases to eliminate, the seller's fee. This has made a great many sellers decide to put their pictures at auction rather than try to market them through a dealer, who may charge them anywhere from ten to thirty per cent. The buyer's premium "is unethical, improper, and unfair," according to Ralph Colin, the administrative vice-president and counsel for the Art Dealers Association of America. Some dealers complain that the auction houses are trying to drive them out of business. (Peter Wilson, Sotheby's former chairman, used to boast that auction houses would soon make dealers obsolete.) In their own defense, the auctioneers point out that between forty and sixty per cent of the lots they sell go to dealers, who presumably do not buy with the intention of reselling at a loss.

According to David Bathurst, the president of Christie's in America, there may very well have been dealers at the Henry Ford II sale last May who were in a position to know that five million two hundred thousand dollars was not the most that had ever been paid for a van Gogh. Some collectors still wish to keep their purchases (or dispersals) secret, and for them the private dealer is a necessity. The supply of privately owned Impressionist and vintage modern works —and even of Old Masters—is by no means nearing extinction, as some people believe it is. As prices escalate, more and more such works come on the market. The dealers, who offer, in addition to privacy, the sort of expert advice on quality, condition, and relative importance of works of art which the auction houses specifically disclaim, are prospering today as never before. The pictures that do best at auction, the dealers say, are the most spectacular ones: the early Picasso, or the picture that van Gogh painted of his friend Gauguin's garden—the accessible pictures, the sure things. In the circuslike atmosphere of the auction salesroom, the more difficult or demanding works are sometimes overshadowed, and may go for less than they would bring privately. It is a rare collector who feels that he or she can do without the advice of dealers—particularly in view of the going prices.

The auction market for contemporary art—meaning art since the Second World War—appears healthier than ever. Both Sotheby's and Christie's held contemporary auctions in the week preceding their Impressionist and modern sales, and both did well. New auction highs were established for any number of artists, including, at Sotheby's, Franz Kline ($350,000) and Robert Motherwell ($150,000), and, at Christie's, Willem de Kooning ($220,000), Robert Rauschenberg ($190,000), and Frank Stella ($180,000). Living artists used to be terrified of having their work appear at auction, for fear that a low price would depress their private market. Not many contemporary works appeared at auction until 1973, when the Robert C. Scull collection sold at Sotheby's for a rattling total of $2,242,900; since then Sotheby's and Christie's have been competing fiercely for postwar art. Relatively recent art is still a highly unpredictable category at auction, because the number of people willing to spend large sums for it is still very small. In the last few years, though, the dealers have been doing so well with almost everything contemporary, from architects' drawings to the work of a whole group of striplings fresh out of art school, that the auctioneers have shown increasing interest in the field. Linda Silverman, who is in charge of contemporary art at Sotheby's, not long ago had the idea of putting together a sale of work by David Salle, Julian Schnabel, and several other whizbangs who have only just started to show in New York galleries but already have waiting lists of prospective buyers. The idea caused such panic among the dealers and the artists involved, Silverman says, that she decided it was premature. Martha Baer, the contemporary-art person at Christie's, has no intention of trying to sell such recent work. The auction room is a resale market, she feels; it should not usurp the dealer's function of finding and helping to develop new talent.

Much headshaking goes on about the continuing price spiral and its ef-



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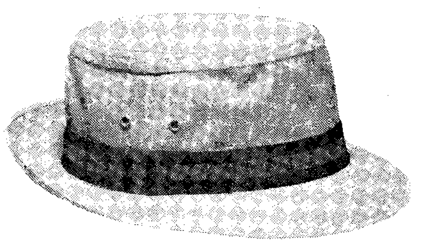

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fects on the creation and appreciation of art. Robert Hughes, in his vigorously opinionated and illuminating book "The Shock of the New" (Knopf), is majestically gloomy on this subject. "By the end of the 1970s," he writes, "we were getting to the point where everything that could be regarded, however distantly, as a work of art was primarily esteemed not for its ability to communicate meaning, or its use as historical evidence, or its power to generate aesthetic pleasure, but for its convertibility into cash." Since the time of the pharaohs, however, works of art have been recognized as having a value that is material as well as spiritual, and rarity and scarcity have usually combined to make the more desirable ones very expensive. High prices do not guarantee that great art will be produced, of course, but then neither do low prices or no prices at all. Given the choice, most artists would probably prefer to live at a time when art is in demand, even if for the wrong reasons. Artists usually have a pretty clear idea of the difference between price and aesthetic value. Jasper Johns remarked when told last fall that his "Three Flags" had been sold to the Whitney Museum for a million dollars, "I was brought up in the Depression, and one million dollars is a very important figure to one who grew up at that time. It has a rather neat sound, but it has nothing to do with painting."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Morley Marvels," by Robert Morley*]

Optimism, the belief that goodness pervades reality, is like all religions, a matter of diet and environment. Avoid your loved ones at breakfast. They will only serve to remind you of how much they are costing at their various schools and how unlikely any of them are to achieve success or even financial independence. Leaving them to guzzle cornflakes and fried tomatoes, carry your own tray laden with toast, caviare, orange juice and a bottle of champagne as far away as possible. Mix the champagne and orange juice to taste, spread the caviare on the buttered toast and on no account open any letters. —*Page 151.*

Each morning I pad down to the kitchen and while my wife lays up the breakfast tray, I pick up the mail from the floor and tear open the envelopes. —*Page 162.*

•

NEW JERSEY—
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THERE IS NO NEW JERSEY SOUND THIS MORNING.—*A.P. wire dispatch.*

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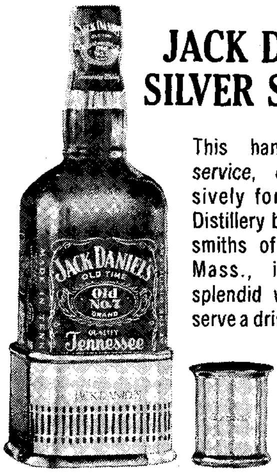

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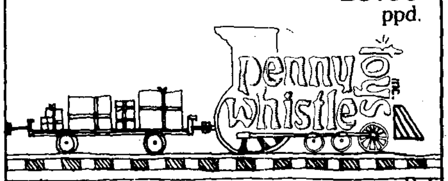

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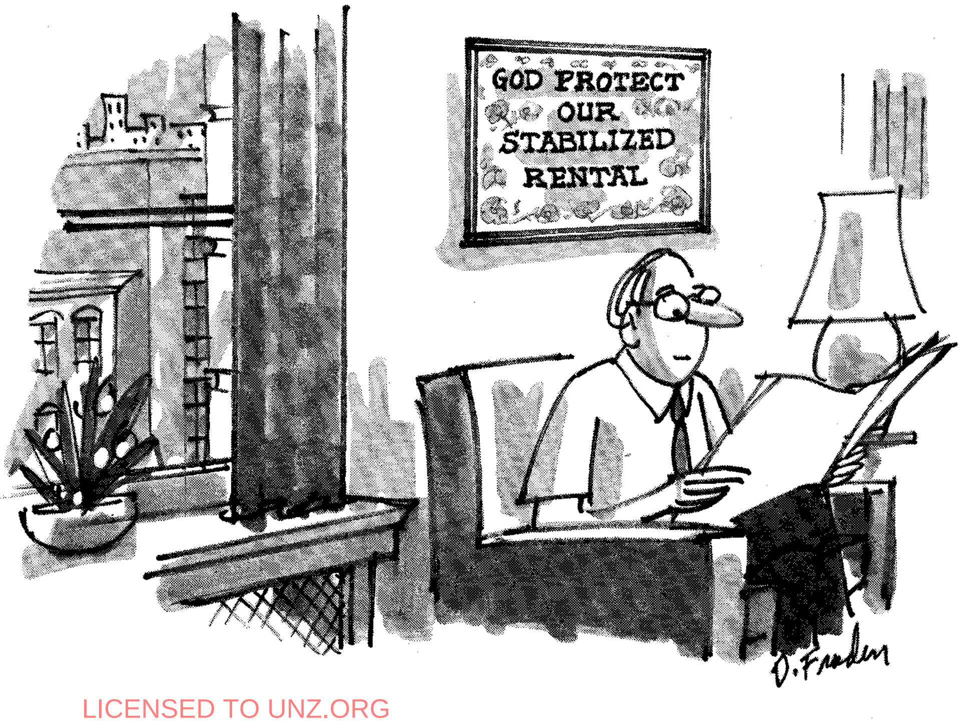
MUSICAL EVENTS

Imitation

TWO great works of J. S. Bach's last decade were heard earlier this month on successive evenings: "The Art of Fugue" was played by Jerry Brainard on organ and harpsichord at Tully Hall, in a performance with the Battery Dance Company; the "Musical Offering" was included in the Basically Bach Festival, at the Central Presbyterian Church, on Park Avenue. Until quite recently, it would have been reasonable to describe these pieces as Bach's two last major compositions. The "Musical Offering" was said to date from the summer of 1747, and was associated with Bach's famous visit to the court of Frederick the Great at Potsdam. "The Art of Fugue" was said to date from just before Bach's death, in 1750, and to have been left incomplete, because of the composer's failing sight. Both works were said to share qualities of theoretical abstraction—both were concerned with the demonstration of canonic or fugal technique, and neither indicated instrumentation for its performance—and this shared character defined Bach's late style, in which he cut himself off from the preoccupations of the world around him and summed up the weightiest aspects of the musical Baroque. But in the last thirty years work on the dating of Bach's surviving autographs has brought startling results. The most radical conclusion, arrived at by Alfred Dürr and Georg von Dadelsen in the nineteen-fifties, was that Bach's composition of cantatas for Leipzig was not spread throughout his tenure as cantor, culminating in large-scale chorale cantatas in the early seventeen-forties; instead, Bach wrote most of his Leipzig cantatas during his first five or six years there, between 1723 and 1729, and for the Leipzig Sunday services was then content to repeat or revise his own works, and to borrow those of other composers. Similar study of autographs has now begun to change our picture of Bach's final decade. "The Art of Fugue" can no longer be described as Bach's last work: in the New Grove, Christoph Wolff dates the composer's autograph to the mid-seventeen-forties, and he now believes it may have been started as early as 1742. This autograph—a fair copy that does not include certain pieces published in the posthumous edition of 1751—is not incomplete; it represents a finished, first conception of the work. At the end of his life, Bach returned to the music to prepare it for publication. He added some pieces and perhaps planned others; in that respect, "The Art of Fugue" may be incomplete. The published edition is clearly a revised version; it raises many problems, both in the ordering of the pieces and in the inclusion of a chorale prelude at the end of an unfinished fugue that uses the B-A-C-H motif. A study by Gregory Butler, of the University of British Columbia, has made ingenious use of partly erased page numbers in the original edition to resolve the problems of ordering, but much still remains uncertain. The legend that Bach was prevented by illness and death from completing the last fugue is now difficult to accept; it may result from confusion as to which of the manuscripts found at his death were intended for publication.

Mr. Brainard included that unfinished fugue in his performance—a practical decision with which one cannot disagree, since it is a fugue of great power and beauty. More unusual was his idea of splitting the pieces between harpsichord and organ and reordering them to produce four groups, "each of which grows in complexity and intensity," as he wrote in a program note. "The Art of Fugue" is undoubtedly a work for keyboard; the meticulous research of Gustav Leonhardt for his recorded performances (the second of which has recently been reissued on the new Pro-Arte label) has dispelled the idea that the music is equally suitable for "orchestral" and ensemble performance. It works best either on the harpsichord (as in Leonhardt's serious and affecting recording) or on the organ (as in Lionel Rogg's noble, heavily sustained recording, on Angel). Mr. Brainard's juxtaposition of the two instruments created aural problems—the variation in sound level between the Tully Hall organ and a harpsichord (even discreetly amplified, as it was here) is very great. But the performance was unified by Mr. Brainard's individual approach to the music. He resolutely refused to take it too weightily: his playing on both instruments had grace, lightness, and clear articulation. He showed that these contrapuntal compositions can be played with dancelike rhythms at sprightly tempi. On the organ, he chose bright, clear registrations that did not clog the flow of the part writing; on the harpsichord, he played with a crisp touch that, for example, let the dotted rhythms of the French-style diminution fugue propel the music. Perhaps he was helped in his choice of speeds by the Battery dancers, who took part in two of the four groups of pieces. Sometimes he added a brief ornament to a fugue subject and left the subsequent entries plain. In a couple of fugues, inner detail was blurred by the fast speeds. But the performance revealed an unsen-


GOD PROTECT OUR STABILIZED RENTAL
D. Fradon

timental pleasure in euphonious imitative writing which somehow matched the demythologizing results of recent scholarship.

The remarkable speed with which Bach produced the "Musical Offering" seems less surprising if that work in fact followed rather than preceded "The Art of Fugue." Bach's exploration of canonic technique can now be seen as stemming directly from the completion and arrangement of Book II of "The Well-Tempered Keyboard" and the publication of the Goldberg Variations; both probably occurred in 1742. (In the back of his own copy of the Variations, which came to light only in 1975, Bach wrote a set of fourteen little canons; these perhaps provide a link to the start of his work on "The Art of Fugue.") The intricate canons of the "Musical Offering" were, then, not a radical departure in Bach's work but a sudden *jeu d'esprit* based on the techniques of "The Art of Fugue." They were an opportunity to use in practical form—in order to impress Frederick the Great—the skills he had developed in the preceding few years. For the performer, the most important conclusion of recent studies of the "Musical Offering" has been that its published form is not abstract or theoretical but absolutely practical. The work is intended for a small ensemble: two violins, a flute, and a keyboard can perform all the pieces, and the disposition of the parts in the original edition indicates that they were meant to do so. (This instrumentation can be heard in a stimulating, though sometimes eccentric, recording by Musica Antiqua Cologne, on Archiv.) The Musica Sacra Chamber Ensemble chose to base its account on Hans T. David's thirty-six-year-old edition, and used a colorful palette of four winds, four strings, and harpsichord. Even the first three-part ricercare, which is based on Bach's improvisation for Frederick, was performed by three-part ensemble. The piece is best suited to the fortepiano, for that was the instrument that Bach was demonstrating for Frederick; the music's sighing thirds and winding chromaticisms show off the varied expressive touch of the piano. Bach was well aware of how musically up-to-date Frederick's court was; he tried to include rococo features not only in this ricercare but also in the slow movements of the trio sonata that forms the longest part of the work.

The Musica Sacra players made wise use of their lavish resources. The canons were brightly varied. Speeds were brisk, on the whole, though plodding articulation (especially in the lower parts) counteracted this. Sometimes the tuning was sour and the ensemble messy; these faults spoiled the great modulating canon, which winds like a spiral through the chromatic keys with a wonderfully yearning, striving effect. But the violinist Jean Ingraham, the flutist Thomas Nyfenger, and the continuo players Edward Brewer and André Emelianoff gave a solid, reliable account of the trio sonata, and there was some perky oboe and bassoon playing in the shorter pieces. The six-part ricercare, which logically concludes any full performance of the work, suffered from the mixture of instrumental timbres. This, like the three-part ricercare, is a keyboard piece; it miraculously weaves six lines together within the span of two hands. Yet it also can be transcribed for a homogeneous ensemble—for example, one of stringed instruments, where the fullness of a double-bass in the lowest entries is welcome. Musica Sacra's more diverse sound did not allow the counterpoint to mesh; the performance was disappointing.

Among the other concerts in the Basically Bach Festival, I heard an evening of cantatas, also at Central Presbyterian Church, conducted by Richard Westenberg. The program brought together three works that each had very fine choral movements: the first, No. 62, and the last, No. 36, were intended for Advent and made use of the melody "Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland." The central work, No. 93, "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten," was written for the Fifth Sunday after Trinity in 1724. In No. 62, also from 1724 (not 1740, as the program suggested), the "Nun komm" melody dances through the rippling orchestral texture. It is easy to miss the hymn tune's first, discreet entrance, in the bass line; the melody's totally unexpected appearance at the cadence of the orchestral introduction, just before the voices enter, is a delightful surprise. Musica Sacra's rather splashy account of this section did not help to clarify the music, but, once the performance settled into a firm tempo, it was effective. A chorus of fourteen—an ideal size—was used; the instrumentalists played one to a part. Any resulting lack of clarity could be attributed to the church's curious acoustics (better at the back than at the front) and to the overheavy sounds from the strings. Mr. Westenberg chose slow tempi, which his soloists found difficult to maintain, and the recitatives were often burdened by the sustained accompaniment of organ, cello, and double-bass. (In the bass and tenor recitatives of Cantata 93, there should be a clear alternation between "dry" recitative in unmeasured time and the eloquent sections of adagio melody, based on the chorale tune, which could have a sustained continuo line.) Passages for soprano and alto soloists in all three cantatas were given to the choir—an acceptable idea, though the lovely duet in Cantata 93 dragged as a result. In the lilting opening chorus of this cantata, there was fine oboe playing from Ronald Roseman and Mark Hill, but Bach's clear delineation of *piano* and *forte* sections was not observed. Cantata 36, "Schwingt freudig euch empor," received a mixed performance. The opening chorus was marred by violin triplets that ran away and by singing that was less than precise in the homophonic choral entries. The movements based on "Nun komm" went brightly, but the tenor aria plodded at three-in-a-bar when it should have flowed in one. The final, ethereal soprano aria, however, was the evening's highlight: Pamela Coburn produced a warm, finely focussed, and naturally phrased soprano part, and Jean Ingraham's muted violin obbligato, though too vibrato-laden for my taste, was phrased with suppleness and was carefully matched to the vocal line. It was perverse of Mr. Westenberg to take the "muted and soft voices" of this aria's text as the cue for a hushed final chorale. The concluding chorale in each of these cantatas is an affirmation of faith, and should raise the roof.

TWO evenings last month devoted to twentieth-century music proved a simple point: what a difference a good performance makes in helping an audience to enjoy a new work. In a concert by Speculum Musicae at the Symphony Space, it was easy to enjoy Gerald Busby's "Glyphs." The piece was rather crude—three movements characterized by simple fragments passed lumpily among oboe,

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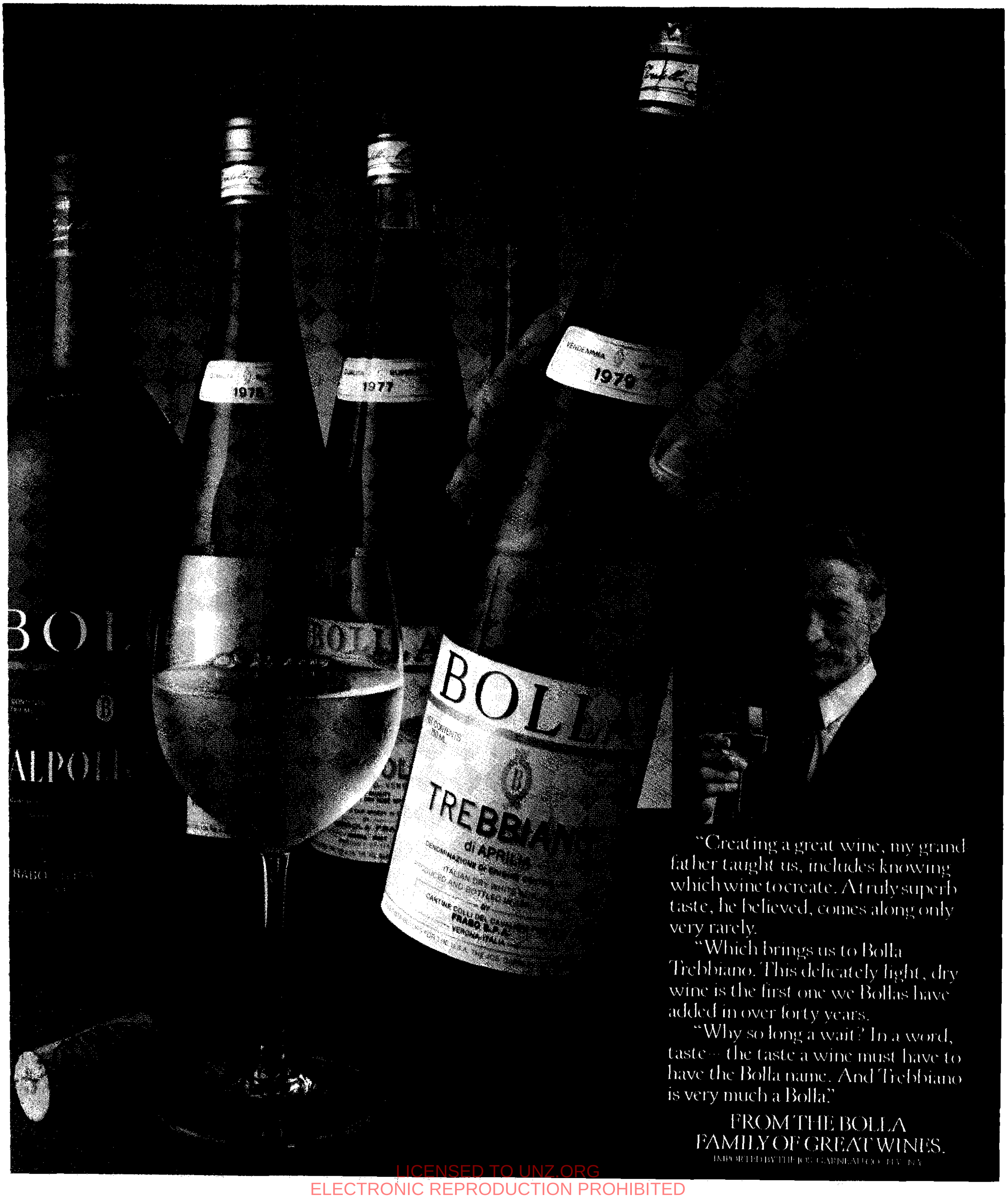
—Franco Bolla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bass clarinet, double-bass, and vibraphone—but it was played crisply and brightly, and emerged as likable, if unimportant. David Koblitz's "Tokens on the Dream Exchange" was more successful. Scored for eight-piece ensemble, it bubbled infectiously under Joseph Passaro's clear direction; its manipulation of repetitive motifs was ingenious. The concert also included Charles Wuorinen's "Six Pieces for Violin and Piano" and the Suite from Stravinsky's "The Soldier's Tale;" the program began with an outstandingly fresh and incisive account of Benjamin Britten's early "Phantasy Quartet," for oboe and strings, in which a couple of split notes from the oboist Steve Taylor were insignificant beside the expressive power of his playing and the sharp ensemble of his colleagues.

New Music for Young Ensembles, Inc., is a worthy venture that runs an annual competition for new works of "moderate difficulty." Last fall, I mentioned here the first of the 1980 co-winners, Daniel Perlongo's Saxophone Quartet. The second, William Ross's "Divertimento," has now been heard at Carnegie Recital Hall. This is an engaging piece in four short movements—an opening fanfare, a fragmented Bachian invention, a hazy nocturne, and a jazzy fugue. The nocturne works best; the fugue is incongruous. The music was not helped by sloppy, sometimes inaccurate playing. A new revision of an atmospheric work by Phillip Ramey, "La Citadelle," for oboe and piano, was given a lacklustre performance, and George Rochberg's Duo for Oboe and Bassoon sounded as if it were being played without rehearsal. The greatest pleasure of the evening came from Janet Bookspan's unusual, intelligent treatment of Walton's "Façade 2." One line unaccountably got lost; I blanched at "d*ah*lias" where Edith Sitwell would have expected "d*ay*lias;" and Miss Bookspan's clear articulation did not need poor amplification. But she drew out the sense behind the nonsense, and made these dry little numbers vivid. —NICHOLAS KENYON

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When the amphibious assault ship Tarawa (LHA-1) pulled into San Diego last month, 20-foot high letters emblazoned on her superstructure echoed the theme of "Pride and Professinalismonalism" currently being re-emphasized throughout the Navy.—*Navy Times.*

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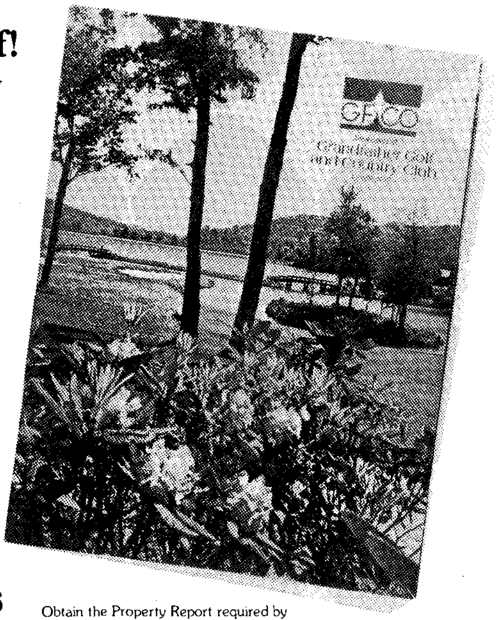

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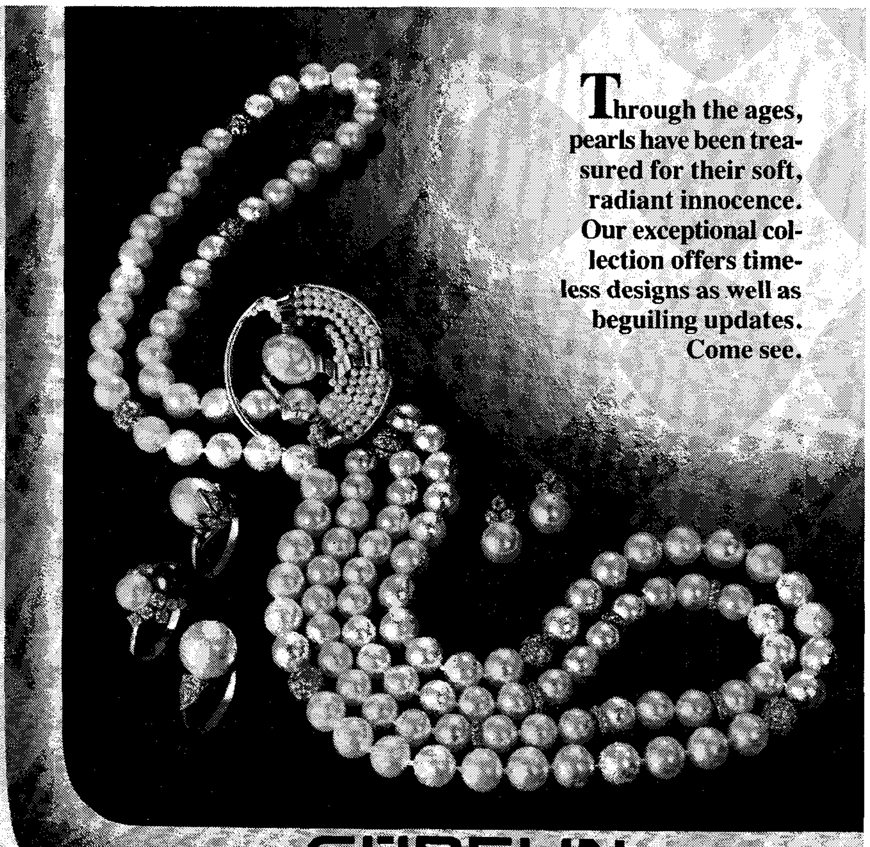

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THE SPORTING SCENE

FROM LINKSLAND TO AUGUSTA

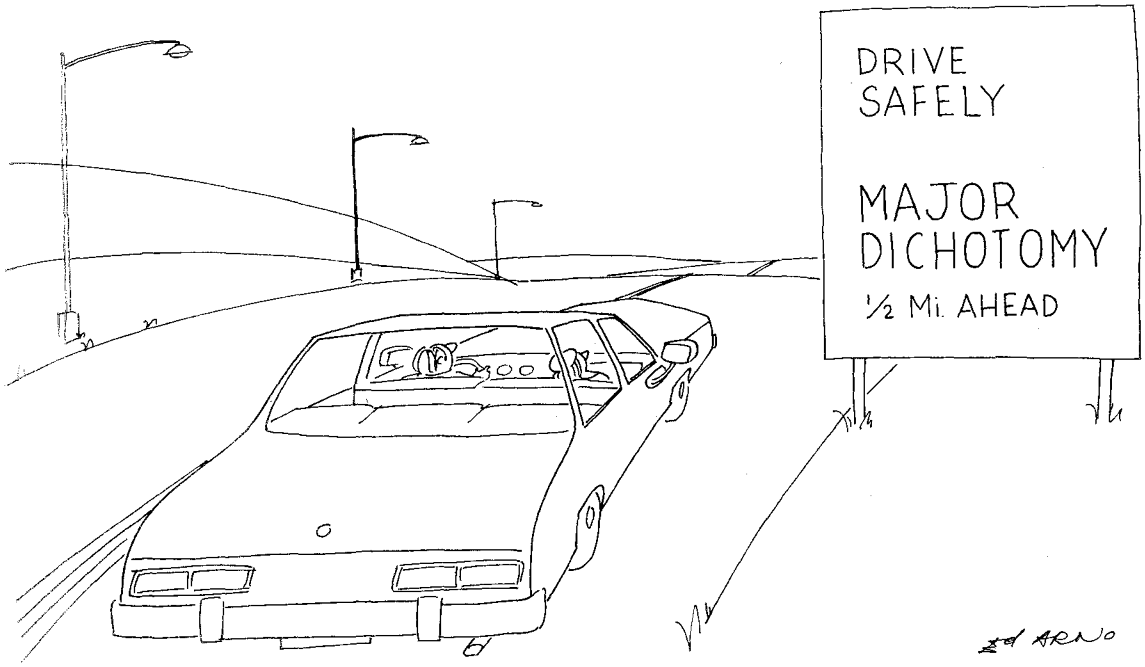
EXACTLY fifty years ago, Robert T. (Bobby) Jones, Jr., having retired from competitive golf at the age of twenty-eight, started work on the eighteen holes at the newly founded Augusta National Golf Club, in Augusta, Georgia—the dream course that he had long looked forward to building and that later became the home of the annual Masters tournament. Jones chose Dr. Alister MacKenzie to be his co-designer. MacKenzie, who was born in Yorkshire of Scottish lineage, was an experienced golf-course architect and a very good one. He had recently built two superb courses—Royal Melbourne, in Australia, and Cypress Point, on the Monterey Peninsula, in California. Jones' selection of MacKenzie was based primarily on the deep impression that Cypress Point had made on him when he played it in the summer of 1929 during a trip he made to California to participate in the United States Amateur Championship at Pebble Beach—which, like Cypress Point, is on the Monterey Peninsula. In an era in which many successful golf-course architects made it a practice to saturate their acreage with bunkers placed with almost the geometric precision of the rectangles in a Mondrian abstract, MacKenzie believed in staying with the natural features of the land and using them to their best strategic advantage. Jones, loving the Old Course at St. Andrews as he did, also had a soft spot for MacKenzie because it was MacKenzie who, in 1924, had drawn the wonderfully detailed, accurate, and evocative map of the Old Course which became so popular that framed copies of it soon occupied—as they still do—places of honor on the walls of dens, studies, and offices of devoted golfers the world over.

One other reason Jones sought out MacKenzie was that although he would be building an inland course on clay soil and not a seaside course on sandy linksland, Jones wanted the holes to have, to whatever extent was possible, the flavor and playability of the holes at British linksland courses, such as St. Andrews, Hoylake, Muirfield, Carnoustie, Lytham St. Annes, and Sandwich, all of which he admired and enjoyed. Linksland, it should be explained, is the sandy waste thrown up by the sea in past eras when it receded from the shore. The wind tossed this new land into sand hills, rippling terrain, and natural sites for tees and greens—or, at least, this was the opinion of the early Scottish golfers, who felt that linksland was the ideal place to play the game. There are few, if any, trees on an authentic links, and so the heavy wind off the sea becomes a major concern. Taking their cue from St. Andrews, Jones and MacKenzie constructed the largest and most undulating greens that had ever been built in this country. These worked out well at the Augusta National, for the proportions of the course were on a heroic scale, and many of the fairways rolled like the North Atlantic in winter. Jones and MacKenzie also made a point of seeing to it that their fairways and greens had something of the firmness and speed that characterize the fairways and greens on British linksland courses. However, the intense summer heat in Georgia meant that the basic grass at the Augusta National had to be Bermuda grass, which is a lot different from the native seaside fescue that gives a British links its carpet of fine turf.

Though I didn't get to the Masters until after the Second World War—the tournament was inaugurated in 1934—I have learned from conversations with Gene Sarazen, Byron Nelson, Ben Hogan, and other golfers who played in it in the nineteen-thirties and the early nineteen-forties that in those years the Augusta National was far from being the lush meadowland course we know today. The surfaces of the greens and the areas around them were hard, fast, and kittle—a Scottish word that means difficult to manage. "It wasn't easy to stop an approach shot on those greens," Nelson once told me. "You had to hit the ball with true backspin on it, or it might hop up and run clear over the green. In the early days of the Masters, if you misread the distance on your approach and the ball came down in the entrance to the green it didn't stop just about where it landed, as it tended to do in later years, when the ground had become softer and the grass had become pretty bunchy. No, in the early days, when a ball hit short of the green it would bounce up, and the contours of the apron would steer it right or left—as they were intended to—into a bunker or a hollow or something like that. You were required to play very accurate iron shots."

In 1947, when I first saw the Augusta National, the course was about halfway between the modified transatlantic cousin of a British links which Jones had in mind and the epitome of the American inland course that it has become. During the war, it had been closed down, and when it was reopened and put back in shape it was markedly slower than it had been. One thing I remember clearly about my first visit: I had earlier been to a number of other championship courses—among them The Country Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts; Baltusrol, in Springfield, New Jersey; St. Andrews and Muirfield and Sandwich, in Britain—but the Augusta National was without a doubt the most beautiful golf course I had ever seen. I'm not talking about the azaleas, dogwood, and camellias and the other flowering trees and shrubs that framed the fairways, or the gigantic stands of upland pines. It was the holes themselves—their fresh design, diversity, and excellent condition, and the special look they possessed. The greens had a lovely sheen, which was accentuated by the striped effect that precise mowing gave them. And the fairways—I had never seen anything like them. They, too, were carefully mowed, and when you inspected them closely you saw that the grass was as tightly knit as it was on good greens. More than that, these fairways were emerald green and sparkled in the sun. This resulted from overseeding the Bermuda grass annually with rye grass.

In the early nineteen-fifties, as I



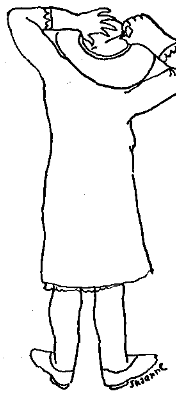
recall, the fairways began to lose their glorious lustre. One can only assume that the club could no longer obtain the particular rye seed it had been using. In other respects as well, from that time down to the present, the condition of the course hasn't been what it was when I first saw it. A golf course, to be sure, is vulnerable to the vagaries of the weather, and the Augusta National has had its share of vicissitudes. The Masters is always held the first full week in April, and some years, after harsh winters and late springs, the fairways have been extremely hard and dotted with bare spots. Other years, the fairways have been too shaggy and slow. Over this prolonged period, the greens gradually became much softer and more receptive, and the golfers could fire at many of the pins with comparative impunity. For all this, the Augusta National Golf Club, because of its pride in its course and in the status that the Masters had gained—around 1954, it became generally accepted as one of the world's four major golf tournaments, along with the United States Open, the British Open, and our Professional Golfers' Association Championship—went all out to maintain the course in the best possible shape. It was the exceptional year when improvements were not made in the complicated drainage and watering systems or when improved strains of grass were not introduced on ailing greens. One of the most drastic of these programs was undertaken in 1973: the rye grass on the fairways was replaced by a fescue that could be mowed short and, accordingly, would make for better fairway lies; and the greens, for the first time, were overseeded with a perennial rye instead of the customary annual rye. Later, new grasses were tried out on both the greens and the fairways. Last autumn, still seeking to improve both the firmness and the trueness of the greens, the club removed the old Bermuda-grass base and planted the greens with a strain of bent grass that had been used with encouraging results on its par-3 course. All this leads us to two significant conclusions. First, if in its good years the Augusta National has continued to strike well-travelled golfers as the handsomest inland course in the world, much of the credit for this is due to the conscientious attention and the considerable funds lavished on it. And, second, if the Augusta National long ago ceased to play at all like a linksland course, this is apparently because such a goal is an impossibility for any course built on clayey soil.

GOOD inland courses that have something of the character and feel of linksland courses are few and scattered. I know of only four: Pinehurst No. 2, in North Carolina; Pine Valley, in New Jersey; Prairie Dunes, in Kansas; and Royal Worlington, in England. (This list does not include Royal Melbourne, in Australia, and a number of other courses that, while not actually on the sea, are only a few miles from it.) Pinehurst No. 2 is by far the best of the six courses that are at present part of the resort known as Pinehurst, which James W. Tufts, of Medford, Massachusetts, founded in the Sandhills region of North Carolina in 1895. Tufts had been looking for a spot where people whose health was not robust could go during the long, cold Northern winters, and the air in the Sandhills, he had discovered, remained dry and unusually mild. After the first golf course was laid out at Pinehurst, in 1898, golfers began flocking there. Pinehurst No. 2 was designed by Donald Ross, who grew up in Dornoch, close by the great Scottish golf links of that name. Fundamentally, Pinehurst No. 2 resembles a links only in that it is built on a sandy base and, consequently, drains rapidly after a rain and is always a joy to walk. However, a golfer who knows the game well will detect definite linksland touches that Ross brought to the green areas—ingenious ridges, slopes, dips, and moundings off the edge of the greens, along with subtle breaks of the putting surfaces. A genius at his profession, Ross had during his youth in Dornoch absorbed through his pores the principles of golf-course architecture, but in this country he had the sense to adapt those principles to the vastly different types of terrain and vegetation he was dealing with. At Pinehurst No. 2, where the course winds its way through a forest of longleaf pine, he simply tried to devise the soundest and most enjoyable holes that the land suggested. They turned out to be essentially American in appearance and definitely inland in spirit.

Pine Valley, which is in the southwestern corner of New Jersey, forty miles north of Delaware Bay, occupies a tract of sandy wasteland that at one time was presumably the floor of the ocean. That sandy base, though, is just about its only connection with linksland golf. Indeed, no course could look less like a seaside course, for almost every hole is shut off from the others, thickly enclosed by pines. Awesome, demanding, and brilliantly imaginative, Pine Valley is the work of an amateur architect—George Crump, a hotelman from Philadelphia, who, in 1912, became obsessed with the idea of creating an epic course in that primeval wilderness. He spent the next six years, until his death, living on the property while he slogged away at making his dream a reality. When he died, fourteen remarkable holes were completed. The next year, the remaining four, which he had roughed out, were finished under the direction of Hugh Wilson, another amateur architect, who had built the superlative championship course at the Merion Cricket Club (now the Merion Golf Club), on the western edge of Philadelphia.

Prairie Dunes, fifty-five miles northwest of Wichita, is quite another story. The countryside in that region is as flat as a pool table, and then one suddenly comes upon a strip of sandy land that rolls like a true links. It has no tall trees, and its fairways are edged with dense growths of wild plum about six feet high, which play the same role that gorse bushes do on a Scottish course. "On my first trip to Prairie Dunes, I thought I was in Scotland," P. J. Boatwright, Jr., of the United States Golf Association, said recently. "I kept expecting to see the ocean beyond the next ridge of sand hills." Prairie Dunes not only looks like a links but plays like one.

THIS brings us to the last of the four courses, Royal Worlington. It lies about forty-five miles from the North Sea in Suffolk, a sparsely settled county in East Anglia, which tourists seldom bother to visit, but which during the Second World War was one large airfield, humming with activity. The Royal Worlington and Newmarket Golf Club, to give it its full name (we'll get to the "Royal" part in a while), is in the village of Worlington, eight miles northeast of Newmarket, the home of the famous racecourse and for almost four centuries a center of horse breeding as well as horse racing. Cambridge, that most beautiful of all university towns, is thirteen miles west of Newmarket. It is best, I think, to approach Worlington from Cambridge, for this permits a pleasant drive through low-lying country on a route that takes you through the middle of Newmarket, where the main street chatters the year round with the clip-clop of horses and the clicking steps of jockeys, trainers, owners, and other men and women in boots. Worlington is something special, too—a hamlet full of quiet which is right out of one of those old "Fitzpatrick Traveltalks." White stucco houses with well-tended flower gardens lie along its narrow roads, and tradesmen still knock on the back door and call out "Baker" or "Vegetable man." I think of Worlington, which has only a few hundred residents, as being smaller than the village in which Agatha Christie's Miss Marple lives, but I can see her pattering around it carrying a friend some asparagus or spinach fresh from the Fens. The people who live in the village refer to the golf course as Worlington, and so do most visitors, but, curiously, many Cambridge undergraduates who have used the course over the past eighty-odd years have gone through life referring to it as Mildenhall. The explanation is interesting. To get to the course when automobiles were not common, golf-smitten undergraduates—who included Bernard Darwin, later to become the greatest of all golf writers—cycled to the Cambridge railway station and there boarded a train on a local line of the Great Eastern Railway which went as far as Mildenhall, an ancient market town two miles beyond Worlington. The train made three or four stops en route to Mildenhall, the last at the Worlington halt, which was only a short walk from the course. When someone in Cambridge asked golf-bag-carrying students where they were bound, the invariable reply was "We're going to catch the train to Mildenhall." The Mildenhall line, incidentally, disappeared in the nineteen-sixties, when the British Railways Board, headed by Dr. Richard Beeching, closed down all railroad trackage that was deemed superfluous.



It should be pointed out that Worlington consists of only nine holes, and that this helps to explain its renown. It is far and away the best nine-hole course in the world, and it also held that position in the distant days before the First World War, when the nine-hole course was in flower. Though the club was founded in 1893, the course actually came into existence three years earlier. The plan had originally been to build eighteen holes, but some of the acreage was rather marshy, and on the advice of Captain A. M. Ross, an experienced local golfer, the founders of the club chose to lay out nine holes on the sandy soil of a stretch of warren land at the southern section of the plot and to let it go at that. It was a wise decision, for it insured the course of superior drainage; crisp fairway turf; fast greens comparable to those on a good seaside links; and inexpensive maintenance. Captain Ross is credited with designing the original nine holes. He made splendid use of the natural features of the rolling terrain and devised such solid and charming holes that few changes were introduced when, in 1906, a professional golf-course architect was called in to make whatever revisions seemed advisable in view of the fact that the old gutta-percha golf ball had been replaced by the modern rubber-core ball, which went appreciably farther. This architect was Harry Colt, then on his way to gaining a position at the head of his profession. Wentworth, Rye, and the New Course at Sunningdale—all in England—are among Colt's top achievements, along with Portrush, in Northern Ireland, and he is also remembered for having spent some time with George Crump at Pine Valley in the summer of 1913, assisting him in working out various problems. A complete record of the changes that Colt made at Worlington is not available, but we do know that he revamped the first hole, lengthened the third, and turned the ninth, a somewhat ordinary par 3, into a very successful short par 4 by installing a new tee on rising land and by also resituating the green. Over the last seventy-five years, no alterations of any consequence have been made. None have been needed. And although the club had a set of plans for a second nine drawn up some time ago, whenever the subject comes up at a meeting it is quickly dropped.

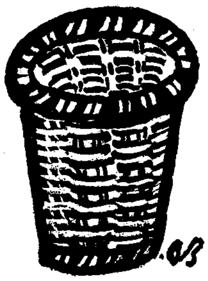
Bernard Darwin used to refer to Worlington as "the sacred nine," and it is easy to see why. Worlington is one of those rare courses where, from the start, just about everything happened to go right. The individual holes are routed in a variety of directions, so they set up different demands on the golfer, depending on how the wind is blowing that day or that hour. A long line of Scotch firs in the middle of the course—which occupies forty acres—comes into play nicely, and so does a narrow stream that winds its way across or alongside several holes. With the possible exception of the first hole, which allows a player to get warmed up without asking him to do very much, each of the holes has a distinct, pungent, and enticing personality. They frequently set up the kind of shots that a golfer loves to play, and if he pulls them off they linger in his mind for weeks and months, and sometimes forever. Worlington is a relatively short course—it is only 3,109 yards in length, whereas the second nine at the Augusta National, say, measures 3,440 yards from the back tees—but to match the par of 35 is no simple matter, and high scores are common. On every hole, the penalty for playing a bad shot or a too ambitious one can be severe, and there are places where one serious error can ruin your card for the round. On the other hand, some eye-popping scores have been brought in. In 1949, J. A. Floyd had a 28 for nine holes—the club record. In 1966, Leonard Crawley, a member of four British Walker Cup teams, missed a yard putt on the eighteenth that would have given him a 63 on the eve of his sixty-third birthday.

THERE is probably no better way to transmit the unique qualities of Worlington and the control of the ball it calls for than to describe the course briefly, hole by hole.

The first, a par 5, is 484 yards long, and, as I have noted, it is rather routine. At the same time, for an opening hole it gives the golfer enough to think about, because a paved road parallels the fairway along the right-hand side from tee to green. A ball that ends up on the road or beyond it is out of bounds, and the golfer incurs a two-stroke penalty. Obviously, then, the prudent route to the green is down the left-hand side of the fairway, which is more or less level. Even if you happen to hook or pull your drive or second shot, the odds are that you will not be in bad shape—the rough in this area is neither high nor thick. For the low-handicap golfer, this is a probable birdie hole. He will have little trouble reaching the narrow green in two shots or ending up close enough to it to get down in a chip and a putt.

The second is a 225-yard par 3—one of three short holes on the course. It is a beauty, and what makes it so is the green. It is the type that some people describe as a bowler-hat green and others refer to as an upturned-saucer green; that is, it rises from the fairway at a gentle angle and then sweeps up on all sides to a flattish crown, on which the pin is almost always positioned. It takes a marvellous shot to run the ball up onto that small crown and stop it there. Low-handicap golfers generally go with a long iron or a fairway wood off the tee, but for the average golfer it is a full drive. The green, by the way, is very fast and has some fearsome contours. The first time I played it, I got down in four putts, holing the last one from six feet.

At this point, the course turns westward, away from the road. Many admirers of Worlington consider the third hole, a 365-yard par 4 that breaks acutely to the left after the tee shot, one of its finest holes. The tee shot should be played down the right side of the rumpled, pinched fairway—partly because the rough on that side is manageable and partly because the left side falls quickly down to a troughlike hollow of heavy rough that extends almost to the green. The green is slightly plateaued, slopes from left to right, and is guarded tightly on the left by a bunker. As you can see, this sets up an exacting second shot. It should be played to land to the left of the pin, since the ball will bounce and roll to the right, but a shot played too far to the left will find the bunker. In the varying winds that are common here, it is vital to judge the distance to the green accurately. The approach usually calls for a 4-iron to a 6-iron.



The fourth hole is like no other par 5 I know. It is only 480 yards long, and the green can be reached, after a good drive, with a long iron or a soft-falling fairway wood. (Let us assume here, and from here on, that we are talking about a golfer who breaks 80 more often than not. The holes will naturally play somewhat longer for a less proficient golfer.) It is questionable, however, if trying to get home in two on the fourth is worth the risk. The green, which is tiny, is hidden by a low ridge that slides down to it, and a ball that lands on that slope can all too easily take the kind of kick that will send it into a water ditch behind the green and to the right of it. It is critical on this hole to hit the fairway with your tee shot, but that is no simple task. Bulging fir trees shut the fairway in on the right, and in playing away from them the tendency is to pull your drive to the left, where a series of three pot bunkers—they separate the fourth and sixth fairways—lie in wait. Unless you have played a first-class drive, most members of Worlington counsel a modest second shot, well short of the green, and suggest that you think of the third shot as the one that counts.

On to the fifth: 170 yards, and rated by many of the game's cognoscenti as one of the best par 3s in golf. It is surely one of the most difficult. There isn't a bunker on it, and if there were it would be superfluous. Donald Steel, of the London *Sunday Telegraph*, has described the green as being shaped like a vaulting horse, and that is a helpful image: the green is exceedingly lean and falls away abruptly on both sides—on the right, to a stream, and, on the left, to a basin of thatchy rough, twenty feet below the green, called Mug's Hole. From either side, it takes a very deft recovery to stop the ball on the putting surface and prevent it from slipping down the slope on the other side—involving you in a nightmare game of Ping-Pong and a score like an 11. To complicate matters, this is a plateau green, higher at the back, and that is where the pin is nearly always placed during a competition. To hit and hold this green takes a ninety-five-per-cent-perfect shot. If you miss the green, you're best off being long and left. There is a line of tall firs behind the green, but if you finish among them you at least have a chance to manufacture some sort of chip that may give you a crack at a par or, failing that, a 4—not a score to be despised on the fifth.

The sixth, the first of two rigorous long par 4s, is 455 yards. Along the left side of the fairway are the three pot bunkers that the sixth hole shares with the fourth, but the tee shot should nevertheless be placed down the left side. The line of firs marches close along the right edge of the fairway almost to the green. On days when a team match or a stroke-play tournament is being held, the pin is usually positioned on the right-hand side of the green, tucked behind the end of the line of firs. The second shot called for then is a high 4-wood or long iron that climbs over the top of the firs and has just enough fade on it to drift a few yards to the right. The green is tilted toward the golfer, and the key bunker is precisely where it should be—twenty-five feet from the left front edge of the green. It does a lot of business.

The seventh, 165 yards long, is the poorest of Worlington's three par 3s, but on most courses it would be a standout. The green lies just beyond a considerable bank, and the trick is to feather a soft shot that lands only a yard or two over the crest of the bank and has enough cut on it to stop the ball on a slick green that runs away from the player. There's a large bunker to the left of the green and two smaller ones on the right. The seventh requires only a 7-iron some days but as much as a 4-wood on others.

The second of the two rousing long par 4s is the eighth—465 yards. It owes its character to the inspired retention of an archaic hazard, a cross-bunker that thrusts itself up above the level of the fairway and runs clear across it eighty-five yards from the front of the green. It happens to work most effectively. Beyond the hazard, and partly blocked out by it, the fairway descends to a green protected on the left by a bunker and on the right by the line of firs that also comes into play on the fifth and sixth. A long, straight tee shot is a big plus here—there are two bunkers on the left and rough on the right. Then, on your second, you must carry the cross-bunker, gauging the wind and the distance so that the ball will alight on the downslope and run onto the green. With a strong following wind, you may need no more than a 7-iron for your second. If there is a strong head wind, though, the green can be out of range—simply unreachable in two.

In the early days, the ninth hole was a 220-yard par 3, with the green situated just behind the first tee. When Colt revamped the course, he built a new green across the road on a piece of land adjacent to the clubhouse. The revised ninth, a dogleg par 4 that breaks to the right, is only 300 yards long, and a big hitter can drive the green when the wind is behind him. This is not a sensible gamble if you are working on a low round. The road, it is true, is not out of bounds on this hole, but a stream purls along the right side of the fairway, and if you try to cut the corner and your drive finishes in the stream or to the right of it, you are out of bounds. Besides, there are a number of trees close by the stream, and many a drive has ricocheted off them and out of bounds. Nor is it advisable to go to the other extreme: the farther left you hit your tee shot, the harder your pitch to the green is, and it is a finicky shot to start with. The green is small and is bunkered at the back, and it tips a bit to the right. Its surface is a froth of dips and bumps—there is hardly a straight putt on it. The par for the nine, as I mentioned earlier, is 35: 5, 3, 4, 5, 3, 4, 3, 4, 4.

IN the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties, when a golfer played at a friend's club for the first time the greatest compliment he could pay his host was to say that the course was "very sporty." This implied that the holes provided many fascinating shots and also that the course was in first-rate condition. This second point is important. A good golf course can be deceptive, in that it generally has the appearance of unalloyed naturalness: before it was a golf course, you feel, the fairways and greens had been lying there for centuries just waiting to be mowed to the proper height and set off by hazards. To some degree, this is true of certain British linksland courses, but even they require a bit of fixing up. Worlington, lucky to begin with in being built on porous soil that insured rapid drainage and was conducive to growing wonderful grass, has also been lucky in the men who have been its greenkeepers. (I believe that British greenkeepers are still content to be called greenkeepers, instead of "golf-course superintendents.") The present greenkeeper, a local man named Bob Gee, is in his second year in the job. He succeeded Claude Rutherford, another local man, who retired after twenty years as head greenkeeper and many more years as the assistant to Harry Rutter, who, during his long term as greenkeeper, set the standard of maintenance for the course. Rutter's secret was a minimum of watering, no fertilizer, and plenty of common sense. His greens were particularly admired. They were true, and they were fast in all seasons—especially in winter. Gerald Micklem, a member who lives in Berkshire, seventy-five miles away, made it a habit just after the war, when he was playing serious tournament golf, to take a day off to drive to Worlington whenever he felt that he was losing his putting stroke; he knew he would get it back if he practiced for an hour or two on Rutter's greens. Rutter instituted some unconventional but effective means of taking care of the course. One was the use of the so-called squareboard rake, an implement whose head is a thin slab of wood through which nails have been driven so that their points protrude. Each March, employing these rude rakes, he tore the famous greens to pieces. A fortnight later, fresh young fescue grass of the finest texture would begin to establish itself. Rutter's successors have continued this procedure.

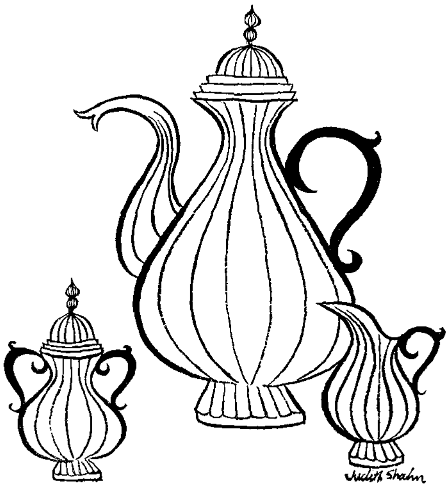
There is no question that Royal Worlington's peaceful setting incalculably enhances the pleasure of playing this jewel of a course. You are in a world apart. It could just as well be 1911 as 1981, and that chap approaching the clubhouse might be atingle, perhaps, with the news that Harry Vardon has come back after an eight-year interval and won the British Open at Sandwich. The only house in the immediate area is the clubhouse, an old brick farmhouse painted cream. In the United States, where the conception of the country club was born, the central building at a club offering golf primarily but also tennis, swimming, and other sports is as often as not a spectacularly large and sprawling edifice with all the facilities of a luxury hotel. In Britain, where' with few exceptions, the golf clubs offer only golf, the clubhouse has traditionally been a modest affair. Worlington's assuredly is. Besides the office of the secretary, Robin Kreyer, it has a pleasant lounge, a dining room that seats forty-two, and ladies' and gents' cloakrooms. Until recently, there was only a footbath in the gents' cloakroom, but now a shower has been installed. Since there is no visible bar in the clubhouse, a member who wants a drink goes to a small hole in one wall of the lounge and places his order with someone in the kitchen, which is on the other side of the wall. The most popular drink at Worlington on gala occasions—such as the annual stroke-play competition for the Captain's Prize—is a concoction that is called a Pink Jug, because it was originally mixed in a pink jug. The recipe calls for one bottle of French champagne or of Moussec, which is a cheap version of champagne; one measure each of Benedictine, brandy, and Pimm's No. 1; and ice and lemon. In a country in which the old club tie still carries considerable clout, Worlington's tie is navy blue with a single pink jug. In keeping with the club's simplicity of operation, dinner is served only once or twice a year, on special occasions, but lunch is regularly available, and so is afternoon tea.

Worlington received its royal status in 1895, two years after the club was formed. This came about through the Royal Family's interest in racing and the proximity of Newmarket. At present, the club's president is Thomas Blackwell—a member of the family that established Crosse & Blackwell, the food purveyors. Blackwell lives just outside Bury St. Edmunds, which is about a dozen miles from both Worlington and Newmarket. For some time now, his first love has been horse racing. In addition to being a steward of the Jockey Club, he has his own stable, a most successful one. He also knows his golf thoroughly, and is a former captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews.

Worlington has about three hundred and fifty regular members. It is not really as large a club as that, for a fairly high percentage of the members use it infrequently. These include about twenty from the ranks of the nobility and thirty or so well-to-do men who, like Micklem, live a good distance away and drop in to play the course only a few times a year. Among the local members are some fifty from the horse-racing world, many of them owners and trainers associated with Newmarket. For a club of its standing, Worlington is surprisingly inexpensive. Even in this age of inflation, the annual dues for a regular member are only a hundred pounds—around two hundred dollars. The Cambridge University golfers pay what amounts to a token fee, twenty pounds a year, and ex-Blues (men who were on the university team) are also accorded a bargain rate of ten pounds. The Cambridge team has long played its home matches at Worlington. Having such an elegant course as their home course accounts in good part for the traditionally greater ardor for golf among Cambridge students than among Oxford students, and also for the fact that Cambridge has a somewhat better record in the ninety-eight matches the two universities have played.

A nine-hole course can clog up quickly, but on weekdays Worlington is seldom crowded. Women members—there are about eighty—ordinarily play their rounds in the morning and have departed by the time the Cambridge golfers arrive, early in the afternoon. During the warm-weather months, when the local golfers use the course more than at any other time of year, the young men from Cambridge are on vacation, so there is no crush then. Also, the summer light holds late—sometimes well past ten o'clock. On weekdays throughout the year, there are, as a rule, no caddies in sight, and a golfer carries his own bag or trundles it along in a golf trolley. In the old days, whenever the university team or the club team had a match scheduled a substantial caddie force suddenly materialized. Most of the caddies ordinarily worked as laborers, and many of them were vivid personalities who stay in one's memory. For example, there was old Pooley—Herbert Pooley. He earned his living as a gravedigger for three parishes. Pooley charged five pounds to dig a grave and two pounds extra to act as a pallbearer. One reason he was an outstanding caddie was that he was a proficient golfer himself. When he was well into his seventies, he was still playing to a seven handicap. Today, on tournament occasions, the caddy force is made up of boys from the village.

There is general agreement that the best golfer in the club's history was J. H. S. Cannon, who was known to everyone as Boxer. A nephew of Mornington Cannon, who was a celebrated jockey, Boxer was in charge of Lady Ewell's stable and also trained horses during the middle of the century for several American millionaires. Boxer, a bald, pink-cheeked man who was a captain of the club after the First World War, was only about five feet five and slimly built. He packed surprising power. "He was wonderful with the old hickory shaft," Leonard Crawley, the noted golfer and golf writer, recalled not long ago. "He played the driving cleek perfectly. That was a shallow-faced iron, something like the No. 1 iron. Few people could handle it at all. With the driving cleek, Boxer could rifle the ball like a bullet—at about the height of a man's head. One hole he used it on at Worlington was the second, the long par 3 to the crown green. He would whistle the ball short of the green and let it run up the slope." For some reason, Boxer was never as impressive on other courses, and his showings in the English Amateur and other tournaments were disappointing. He owned Worlington, though. Along with his strong hitting action, he had a sensitive putting touch, and he scored below 70 as often as not. He was unbeatable there for years.



ON my visits to Worlington in recent years, the person I have looked up is Crawley, an old friend who purchased a house in the village shortly after the Second World War and has been a bulwark of the golf club ever since. He had played the course since the mid-nineteen-twenties, when he was up at Cambridge, and his enduring affection for it had a good deal to do with his decision to settle close by. Until he retired, in 1973, Crawley was the golf correspondent for the London *Daily Telegraph* for twenty-seven years. That is how I came to know him. He has been one of the great characters in English sports in our time. A tall, broad-shouldered man with the bearing of a grenadier, he has always made a striking appearance. His head is leonine, his eyes are a bright hazel green, his complexion is ruddy, and in his prime his hair was reddish brown, but these are not what people used to notice when they first met him. They were transfixed by his ginger-red parade-ground mustache, twisting up into well-tended tips. His speech has always been interspersed with Edwardian phrases, and since he was partial to wearing tweed knickerbocker suits, he used to cut quite a figure when he visited America: he was the stage and movie Englishman come to life. One soon discovered, though, that there was a good deal more to Crawley, and that he had a warm heart, a genial sense of humor, and the gift of being enjoyable company. He also knew his golf. No one was more expert in assessing the skill of this or that player or in writing about the technique of the champions. As a schoolboy, he had been a sports prodigy. At Harrow, he had played on the soccer, hard-racquets, Eton-fives (a form of handball), and cricket teams. At Cambridge, he was on the golf and cricket teams. In the Surrey-Cambridge cricket match at the Surrey Oval in 1925, he cracked the ball over the roof of the pavilion—a Ruthian swat that few other players have ever achieved. During this period, he played a little social tennis, and a number of observers felt that he could have become a player of international class in that sport if he had chosen to pursue it seriously. He stuck to cricket and golf. He played county cricket for Essex and Worcestershire, and he was selected for the Marylebone Cricket Club team that toured the West Indies in 1926. (The M.C.C. is to cricket in the British Isles what the Royal and Ancient is to golf.) For his exploits, Crawley was invited to become a member of I Zingari (Italian for "The Wanderers"), which is the premier cricket club in the world. In golf, he won the English Amateur in 1931 and was the runner-up twice; he was a four-time winner of the President's Putter, a competition that the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society holds at Rye, on the English Channel, in the cold of winter; he finished second in the 1937 French Open, at Chantilly, with a total of 281, a performance he regards as perhaps his best; and in four appearances in the biennial Walker Cup match, in which a team of amateurs from Great Britain and Ireland plays a team from the United States, he won his singles in 1932 and his foursome in 1938 and 1947. In those last two matches, he lost his singles when his American opponents came up with incredible bursts of scoring. Many authorities on both sides of the Atlantic are of the opinion that Crawley was a much better golfer than his record, good as it is, indicates. He had a picture-postcard swing, which he executed with a lyrical tempo. On his best days, he could summon precisely the shot that was demanded, whatever its difficulty. For example, on his round of 64 at Worlington he made two twos on the fearsome fifth, hitting a crisp iron a yard past the pin on his first nine and an equally fine iron a yard short of the pin on his second nine. A natural golfer from boyhood, he attributed his improved shotmaking during his mature years to four days that he spent in 1935 studying with Henry Cotton, the three-time British Open champion, who was then the professional at Royal Waterloo, outside Brussels. "Henry gave me four hours a day and changed my entire method," Crawley said recently. "I think he charged me a hundred and sixty pounds. We became close friends. I often played with him at Ashridge, when he returned to England, but I never took another formal lesson from him. I always had a good rhythm to my swing, but Cotton made me hit with the right hand—as opposed to the left, which so many people imagine they hit with. Everything I know about golf I learned from Cotton and his wife, Toots, who has a superb understanding of the game. I regard the Cottons as the best coaches of anything I've ever attempted, with the one possible exception of Richmond Watson, who taught me to shoot."

Now in his late seventies, Crawley is still an excellent striker of the ball. He plays whenever the weather permits it. These days, he arises early and, before breakfast, walks over to the bus stop in the village to chat with the boys and girls gathered there waiting for the school bus. He is a hopelessly gregarious man. He then walks on to Royal Worlington, which is about a mile from his house. After scanning the course for a minute or two, he turns and walks home for breakfast. He continues to write about golf, he attends a number of tournaments, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays during the university terms he is available on the practice ground to any Cambridge golfer who would like some help with his game. He is an astute and patient instructor. A couple of afternoons each week, he and his wife, Elspeth, invite a few members of the university golf team over to their home for tea before the young men begin the drive back to Cambridge.

On the day I visited Crawley last summer, the rain was sheeting down, and the round of golf at Worlington I had long been looking forward to had to be cancelled. We did the next-best thing. With the ground as firm as ever, Crawley drove me slowly in his golf cart over the familiar terrain, and we studied each hole with care. I thought that Worlington had never looked better. This bucked me up a great deal. These days, although one regularly hears of sophisticated advances in course maintenance, returning to a favorite golf haunt is all too often a sad experience: for no good reason, the course has gone way downhill. Our drive around Worlington evoked many memories for me, but one was particularly vivid. This came when we stopped beside the eighth tee and gazed down the fairway toward the cross-bunker, about four hundred yards out. I had visited Crawley the week after the 1967 Walker Cup match had been held at Sandwich, and he had arranged a four-ball game in which he and I were partners against a retired admiral with a nice practice swing and Bill Campbell, the 1964 United States Amateur champion, who had been the star of the American victory at Sandwich. I have no idea how our four-ball match came out, but I will always remember what took place on the eighth tee our first time around. After the admiral and Campbell, who had the honor, had banged out resolute drives, Crawley stepped up, gave his mustache a little pinch, and bisected the fairway with his tee shot. He had not swung at it hard, but his timing was close to exact, and the ball went a mile. Up to this point, I had been playing my usual trash, but after watching Crawley's tee shot I had an inspiration. I said to myself, "Why don't you try to copy Leonard's tempo?" The result was a long, straight drive, by far my best shot of the day. I had barely picked up my tee when Campbell asked me, "What were you trying to do—copy Leonard's tempo?" I nodded, utterly astonished. Turning to Crawley, Campbell said, "I think your marvellous tempo has probably been a great handicap to you, Leonard—in match play, particularly. I have no idea how many of your opponents have *consciously* tried to imitate it, but when people play with you they have a tendency to pick up the rhythm of your swing. That's probably why so many golfers have played their career rounds against you. Take your Walker Cup matches against Johnny Fischer in 1938 and Bud Ward in 1947."

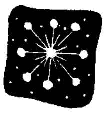
"There may be something in what you say," Crawley said, with a sort of distant smile, after a moment's reflection. "In each of those matches, I was leading after the morning eighteen. Then both Fischer and Ward went out and played some unbelievable stuff and beat me. Both of them ran off seven consecutive threes in the afternoon. Amazing. No one likes losing, but you don't mind it quite so much when you lose to that kind of golf."

TO turn back to the Augusta National: The course on which Jones and MacKenzie collaborated turned out to be a magnificent one—not that this was altogether unexpected. Seldom in sport have two men with such brilliant and versatile minds worked together on a project. Jones, as you may remember, earned his degree in mechanical engineering at Georgia Tech in three years. Then, feeling he had neglected the liberal arts, he earned a second degree at Harvard, where he spent two years pursuing a special course of study, including French and German, history, literature, and English composition. After Harvard, Jones returned to Atlanta, his home town, and entered Emory University Law School. He withdrew from law school when he had completed only two semesters, but shortly afterward he passed the Georgia bar exam and began to practice law. MacKenzie's intellectual proclivities were no less far-ranging. Born in 1870, thirty-two years before Jones, he received his degree in natural science from Cambridge University in 1891. The son of a doctor, he elected to study medicine. When his training was concluded, he became an assistant to his father, who lived and practiced in Leeds, in Yorkshire. During the Boer War, MacKenzie served as a surgeon in the British Army. In view of the twists and turns his life later took, it is worth noting that during the fighting in South Africa he was struck by the Boer guerrillas' success at disguising their positions through their skill at camouflaging terrain. After the war, he returned to Leeds and to medicine. In 1907, he was a member of the group that founded the Alwoodley Golf Club, and he became the club's honorary secretary. Harry Colt, who was by then a well-known golf-course architect, had been called in to lay out Alwoodley. The first of several noteworthy courses close to Leeds, it was built on a fine sweep of moorland, punctuated with gorse, heather, and other shrubs. The honorary secretary, who had grown up as a vigorous outdoorsman, and whose interest in the use of landscape had continued to develop after the Boer War, was naturally beguiled by golf-course architecture and worked closely with Colt. On his own, MacKenzie designed Moortown, a course practically next door to Alwoodley.

At the outbreak of the First World War, MacKenzie held the rank of major in the Army Medical Corps. However, the possibilities of the art of camouflage, which was still in its infancy, had come to be an overriding passion, and it led him to resign his majority and become a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. In that capacity, he experimented with camouflaging trenches and other earthworks, first near the Moortown golf course and later in Hyde Park, in London, where he headed a school of camouflage that was attended by officers from the Allied forces. He was sent to France after this, attached to a British Army corps as its camouflage specialist. When the war was over, he returned once more to Leeds, but not to medicine. It was clear to him now that what he wanted to do was to design golf courses. He found clients immediately. He also wrote a slim, stimulating book, "Golf Architecture," which was published in 1920, and in which, among other things, he discusses his "enthusiasm for the natural" and his theories on the various qualities that make for good golf holes. The book contains one sentence that seldom fails to arrest the reader: "One of the reasons why I, 'a medical man,' decided to give up medicine and take to golf architecture was my firm conviction of the extraordinary influence on health of pleasurable excitement, especially when combined with fresh air and exercise."

MacKenzie's new profession carried him to the far corners of the world. The top British golf-course architects had long since laid down the tenets that make their best linksland courses such a happy amalgam of provocative difficulty and durable charm. However, there is not much bona-fide linksland outside the British Isles, and only in Australia was MacKenzie able to build courses—Royal Melbourne, preeminently—that are essentially golf links. (A few miles south of Sydney, on a promontory edged on the east by the Pacific and on the south by Botany Bay, he created eighteen handsome holes for the New South Wales Golf Club, but the land, very similar to that at Pebble Beach, is not linksland. It consists of craggy headlands that rise above the ocean and the bay.) On his peregrinations, MacKenzie constructed courses on all kinds of sites, from the flat, featureless plot on the edge of Buenos Aires which is the home of the Jockey Club to the typically American rolling, wooded countryside near Columbus on which Ohio State University's Scarlet Course is situated. He once made the statement that the greatest compliment a golf-course architect can receive is to be told by someone who has recently played a course of his that he was lucky to have had such desirable land to work with. There is a lot of truth in this. Over the last sixty years or so, golf-course architects have, with rare exceptions, been given properties with little potential and have been expected to come up with masterpieces. All in all, though, MacKenzie was more fortunate in this respect than most of his colleagues. Certainly he was twice handed idyllic sites. In Augusta, he and Jones laid out their monumental course on a spectacular tract that Jones had selected—a vast natural amphitheatre that had earlier been the home of one of the South's first important nurseries. And at Cypress Point, though MacKenzie had only a hundred and seventy acres at his disposal they constituted a microcosm of the most thrilling golf terrain imaginable: high escarpments plunging down to the Pacific; expanses of softly tumbling seaside land; land that climbed up and down pine-covered hillsides; even a few stretches of honest-to-goodness duneland. He made the most of this cornucopia. The course he came up with is an enchanting test for golfers of all degrees of ability. Only 6,506 yards long, it doesn't overwhelm the average player, and yet the artfully strategic design of the individual holes compels a Jack Nicklaus or a Tom Watson to be thoughtful and alert the whole way around, for otherwise the course will lure him into attempting dangerous shots, and if he fails to bring them off he pays a high price for his audacity. Cypress Point, one of the three courses on which the annual Bing Crosby tournament is held, will be the venue this summer of the Walker Cup match. It is an ideal choice for the event—the first significant series of international team matches—which was instituted in 1922.

Many members of Cypress Point have fallen in love with MacKenzie's course. Two of them made it known that they wanted to be buried on the course, and were. The grave of Francis McComas, an artist from Tasmania, is on a knoll between the fifteenth green and the sixteenth tee, overlooking the Pacific, and the grave of Roger Lapham, one of the club's founding fathers, is on a small ridge near a home he built off to the right of the first green. Lapham, a colorful, spirited man who periodically left the family shipping business to work for the government—for instance, he directed the Marshall Plan first for China and then for Greece—made up his mind late in life that he wished to be cremated and have his ashes buried at the back of the eighteenth green. From that position, he explained, he could laugh at all the members who three-putted the slippery, ornery green. His wife objected to this. Her husband had served in the Army with distinction in the First World War, and she wanted him buried with military honors in San Francisco. His son Lewis, a New York banker, knowing of his father's deep attachment to Cypress Point, could understand his desire to be buried there, but he thought his father was wrong in the spot he had selected. He explained that golfers who had three-putted the eighteenth might not be above cursing him, tossing their cigar butts on his grave, and subjecting his memory to other such indignities. After thinking it over, Roger Lapham decided that his son was right. He died in 1966, at the age of eighty-three, and Lewis, on receiving the news of his father's death, hurried out to the family home in San Francisco. Shortly after his arrival, he was informed by his brother that there had been a hitch in the plans: their mother had stated forcefully that she would not permit her husband's body to be cremated or to be buried at Cypress Point. "Under California law at that time, a person did not control the disposition of his remains," Lewis Lapham has recalled. "His executors could disregard his stipulations if they wished to. When I got together with my mother, I suggested that we have a shot of sherry—that seemed a good idea. Then we began discussing things, and I said to her, 'I don't think your position is reasonable. For example, I'm your heir and executor. What would you think if I were to disregard the instructions set down in your will?' 'You wouldn't dare,' she said. 'But consider this,' I went on. 'That is exactly what you are going to do with someone you lived with for fifty-nine years.' I suggested we have another sherry. The upshot was that my mother came around, and my father was cremated and buried on that little ridge overlooking Cypress Point, in sight of the tide rolling in on a small beach. A couple of years later, my mother changed her will. On her death, her body was cremated, according to her wishes, and her ashes were buried beside my father's."



THE golf fans from the Northern part of the country who made their annual trek to take the cure at the Masters back in April found the flora at Augusta National looking more lushly beautiful than it had in years. As for the golf course itself, the main topic of conversation in the days preceding the start of play was, as had been more or less expected, the new bent-grass greens. There had been some problems. The greens had not had a good growing season last fall because of excessive heat, and the grass had not established itself as well as had been hoped. In the weeks before the Masters, there had been quite a bit of rain, and the greens were very soft. On many of the holes, the golfers were able to play "target golf"—firing their approaches right at the flag—which is hardly the kind of sophisticated shotmaking that one looks for in an important tournament. Moreover, the greens were not consistent in speed. A number of them putted fairly fast, but an equal number were somewhat slow. Some were bumpy; others were grainy. It seemed likely that during the later stages of the tournament they might be susceptible to spike marks and become crusty as well. For all that, the unanimous opinion was that the club had made a wise decision in installing the new greens. The old Bermuda-grass greens had become filled with *Poa annua,* a vagrant grass that is difficult to get rid of once it has taken hold. As a result, where the greens at the Augusta National had long been intimidating because a player had to cope not only with their slickness but with their sweeping undulations, over the last decade they had lost nearly all their speed, and with it nearly all their terror. Something drastic had to be done, and everyone agreed that the change to bent had been the right move. All other things being equal, the new greens would be in excellent shape by the time the 1982 Masters got under way. Indeed, given weather that would dry them out, there was a fair chance that they would become firmer and faster round by round in the 1981 Masters. One warm, breezy day followed another, and they did just that. Assuredly, there have been times when the Augusta National played better than it did this year, but after all the horror stories this winter about how we might be returning to the era of sand greens, the over-all condition of the course was not bad at all.

On Tuesday, two days before the start of the tournament, I had a piece of good luck. I had got into Augusta that afternoon, and, after taking a quick look at the course, I was making my way up the hill to the clubhouse around five-thirty when a friend suggested that we go over to the nine-hole par-3 course. Byron Nelson and Tom Watson, he had heard, were just starting over to play a round there. Nelson, the Masters champion in 1937 and 1942 and one of the finest golfers of the past half century, has been working with Watson since 1974, and most successfully. Over the last four years, Watson has been the dominant player in the world. During the winter, however, something had gone wrong with his game. He had failed to win a single tournament on the P.G.A. tour, and the few times that he was in a challenging position he had played rather wayward stuff. He had decided not to consult Nelson and to try to straighten out his problems himself. An intelligent, appealing young man of thirty-one, Watson has a tendency at times to become overanalytical of his game, and the word from the tour was that his continued disappointing play had been brought on by mounting confusion. He had been attempting to think of too many things during long and assiduous sessions on the practice tee, and in doing so he had lost the coherent mechanics of his swing, and subsequently his confidence in his swing. Nelson, upon arriving at the Augusta National on Tuesday afternoon, had immediately sought out Watson and set up a round with him on the par-3 course. This winter, Nelson, who is nearing seventy, and Gene Sarazen, who is nearing eighty, were invited to be honorary starters in the Masters, and to tee off in the first twosome on Thursday morning. However, Nelson's reason for suggesting a round on the par-3 course was not to get some practice but, rather, to check on Watson's game.

Now that immense galleries clog the courses during tournaments and it has become a feat to get even an obscured view of every other shot played by a golfer you have gone out to watch, following Watson and Nelson over the rolling par-3 course in the fading light of early evening, with only a couple of dozen other spectators, was a rare treat. You could see every shot perfectly. You could also observe many interesting things. For example, as the round progressed, Watson, who relaxes when he is in Nelson's amiable, low-key company, began to walk more slowly, to play his shots at a more legato tempo, and to hit better shots. When he made a bad swing, he would, at Nelson's suggestion, drop another ball and try to correct what he had done wrong. Nelson, leaner than he has been for many years, was playing very well and was somewhat surprised by this—he hadn't been practicing much. But, of course, it was Watson whom those of us in the small gallery were thinking about primarily. That evening, obviously, we had no way of knowing that five days later he would win the Masters with a display of stronghearted golf on the always testing final round. We simply regarded him as an able young golfer adrift in a sea of troubles, who needed a calming friend and a helping hand. The next day, he and Nelson played nine holes together on the championship course, during which Nelson continued his task of simplifying Watson's thinking and getting his swing back in the groove. The points that Nelson stressed were that Watson should make a fuller body turn going back and that he should be sure to complete his backswing. They are what improved his shotmaking—his driving, especially. Watson's victory, his second in the Masters and his fifth in a major championship, was thus a triumph for both men.

THE golf on Thursday, the day of the opening round, was on the quiet side. No one took the course apart. Four players—Lon Hinkle, Curtis Strange, Johnny Miller, and Greg Norman—shared the lead with rounds of 69, three under par. It was heartening to see Miller get off to such a good start, for he has been working diligently the last two years to regain the position he held in the mid-nineteen-seventies, when he had some tremendous seasons and won both the British Open and our Open. In this Masters, he was in the fight to the end, as was Norman, a tall, wide-shouldered twenty-five-year-old Australian from Queensland, who is the current Australian Open champion. With his platinum-blond Prince Valiant hairdo, Norman looks more like a surfer than like a golfer, but he is an impressive golfer, with a sound, strong style, who has won seventeen tournaments around the world and should do very well if he decides to campaign in this country. Watson was off with a 71 that was marred by only one poor shot. On the famous thirteenth, a short par 5 that can be reached in two, he played a 2-iron on his second shot, caught the ball thin, and dumped it into the arm of Rae's Creek that cuts in front of the green. This cost him a bogey 6. There are water hazards on five of the holes on the Augusta National's perilous second nine, and you cannot afford to let your concentration waver for an instant when you are up against those holes. Most of the players attributed the comparatively high scoring this day to the inconsistency of the greens and to the severe pin positions. Jack Nicklaus, who posted a 70, declared that he had never hit the ball better in the Masters. He had, however, taken thirty-five putts—three or four more than an experienced professional averages on a well-played round. The greens, he later said, had been slow going uphill and fast going downhill, and a lot of the pins had been set "on the edge of cliffs."

Curiously, on Friday, the day of the second round, all the chatter about the greens stopped abruptly. Very little was said about them during the rest of the tournament. The explanation, I believe, is that, in an almost miraculous way, the greens picked up considerable speed after they were mowed on Friday morning, and, in addition, their speed seemed to become more uniform. Besides, on the second round the pin positions were much less exacting, and when it became apparent that the greens were putting fast and would probably get faster, there was no need on the last two rounds to protect the course by placing the pins in the most difficult positions.

Some low scores were posted on Friday. There were three 68s (one of them by Watson), a 67 by Bruce Lietzke, and a 65 by Nicklaus that will be long remembered. It has now been twenty-two years since Nicklaus, as a teen-age amateur who had been selected for the Walker Cup team, made his début in the Masters, but the aging Golden Bear has lost none of his zest for competition, and this day he was prowling the fairways with a cold, purposeful glint in his eyes. On the front nine, he was in complete control. Starting on the short fourth, where he planted a 3-iron a foot from the pin, he ripped off four birdies in a row, and he would have made it five if he hadn't taken three putts on the eighth after reaching the green on that long slog uphill with two woods. Out in 32. The second nine was harder going. His iron play suddenly became erratic—he was pulling his shots—but he still managed to make his way home in 33, thanks to a splendid exhibition of chipping. From his early years, finesse shots had unquestionably been the weakest part of Nicklaus's game, but last year he had the good sense to call in Phil Rodgers, a master of the floating pitch and the delicate chip, and learned from him the technique of taking the club back a shade outside the line and then dropping it to the inside on the downswing and cutting the ball up softly. On five of the last nine holes on this second round, Nicklaus got down from off the green in a chip and a putt—a short putt. Using either his sand iron or his 9-iron, he had perfect touch: the ball landed gently on the fringe of the green just where he had gauged that it should and, trickling over the contours, expired close to the cup, usually leaving Nicklaus with a straight uphill putt. His remarks at the close of the round were in character. "I didn't play as well as I did yesterday," he said. "As for hitting the ball right on the screws, I hit it better yesterday." In any event, his total of 135 gave him a four-stroke lead at the halfway mark. Watson was one of four men tied at 139.

Which players in the field possessed the talent and the toughness to make a run at Nicklaus? Tom Weiskopf, the veteran touring professional, who was on hand at Augusta to help out with the television commentary, thought that Norman would stick in there—and he did, with a steady 72 on the third round. The most likely threat, though, was Watson. His solid golf on his first two rounds was bound to have bolstered his confidence, and when Watson is at or near the top of his game he is capable of remarkable stretches. He is not a big man—he stands five feet nine and weighs about a hundred and sixty pounds—but he hits the ball a great distance, because he has superlative coördination. Then, too, his untheatrical manner is misleading. There is a tendency to regard his swing as merely efficient among some spectators who fail to appreciate that what it really has is a classic simplicity. On Saturday, the day of the

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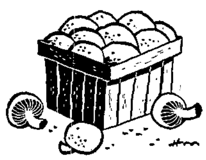
third round, Watson, playing in the next-to-last twosome, just ahead of Nicklaus, moved into high gear quickly. Two bogeys slowed him down a bit, and he squandered several short putts for birdies, but he still made six birdies on the first fifteen holes and stood four under par for the round at that point. Meanwhile, Nicklaus was having all sorts of troubles. On the first nine, he twice pulled tee shots into the pine trees, and he bogeyed both holes; he took a 5 on the twelfth, a 155-yard par 3, when his 6-iron struck the bank in front of the green and rolled back into Rae's Creek; and, right on top of this, he bogeyed the thirteenth when his second, a daring 2-iron fired right at the pin, which was set on the extreme right-hand side of the green, slipped off the green and into the creek. Consequently, Nicklaus was four over par for his round as he headed up the fourteenth, and, with Watson coming off the fifteenth at four under par, what we had witnessed was a swing of *eight* strokes. It was hard to believe, but Watson was now in the lead by four. Then the picture again changed swiftly. Nicklaus is nothing if not tenacious. He never gives up; he just keeps on coming at you. He proceeded to birdie both the fifteenth and the sixteenth. The second of these birdies evoked a salvo of shouts from the spectators gathered at the sixteenth. Moments later, the loudest and longest roar of the tournament went up on the sixteenth: Watson's score on the seventeenth, a double bogey, had been posted on the leader board there. The seventeenth, 400 yards long, is a somewhat routine par 4, but Watson, playing a pitching wedge on his approach after a big drive, had misread the distance, and the ball thudded into the fairly deep bunker that guards the front of the green. He had exploded out eight feet from the pin and then taken three putts. It must have been shattering for him: His four-stroke lead had vanished totally. One unexpected twist was still to come. On the eighteenth, Nicklaus failed to hole the two-and-a-half-footer he needed for his par. It is difficult to remember the last time that Nicklaus missed an important putt. Nevertheless, at the end of the long afternoon—it had been packed with the kind of excitement that one usually associates with the fourth, and final, round of the Masters—Watson was back in the lead by a stroke.



In 1977, Nicklaus and Watson waged two extraordinary battles. In the fourth round of the Masters, Nicklaus, playing just in front of Watson, who started the day the leader by three shots, caught him on the second nine after an amazing rush, but in the end, despite a 66, Nicklaus finished two strokes back when Watson held up sturdily and brought in a 67. Three months later, in the British Open, at Turnberry, Watson and Nicklaus were tied for first after thirty-six holes. Paired in the third round, both were around in 65. Paired again in the final round, they continued where they had left off, with Watson ultimately edging Nicklaus by a single shot after another 65. Their extended clash at Turnberry is generally recognized as the greatest head-to-head confrontation in golf history. With this in mind, many of the fans at Augusta were hoping that Watson and Nicklaus, the two leaders after three rounds, would meet head to head on the final round. In the Masters, however, the traditional practice on the final day is to pair the leader with the man in third place and to pair the man in second place with the man in fourth. So, at one-fifty-seven on Sunday afternoon, Nicklaus teed off with John Mahaffey, and, eight minutes later, Watson teed off with Greg Norman. In the end, this Masters did turn out to be a fight between Watson and Nicklaus, but it should be mentioned that Mahaffey closed to within a shot of the lead on the first nine before fading, and that Johnny Miller, who started the round five shots behind the leader, mounted a serious challenge. Playing seven twosomes in front of Watson, he birdied three of the last six holes and placed himself in a position where he could win if both Watson and Nicklaus ran into trouble.

While the final round this year did not match the improbable dramas that erupted in the 1975, 1977, 1978, and 1979 Masters tournaments, suspense began to build, quietly but surely, as the afternoon wore on. A large part of it was due to Nicklaus's astonishing ability to stay alive in a major tournament when he is off his game, as he definitely was on the last two rounds of this Masters. He positively thrives on pressure. He is more at ease out on a golf course surrounded by tens of thousands of stirred-up spectators and dealing with one dilemma after another by sheer strength of will that

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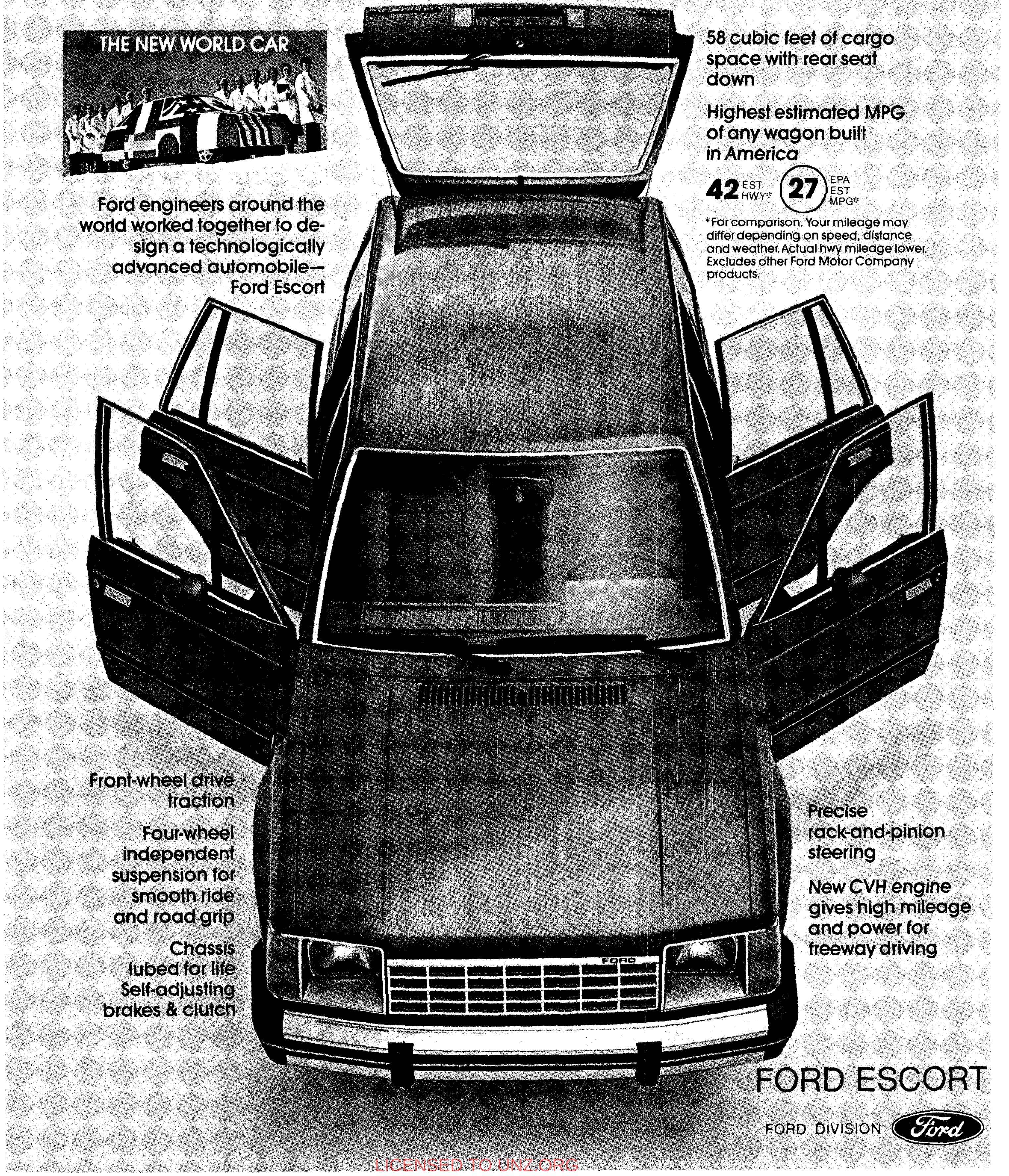

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you and I are relaxing over a drink in our living rooms. There was one moment on the final round which remains especially distinct in my mind. When Watson was preparing to putt on the eleventh green, Nicklaus, a hundred yards away, was preparing to putt on the twelfth. Watson, even par for the day and seven under par for the tournament, needed to get down in two putts from fifty feet for his par 4. Nicklaus, two over par for the day and four under par for the tournament, needed to hole from seven feet to save his par 3 and remain only three shots behind. As Nicklaus and Watson studied their putts, each gazed at the other green from time to time, making it clear by his delaying actions that he wanted the other man to putt first. At length, Nicklaus decided to putt. If he had missed that seven-footer, it would have made life much simpler for Watson. He didn't miss. It hardly came as a surprise. He had been bailing himself out like that all day.

At this point, with holes beginning to run out, Nicklaus, typically, managed to raise the level of his play. The key holes down the stretch at the Augusta National are the two short par 5s: the 465-yard thirteenth, which doglegs left to a green protected in front and along the right by that curving tributary of Rae's Creek, and the 500-yard fifteenth, where the high fairway, as it nears the three-hundred-yard mark, slopes down to a small pond situated just in front of a slightly elevated green. (Jones thought that long par 5s requiring three shots were dull, and it was he who was primarily responsible for creating these two "par 4½" holes, which reward a golfer who plays two first-rate shots with a birdie 4, or, sometimes, with an eagle 3. On the other hand, the golfer who gambles on reaching the green with his second and fails to pull it off runs the risk of taking a 6 or a 7. MacKenzie, with his love of strategic design, heartily endorsed this concept.) To be brief, Nicklaus birdied the thirteenth, gave a stroke back to par on the fourteenth when he took three to get down from the fringe, then gathered himself together again and birdied the fifteenth. He followed this with a birdie on the sixteenth, where he holed a sharply breaking twenty-five-footer. On the eighteenth, he came within a hair of making still another birdie. His uphill putt from thirty feet, boldly struck, looked to be in but ghosted by the rim of the cup.

Watson witnessed a good part of

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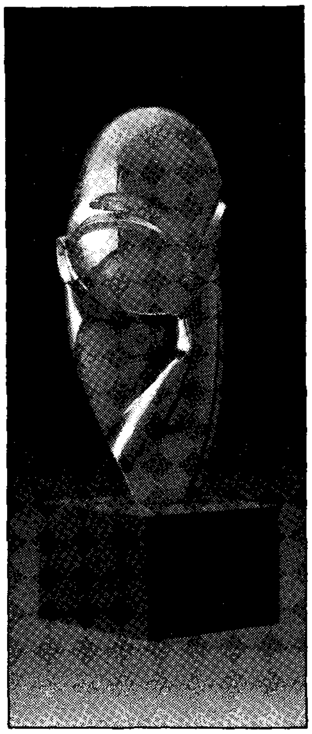

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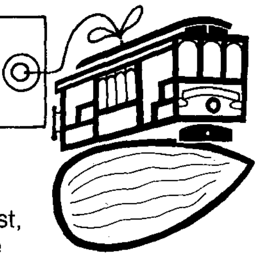

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this rally by Nicklaus and knew very well what he had to do. In retrospect, he won the Masters on three holes—the thirteenth, the fifteenth, and the seventeenth. After an enormous drive around the bend on the thirteenth, he had just a 4-iron left. He played a jittery shot that drifted to the right and plopped into the creek. Here Watson showed his mettle. After lifting his ball from the hazard at the cost of a stroke, he took ample time to study the green and to decide whether he should play his next shot—his fourth—from the area in line with the point at which his ball had entered the hazard, or from the optional drop area, thirty feet farther on. He selected the latter, because there he would not have to chip from a downhill lie, as he would in the other area, and because the route to the hole presented fewer breaks in the surface of the green to contend with. He played a crisp chip, wedging the ball over the ditch and running it up the green to within five feet of the cup. He made the putt and extricated himself with a par. This meant a lot.

On the fourteenth, Watson had his par all the way. He knew that to be secure he had to birdie the fifteenth. His drive left him with a slightly sidehill stance but a good lie for his second. He went with a 4-wood and hit just the shot he wanted: the ball climbed extremely high and came down softly at the back of the green, forty feet from the pin. On Monday, as it happened, he had practiced the exact putt he now faced, and he rolled his approach putt close to the hole. Seconds before Watson made his tap-in for his birdie, Nicklaus had birdied the sixteenth to move six under par for the tournament, but Watson came off the fifteenth eight under par for the tournament. Three pars would see him safely through even if Nicklaus picked up another birdie.

On the last three holes, Watson had one scare. It came on the seventeenth, which he had double-bogeyed the day before when his approach found the bunker in front of the green. Now he took the same club, a pitching wedge, for his approach shot. Again he miscalculated the distance. The ball dived into the face of the bunker, and he was fortunate that it didn't bury itself there. In this tight corner, he played a wonderful sand shot four feet from the cup and holed a ticklish putt that broke from left to right on the fast bentgrass green. After that, the eighteenth was not too hard: a useful drive; a

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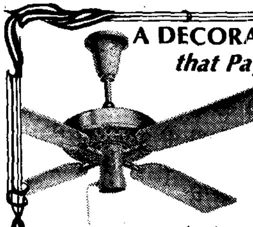

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5-iron hole-high, thirty feet from the pin; two putts for the par. This gave him a 71 for the round and a four-round total of 280—two strokes lower than Nicklaus and Miller, three strokes lower than Norman.

TOM WATSON'S victory at Augusta was a gritty achievement. Granted, it helps to have a Byron Nelson in your corner, but it is no simple matter to win a major championship when you have spent the previous two months performing well below your usual standard and working unsuccessfully to correct what has gone wrong with your swing. On the golf course, Watson does not dramatize his emotions. He smiles his pleasant country-boy smile when he is going well, and when he isn't he looks serious and maybe a little concerned. Because of his restraint, he comes across to many people as a self-contained young man. He is hardly that. Among other things, he is quite high-strung, and tournament golf takes a great deal out of him. "I was so nervous I was jumping out of my skin the whole day," he said during his interview in the pressroom after the tournament. "I'm usually nervous with a lead." On the final round, he was in fact so uptight that he didn't feel like saying a word to anyone. When the round was finished, he went over to Norman, his playing partner, apologized for not talking more, and said he hoped that Norman understood why he had been so silent. All of Watson's thoughts and feelings on that last round were focussed on playing good golf shots and winning. "If you want to be looked on as a champion, you have to play like one in the championships," he told some friends not long ago. "Let's say you're a good putter—a very good putter. That doesn't mean anything at all unless you can get the ball into the cup when it counts. That's what tournament golf is all about. All the champions have found a way to do it, or they wouldn't have been champions. If you aspire to be a champion, it's up to you to find a way to get the ball in the cup on the crucial holes on the last day." Though he may never roam the fairways with Jack Nicklaus's serene assertiveness, there is a good chance that Watson, the purest striker of the ball to come along in some time, will gain an increasing fund of confidence. If he does, he may end up as an authentically great golfer.

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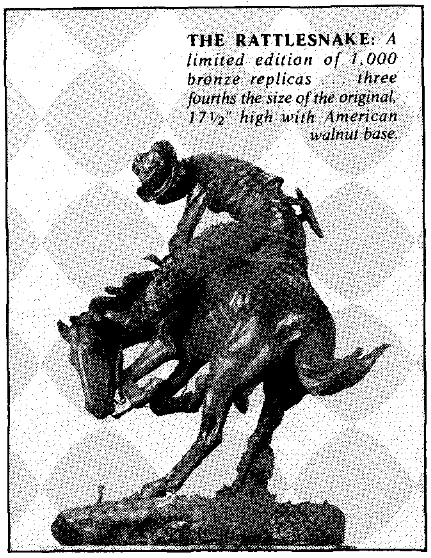

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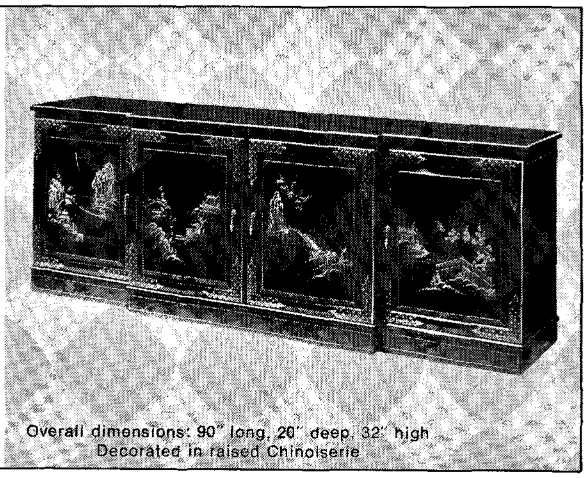

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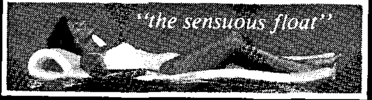

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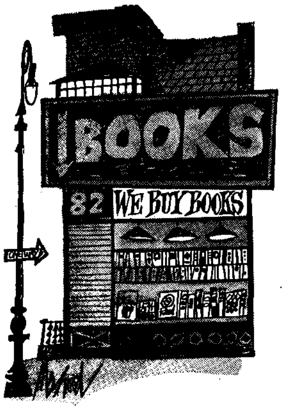
BOOKS

De Mortuis

I DO not know what goes on at the Institute of Applied Research for Tropical and Subtropical Fruits, outside Paris. I prefer to imagine. There must be white-robed mandarins equipped with the panoply of competitive qualifications that in France are indispensable to every professional caste, from literati to chiropodists. Shadowy emissaries from Papua, Cipango, and the rain forests of Amazonia circulate among them offering for inspection succulent hybrids of passion fruit and guava, of cherimoya and loquats, of scented *Dipteryx odorata* and *Litchi chinensis.* Samples are skeptically nibbled, sniffed, and caressed. The seeds of a rare fly-eating apricot plant, smuggled out of the New Guinea uplands, sprout in the window box. As the Institute is housed at Maisons-Laffitte, discreet libations are, from time to time, poured from the noble vintage of a kindred name.



Like all self-respecting institutes, that of Applied Research for Tropical and Subtropical Fruits boasts an information section, a catalogue, a desk from which to send lofty but illuminating answers to the questions that pour in from the Keeper of Parrots at the Jardin Zoologique, from those, always fairly numerous in France, seeking novel, fastidious toxins whereby to poison their wives, from crossword-puzzle setters and solvers. The director of information is one M. Philippe Ariès. He is an industrious man. Between answering queries on the nine thousand six hundred and seventy-one varieties of inedible berries in the Ceylonese undergrowth, M. Ariès writes massive tomes on life and on death, on private man and on public history. His "Centuries of Childhood," which appeared in English in 1962, his preliminary study of "Western Attitudes Toward Death," translated in 1974, his "The Hour of Our Death," which has just been published in a lively translation, by Helen Weaver (Knopf; $20), have made of Ariès one of the "herald figures" (*figures de proue*) in the immensely influential current school of French history and historiography.

Traditional history is, as English schoolboys put it, "about maps and chaps." This somewhat literalist perspective has long been challenged by such special branches as economic history, the history of ideas, the theory and analysis of international relations, and the attempt, brilliantly represented in this country by Daniel Boorstin, to make an organic whole of the records of technology, of scientific invention, of daily life in the city and on the farm, and of the archives of social institutions and family life. The French school has striven to cut radically inward. It has sought to bring into the light of methodical narrative—and, indeed, of quantifiability—the sources and flux of human consciousness, the changes of feeling, of the habits of sentiment in a given society, milieu, or epoch. No translation is entirely adequate to the native tag "*histoire des mentalités*" with its simultaneous pointers to historicity in the old sense and to the primacy of inwardness in the new. The growth of this French school is, of itself, a fascinating piece of "internal history." Positivism, in the nineteenth-century version of Auguste Comte, had taught that history was the all-embracing analytical instrument through which a society arrives at a meaningful image of its own genesis and specific character. Comte, Hippolyte Taine, Marx had forcefully urged that sociology, the statistical investigation of social mores and demographic trends, be made an integral part of the historian's methods. Parallel to this current was that of the great tradition of French social-realistic fiction, from Balzac and Flaubert to Zola and Proust, the vividly documentary, investigative focus of literary narrative on the attitudes, institutions, psychological trends of French society both rural and urban, both aristocratic and mercantile-bourgeois. These two parallel traditions seem to conjoin in the pioneering work of historians of genius such as Marc Bloch, Fernand Braudel, and Lucien Febvre. Febvre, especially, asked the key questions. He wanted to know how men and women in the sixteenth century thought and felt about love, how they experienced and coped with the emotional stress of religious conflicts, what attitudes they had toward sickness and death. He called for full-scale "histories of joy, of compassion, of private anguish." He wondered whether the new availability of eyeglasses and improvements in artificial lighting had eroded the great civilization of smells, the busy expertness of the nose, as it had prevailed in the reeking cities of the Middle Ages and the fifteenth century. Long before McLuhan, Febvre wondered about the sensory and ideological implications of the gradual shift from manuscript to print.

A galaxy of French—and, of late, English and American—historians have followed Febvre's lead. Not only do they inquire into the structure and development of, say, marital relations in town and country in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; they seek to determine—and this is the point—the ways in which men and women at the time understood, symbolized, and acquiesced in or sought to rebel against what they took to be (itself a problematical issue) the "realities" of marriage of sex, of childbearing and child rearing, of the inheritance and transmission of property rights. For example, such historians as Georges Duby try to bring back to life what must have been the profound modifications in the human consciousness of distance, of community, of personal reach, as the great forests of early-medieval Europe thinned, as roads became practicable once more after the decay of the Roman mandate. Other historians want to know in what precise regards, to what extent, the expectations of Hell as preached and pictured in ecclesiastical doctrine and the very gradual but steady erosion of these expectations did or did not affect the modes of warfare and the bias toward "incestuous" intermarriage of the chivalric order on the one hand and the nascent "worldliness" of the mercantile classes on the other.

Literature and the arts, the transformative history of words and of grammar, the evidence of public and domestic architecture, the evolution of cookbooks and school primers, the files of the tax collector and the phrase book of the public scrivener (with its odd survival in the Western Union selection of ready-made messages of felicitation or lament), the sermons of the parish priest and the case notes of the physician describing to himself and his community the nature of a given illness—all these are grist to the mill of the historian of "mentality." Very nearly by definition, nothing thought, felt, recorded, but also nothing overlooked by a society is irrelevant. For if perception is a historical condition, so is oversight. Did men and women before Freud not *see* certain salient features of sexual life in children, in themselves, in their dreams? Did they not *choose* to see them? Or was there as yet no accepted vocabulary for the definition and articulation of such features? We lack histories of dreams. It had long been observed that young children in medieval and Renaissance art were diminutive adults, that the artist's realization did not extend to the native qualities of childhood in a child's mien and motion. Convincing children are all but absent from Shakespeare's "universality." The child is a discovery of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, he is "invented" by libertarian and romantic sensibility and Rousseauist theories of education. In his "Centuries of Childhood," Ariès sought to trace and to document the history of this gradual, surprisingly late addendum to the range of essential personal and public recognitions. He then turned to death, to the altering modes of emotional and intellectual awareness and interpretation which Western man has brought to bear on mortality as an individual experience and a collective institution.

The raw material is immense and diverse: factual and literary accounts of fatal ailment and decease; the contracts with death recorded in last wills; the chronicles of burial practices and sites; the numerous, often dramatic changes in the idiom of epitaphs and the style of commemorative monuments; philosophical, liturgical meditations on the meaning of death; fictive explorations such as Tolstoy's "The Death of Ivan Ilyich;" medical diagnoses of the causes of death; changing representations of "afterlife;" the investigations of the economics and psychology of terminal states and demise as conducted by modern sociologists and social psychologists (since the pioneering work of Geoffrey Gorer in England). There is, in fact, a substantial sense in which the history of a society's attitudes and gestures in the face of death is a central account of that society itself.

Philippe Ariès's main argument in the present tome is difficult to summarize. This is not only because, unlike many of his peers in the Gallican stable, Ariès takes a vast topic and a vast time scale (a millennium) for his canvas. It is because the main threads of his thesis are obscured by a plethora of entrancing details, and because, in a manner at once reassuringly candid and mildly exasperating, Ariès persistently qualifies, even contradicts, the general postulates he has just advanced. In a recent set of autobiographical interviews, Ariès recalls his early years among the golden youths of the extreme right-wing Action Française. The sense of impish adventure is there still. But now Ariès combines the theoretical, rigorist determinism of much of modern French anthropology and historiography with the messy, wide-awake empiricism and flexibility of the Anglo-American persuasion.

At some point in the twelfth century, Ariès contends, an archaic, essentially collective experiencing of death yielded, certainly as far as the élite went, to a personalized sense of extinction, to the concept that a specific, "biographical" individual was passing away. Throughout the medieval and early modern periods, both social and personalized agencies of mourning, of burial, of the depiction and commemoration of the dead were at work in a complex variety of models and institutionalized practices. These, in turn, depended on social class, on locale, on the prevailing confessional framework (Catholic or Protestant). They depended also on changing types of property relations. According to Ariès, romanticism brought with it an immense transformation. The social role of mourning did not cease altogether, but it was little by little overtaken by the licit expression of emphatic—even histrionic—pain. The unique, numinous identity of the dear departed was now exalted. In its ritualized negation of death ("Thou art with us now, thou shalt be with us always"), in its lyric assurance of undying remembrance and evocation, romantic pathos was intended to assist the bereaved, to buttress the solitude of widow and orphan with a shared convention of transcendence. The life of the lost one continued *in memoriam*. (Witness the triumph of this theme in Shelley, in Tennyson.) Ariès argues that this romantic transformation was so pervasive as to seem to us, who

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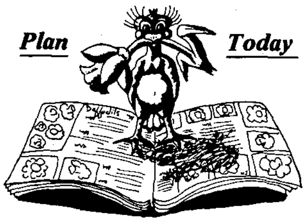

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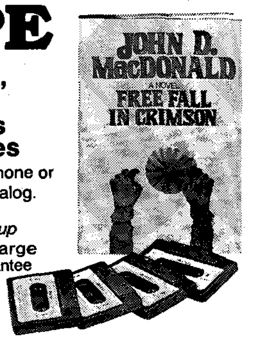

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come after, to represent some natural constant in human nature. But we, too, are experiencing deep alterations in the status of death. If the romantic investment in the enduring presence of the dearly beloved is operative, there is at the same time a contrary current of discretion. The dying are removed from sight. In 1967, in New York, seventy-five per cent of all deaths occurred behind the veil of the hospital room. Ostentatious grief is no longer acceptable in a society of agnostic hygiene, or, rather, it is regarded as a relic of former ways characteristic of immigrant or "Mediterranean" mores. It is Mafia burials that preserve the flamboyant desolation of the romantics. Or so it was, notably in the United States, until very lately. Drawing on a number of recent studies—in particular on Elisabeth Kübler-Ross's "On Death and Dying" (1969)—Ariès concludes his monumental survey by backtracking disarmingly. He finds more "visible," more psychologically dramatized styles and ceremonies of death coming back. These would counter the tidal drag toward clinical anonymity, toward emotional blandness in late-twentieth-century urban existence. "*Timor mortis conturbat me,*" proclaimed the Psalmist and the medieval poet: "Fear of death wrings my guts." This alone has not altered.

Such an outline gives little idea of the particular densities and forces of suggestion in this book. Numerous sections—on medieval graveyards and charnel houses, on the testaments of the seventeenth-century propertied households, on baroque funerary chapels and lapidary inscriptions, on the poetry of death in the Brontës, on the clashes between traditional morticians' techniques and the rise of modern sanitation, on the millennial history of one single French rural cemetery, on the growing popularity, if this term be allowed, of cremation and the spiritual-social significance of this option—could form arresting monographs on their own. Philippe Ariès is alert to the oddities, the atavisms, the play of fantasy and of terror in human behavior. He interweaves poetry and statistics, legal briefs and folktales, metaphysics and the advertisements of funeral parlors. Where else would we find Gothic horror stories of live burial linked with contemporary debates on neurophysiology and with public unease about the amount of valuable terrain being swallowed up by the necropolis? "The Hour of Our Death" is a feast for the imagination.

In the charm and fascination of so panoptic an approach lie its obvious vulnerabilities. It is one thing to cite a poignant passage from a medieval epic or to invoke the inspired anatomy of death in a Tolstoy novella, and quite another to demonstrate that such texts are representative—that we can legitimately infer from them the attitudes of an entire society and era. It is one thing to instance the changes in the phrasing of wills and epitaphs, and quite another to arrive at a confident reading of the mental attitudes that underwrite such "encodings" or to deduce from them chronological transformations in Western sensibility. In all historical writing, the historian's own frame of perceptions plays an inevitably selective and ordering part. In "histories of consciousness," the process of refraction is a twofold one, and the light of distant evidence passes twice at least through the prism of interpretation. Certain magnitudes, moreover, seem to defy the often "literary," almost "aesthetic" reconstitutive tact and intuitions of the *historien des mentalités*. In what ways and measure have the facts of mass annihilation in global warfare and in totalitarian mass murder and the possibility of nuclear destruction as we now face it affected the Western apprehension of personal death? Ariès all but leaves this topic to one side. It may well be that he will return to it.

To "think death," the famous, challenging phrase of the philosopher Heidegger, is at once a fearfully private and a fully communal act. To marshal evidence as to the long history and current conditions of this act is to come very near the bone of our being. This book is a moment of passionate awareness and, therefore, strangely bracing.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

July's People, by Nadine Gordimer (Viking; $10.95). The time is any day now, the place is South Africa, and the news is that the country's whites are losing a civil war. The members of a (white) Johannesburg family have been conducted by their (black) longtime servant, July, to the remote, barren hamlet that is his home, where he persists in tending to their bodily needs as if he were still their obedient servant. At first, their little yellow truck (bought for weekend "safaris" into just this sort of bushland) and their battery-operated radio link the husband and wife to the world they left behind, but in a few days July learns to drive the truck, and the radio reports become less and less frequent and informative; before long, that world is discussed only in the past tense. Meanwhile, the family is shocked to watch its own adaptations: the husband kills baby warthogs with his shotgun, the wife forages for edible greens with the local women, and the children run wild and dig for peanuts. Within a month, it is clear that fear and exhaustion have not deepened their mutual affection, and that July has always known that he is their keeper. A troubling vision—dark, brief, and believable.

DALE LOVES SOPHIE TO DEATH, by Robb Forman Dew (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $11.95). Every summer for eight years, a happy family has split up: the wife, along with her three young children, rents a house in her Ohio home town, while her husband stays at home, in Massachusetts. Usually, their summers drift by in easy, dreamy routines: the husband has learned to keep his housekeeping simple, and has taken to spending his free time with a few close friends; the wife dozes late into the morning and reminisces with relatives and with neighbors she has known since childhood. By the eighth summer, however, both of them have become familiar enough with these acquaintances to find them irritating in small ways, and they let their resulting restlessness tempt them into flirtations that could undermine a number of marriages, including their own. Then their younger son develops strange complaints (chiefly a limp) that at first seem merely a means of getting attention, but when he turns out to be seriously ill his father hurries to Ohio, and both parents know that the crisis came in the nick of time. A fragile, fluid first novel: meticulous renditions of the couple's daydreams and memories threaten at times to daze the reader, but the plot proves able to sustain these interludes. A chapter of the book first appeared as a short story in this magazine.

GENERAL

GOVERNING AMERICA, by Joseph A. Califano, Jr. (Simon & Schuster; $16.95). In density and breadth of view, Mr. Califano's account of his two-and-a-half-year stewardship of

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the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare in the Carter Administration is much more than a political memoir. On one level, it is an insider's story of the miseries and grandeurs of guiding through the Washington political jungle a bureaucracy whose budget was at the time larger than that of any nation in the world except the United States and the Soviet Union. On another level, it is a sage but down-to-earth treatise on the American governing process—how it works when it does, and what causes paralysis and breakdown when it does not. Mr. Califano came to the Carter Cabinet after having been President Johnson's aide for domestic affairs during the formative years of the Great Society, and many of the programs he administered in his new post—improvement of education and public health, welfare reform, and the furtherance of civil rights—were outgrowths of his work for L.B.J. His report on his struggle to make his department effective in the face of overt and covert congressional opposition, on the vicious infighting of special-interest groups, and on the equivocal aid of the White House staff and a sometimes Hamlet-like Presidential boss is candid, anecdotal, and devastating. A final chapter on how Mr. Califano was fired, in July, 1979, after having been praised by the President for his "notable accomplishments" as Secretary (it seems, he was told, that he could not get along with Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell) gives us a clear-eyed but not unsympathetic closeup study of the disintegration of the Carter Presidency in its terminal months.

NOTE: "Liebling Abroad," a collection of four books by A. J. Liebling—"The Road Back to Paris," "Mollie and Other War Pieces," "Normandy Revisited," and "Between Meals"—has been published by Playboy ($17.95 cloth, $11.95 paper). Most of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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The Civic Symphony Orchestra of Boston, Max Hobart, conductor, will present the Beethoven Piano Concerto No. 4 with Stephanie Brown, soloist, in Jordan Hall, tomorrow night at 8:30. There'll also be an exhibition of pictures by Mussorgsky.
—*Boston Herald American.*

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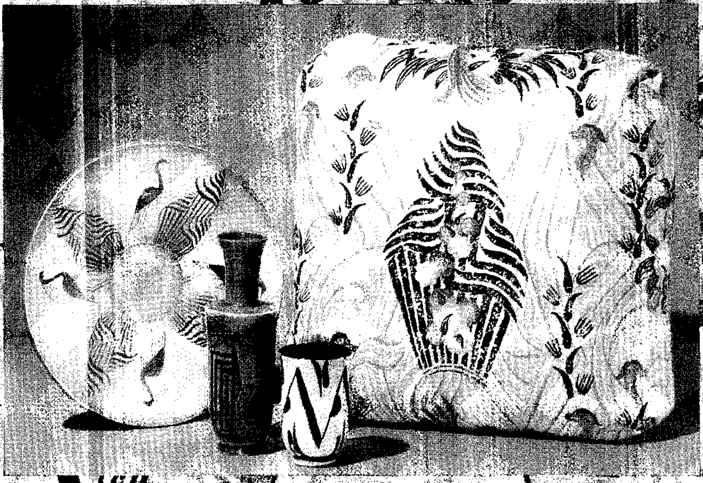

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